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ART. I.—*The Earls of Cromartie, their Kindred, Country, and Correspondence.* By WILLIAM FRASER. 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1876.

THE book to which we purpose to direct the attention of our readers is one of several works of a similar character due to the industry and wide knowledge in such studies of Mr. William Fraser, a distinguished official in the General Register House in Edinburgh, who is, perhaps, still better known to the public from the success which has attended his exertions in resuscitating some of the dormant or disputed peerages of Scotland. Queen Victoria cannot make a Scotch peer, but Mr. Fraser has raised several of those noble persons from the dead. Among the families whose history and biographies he has already written, are those of the Nithsdales, the Montgomeries, the Southesks, the Maxwells of Pollock, the Colquhouns, the Stirlings of Keir, the Lennox, with the Cartulary of Cambuskenneth, the Red Book of Grandtully, and others; and we believe that a history of the great house of the Scotts of Buccleuch will soon be forthcoming from the same fertile source. Although these works have as yet passed only into the hands of the private friends of these families, or into some public libraries, and such private collections as have been deemed worthy to receive them, thanks are largely due to the liberality of the owners, who have incurred great expense in these publications, as well as to the gentleman who has so well carried out their intentions; and they supply us with abundant materials of historical and personal interest, not to be obtained elsewhere.

Of the origin of the great and widely spread clan of the Mackenzies, two theories have been advanced, both of which are before us in Mr. Fraser's pages. The one, which deduces its origin from the great house of Fitzgerald in Ireland, is founded chiefly on a fragment of the records of Icolmkill, and on a charter granted in 1266 by King Alexander III. to Colin Fitzgerald (called Colinus Hybernicus) of the lands of Kintail. This theory is supported, among others, by the opinion of the first Earl of Cromartie himself, surely a most competent authority. The other theory is grounded on an allegation, by Mr. Skene, that this charter is a forgery of later times, an opinion supported by arguments to which, as to anything from his pen, respect is due, but which seem to be hardly sufficient to overcome the evidence for the earlier belief. His opinion is based on a genealogical MS. of Highland families, now in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, written in Gaelic about the year 1450. Its anonymous author, believed to be one of the Maelachlan family, deduces the 'genealogy of the 'clan Kenneth' from Colin of the Aird, a progenitor of the Earls of Ross, who must have lived in the tenth century, and who, with his son Colin the younger, are represented to have been the ancestors of the Mackenzies of Kintail, from whom descend the family of Seaforth, and from them that of Cromartie. We will not attempt to decide this question, and, as Mr. Fraser remarks, either theory gives to these houses a sufficiently ancient descent, whether derived from one side of the Irish Channel or from the other. We will, however, from our own knowledge add to the testimony of the first Earl of Cromartie that of the last Lord Seaforth, which was certainly given in a remarkable manner. Lord Seaforth died in 1815, and some few years previously the late amiable Duke of Leinster visited Ross-shire, and was then acknowledged by the Scotch Laird as his superior chief, and as such received his formal homage.

It may be remarked that the armorial bearings of Seaforth give no information on this point; their stag's head, the well-known *Caber Feidh*, forming no part of the arms of the Earls of Ross, any more than of the Fitzgeralds. Those who have visited Brahan Castle will remember West's large picture of the incident to which the Chief of Kintail was indebted, according to highland story, for the stag's head on his shield, and there may be some also who will have smiled as they recalled the lines devoted to the picture by the facetious muse of Peter Pindar in his 'Farewell Odes' for 1786:—

Behold, *one* fellow lifts his mighty spear,
To save the owner of the Scottish crown;
Which, harmless hanging o'er the gaping deer,
Seems in no mighty hurry to come down.'

The first Baron and the founder, as he may be called, of the house of Cromartie, was Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, Knight, who was the second son of Colin Mackenzie of Kintail, and brother of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail.* Sir Roderick was born about the year 1574, and was endowed by his father, as his portion, with the lands of Culteled, afterwards called Castle Leod, in accordance with a custom not infrequent with the lords of wide lands in those days when these were more ample than their personal wealth. The barony of Coigeach he acquired through his marriage in 1605 with Margaret Macleod, daughter of Torquil Macleod, of the Lewes, and he acquired the lands and barony of Tarbat not long before his death in 1626. He built the picturesque Castle Leod in Strathpeffer, which tourists know and admire, and which bears on its massive walls the initials of Sir Roderick and Margaret Macleod, who strongly impressed her name and lineage on the family into which she married, for when they achieved an earldom they adopted Macleod as one of their minor titles. Sir Roderick, or, as he was popularly called, Sir Rorie, was a man of very great influence, and not more so from his own considerable property and his judicious guardianship of the interests of his nephew, Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, than from his great abilities. We are told 'Sir Rorie is still remembered in Ross-shire as a man of great bravery, and many anecdotes are told of him.' The following tradition is current in the county:—

* The Mackenzies of Kintail, however, flourished, as we have seen, in the preceding century and long before. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail was buried in the Priory of Beaulieu in 1491, and an engraving of his tomb is prefixed to the volumes of the Charters of that Priory, published in 1876 by the Grampian Club, and ably edited by Mr. Chisholm Batten. This Sir Kenneth was the first of his family, buried at Beaulieu, as he had married a daughter of Lord Lovat. His predecessors were all buried at Iona. This doughty champion, as Mr. Batten observes, routed the Macdonalds of the Isles at Blairnassare, took the Red Castle from Hugh Rose of Kilravoch (to whom it had been granted in 1482), and expelled him and his allies, the Clan Chattan, from the Black Isle; thereby establishing the preponderance of the Mackenzies in Ross-shire. Their dominion extended from sea to sea. It is scarcely necessary to add that the present owner of the lands of Kintail has no claim to a descent from these warlike chieftains, and merely holds the property by purchase from its hereditary proprietors.

'The Tutor had occasion to visit Edinburgh in the interest of his ward Seaforth, and, while passing with his retinue through Athole, he was challenged by a band of Athole men for doing so without leave from the lord of the land. The Tutor dismounted, and quietly proceeded to look out for a smooth stone, on which he began to sharpen his claymore. The Athole men kept at a safe distance, and their spokesman interrogated him what he was doing there. "I am going to make a road," was the ready answer. "You shall make no road here," was the defiant rejoinder. "Oh, I don't seek to do so, but I shall make it between your master's head and his shoulders if I am thus hindered from pursuing my lawful business." The Athole men sought no further parley, but retired; and on reaching their lord they recounted what had occurred, when he remarked that they must have encountered one of two personages—the Devil or the Tutor of Kintail. "Let him have a free path by here for ever." The following proverb is also still current:—"There are two things worse than the Tutor of Kintail: frost in spring, and mist in the dog-days."

Sir Roderick died at Castle Leod in 1626, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and was buried at Dingwall. His successor was his eldest son, Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat, created a Knight Baronet in 1628 by King Charles I. The memoir of his life tells more of his sayings and doings in the General Assemblies of the Kirk of Scotland, in the earlier part of his life, than of aught else. When, however, the disputes of that body with Episcopacy culminated in the greater strife between King and Parliament, Sir John seems to have sought to combine his devotion to the Kirk with loyalty to the Crown; and he took part in the inglorious movement styled the Engagement, shared with the Duke of Hamilton in its failure, and accomplished for himself only an imprisonment under Cromwell. Sir John died at his Castle of Ballone, or Castlehaven, in Easter Ross, on September 10, 1654, and was survived by his wife Dame Margaret Erskine, who made a second marriage, and acquired some fame from her perseverance as a litigant, whereby she induced the Scottish Parliament to reverse a decision of the Court of Session against her in the interpretation of her marriage contract with her second husband. This lady's age is not precisely known, but it would appear she must have seen nearly ninety years; and she is said to have greatly rejoiced in the advancement of her distinguished son. In a letter to him, written shortly before her death, she says:—

'I put no question bot ye have enemics, bot give God be your frind ye need not cair. I have sent you your legacie befor I dy. I wold not have you give this gold away, onles it be at a strat. I got it from your father, and I think I cannot bestow it better than on yourself. This with my blisen.'

Sir John Mackenzie was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat, Baronet, afterwards first Earl of Cromartie, who was born in 1630, at Innertiel, near Kinghorn, in the county of Fife, the residence of his maternal grandfather Lord Innertiel. Here it may be well to notice the strange confusion which has sometimes been made by writers, less perfectly instructed than Mr. Fraser, between this distinguished man and another perhaps more famous lawyer, viz., Sir George Mackenzie of Roschaugh, who was Lord Advocate, with a short interval of resignation, from 1677 to the Revolution in 1688. He was born in Dundee in 1636, died in London in 1692, and was buried in the Greyfriars churchyard in Edinburgh, where, owing to the name of the 'Bluidy Mackenzie,' given to him by the Covenanters, his well-known tomb was long the terror of the children in the neighbourhood, who invented some uncomplimentary rhymes with which to salute it before nightfall. He belonged to the Seaforth family, and was only connected with that of Cromartie by marriage ties. A notable instance of the confusion of persons which we have noticed occurred in the exhibition of national portraits on loan to the South Kensington Museum in April 1866, where a well-known portrait of Sir George Mackenzie of Roschaugh, Lord Advocate, figured on the walls, and still figures in the catalogue (No. 891), as that of the first Earl of Cromartie.

Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat was an infinitely more pronounced loyalist than his father, and during the Commonwealth he forbore any connexion with what he held to be an usurpation. In fact he took up arms at the early age of eighteen, serving in the 'Engagement,' to which we have already alluded, and again at the age of twenty-three took an active part in the Earl of Glencairn's expedition, in 1653, when the royal standard was raised in the West Highlands. He does not appear to have done military duty after the suppression of this rising for the King, and during the Commonwealth his occupation, with frequent attention to those philosophical pursuits to which he was all his life addicted, seems to have been chiefly the study of the law, that 'gloomy labyrinth,' as a great historian has termed it, by means of which he was destined in after life to seek, and to find, high political distinction and a peerage.

The Restoration at once opened a career to Sir George. The Earl of Middleton, who had had experience of his abilities in Glencairn's expedition, when appointed by the King as Commissioner in Scotland, at once selected him as his chief adviser, and included him among the judges of the reconstituted Court of Session, under the official title of Lord Tarbat.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that his life was mainly a judicial one. He was immersed in politics and in political and party strife, his chief rival for the King's confidence and favour being Lauderdale, while his friends were Middleton and Rothes; but in this struggle he was finally worsted, and in 1664 he was dismissed from office and deprived of power.

Lord Tarbat continued in retirement for many years, and a letter printed in the Cromartie papers, from James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, is the first indication of his return to high office, to which he was appointed on Oct. 16, 1678, as Lord Justice-General of Scotland, a position then only second to the Lord Chancellor; and shortly after he was named a Privy Councillor. He was subsequently, in 1681, appointed Lord Clerk Register, in the room of Sir Archibald Primrose, who took the office of Lord Justice-General, and soon after he was again admitted one of the ordinary Lords of Session. Mr. Fraser, than whom no one is better entitled to do so, bears testimony to the efficient manner in which Lord Tarbat discharged the duties of the Register House, an office of the greatest usefulness to Scotland, and for which his acquirements and capacity for business well qualified him. Lord Tarbat continued in power during the remainder of King Charles's reign, and in that of his brother, shortly after whose accession he was created a peer by the titles of Viscount Tarbat, Lord Macleod and Castlehaven.

The Revolution of 1688 and the landing of the Prince of Orange were trying times to many great men in Scotland, and to Lord Tarbat among others; but he had early foreseen the impending catastrophe, and was prepared for it, and ready to cast in his lot with William, whose prudent resolve to treat none as his enemies till he should find it impossible to make them his friends rendered his task easier than it had at first appeared. He succeeded so entirely that he held his office of Lord Clerk Register from 1692, till he resigned it in 1696, on a pension.

Lord Tarbat could hardly expect to escape unfriendly comment on this change of masters, nor did he, and his conduct of affairs generally has been severely handled by opponents. The heaviest of the charges brought against him was that made by Secretary Johnstone of his having falsified the minutes of Parliament on various occasions; but Mr. Fraser adduces reasons for holding these accusations to be unsubstantiated, and quotes the language of the Duke of Queensberry in a letter to Lord Tarbat, of about the year 1701, in which the Duke says:—

‘If his Majestie’s servants there (London) are not sensible of the value of my dear Tarbat for their master’s interest, I am sure that I have an advantage over them in knowing his worth. The small things that were procured to your lordship from the King, I doe assure you, were very readily granted; and he expresses himself on all occasions with great satisfaction in your service, and a personal esteem of you.’

Lord Tarbat’s first wife, to whom he was married for forty-five years, died in 1699, and in six months after that event, and at the ripe age of seventy, he married Margaret, Countess of Wemyss. This lady was the sister uterine of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, and the marriage was celebrated in April 1700. The duchess writes at this time to Lord Melville:—

‘Tarbat wrott a bantering letter to me, and I writt just such another to him, but my sister did not main him in her letter to me, so I shall make no serious answer to him till he owns it, for I think it should have bene from herself that I should first have heard of it.’

In another letter from the duchess to the same correspondent she says:—

‘At last I had a letter from my sister Wemyss, dated the 28 of Aprill. The last of it was she believed she should be married to-morrow or next day. A hansom warning for a sister of a thing of that consequence.’

This marriage, which appears to have been a happy one, was also short-lived, the countess having died at Whitehall, London, on March 11, 1705. The death of King William brought no ill results to Lord Tarbat, but rather the reverse. The important office of Secretary of State for Scotland was bestowed on him, to be followed by his elevation in 1703 to the dignity of Earl of Cromartie, Viscount Tarbat, Lord Macleod and Castlehaven.

He seems to have felt very much the death of his countess, and having then attained the age of seventy-five, he resigned the more arduous post of Secretary of State, and resumed that of Lord Justice-General, an office he had formerly held, with the duties of which he was familiar, and in this capacity he did his utmost to promote the long-projected union of the two kingdoms. It is, indeed, impossible to exaggerate the energy of his language in behalf of this measure, or the continued persistence on every occasion, and almost in every letter, public or private, with which he advocated it; and it is only just to his memory to remark, that in an age when views of personal advantage are continually visible in every discussion, and on every

subject, Lord Cromartie merits the eulogy that his sole object in this great matter, even at the risk of unpopularity, was the welding together, to their mutual advantage, of the two kingdoms into one inseparable Britain—and this great consummation he lived to see. In 1710, being then eighty years of age, Lord Cromartie vacated the last offices he had held, and the last four years of his life were passed in complete retirement, followed by his death on August 27, 1714, in his eighty-fourth year, at Milnton, afterwards called New Tarbat, and more lately Tarbat House.

The memoir of Lord Cromartie in the work before us concludes with a summary of his character and an enumeration of his published or written works. We shall content ourselves with saying that he was not only one of the ablest men of his time in Scotland, but one who would certainly have attained distinction among any associates. He was more than ordinarily learned, having little to fear from competition in that field; and he added to his learning a strong intellect and great energy of character and expression, with a ready activity of mind and body. He speaks in his letters of being poor, but he acquired from his long public service a considerable landed property; though it is perhaps the best answer to any criticisms which may be made upon these acquisitions, that, with the high offices he held for so long a period, he certainly did not accumulate any such fortune as to justify accusations of peculation, or even of greed, in a time when such judgments were neither infrequent nor ill-founded. His obtaining for political purposes an Act of Parliament which annexed all his scattered property, wherever situated, to the very small county of Cromartie (so that the sporadic fragments of that county are in reality the Tarbat estates), was a proceeding which would not now be tolerated, and was long the cause of inconvenience and of some failure of justice: but similar motives have not been unknown in very much more recent days, though assuming a more modest shape; and it would be to take a sanguine view of mankind to assert that they will not be discoverable in the future. Lord Cromartie's life affords ample evidence that he had strongly and actively at heart the progress and material interests of his native country when such enlarged views were held by few; and his descendants may without hesitation point to him as one who has shed lustre on their name.

The second Earl of Cromartie was John, who was born in 1656, and died in 1731; but his life hardly calls for remark here beyond this, that with him began those indications of pre-

ference for the exiled Royal family which afterwards cost his own house so dear.

George, third Earl of Cromartie, who was born about 1702, succeeded his father, and married, in 1724, Isabella Gordon, daughter of Sir William Gordon, Baronet, of Invergordon, an alliance from which, coupled with the fact that Robert Dundas of Arniston, afterwards Lord President of the Court of Session, was his brother-in-law, one would have expected the suppression of any Jacobite proclivities. Their happy married life continued uninterrupted till the landing of Charles Edward in Loch-na-nuagh brought them ruin.

The Prince's letter to Lord Cromartie, as we read it by the light of later days, must, one cannot but think, have been a perplexing one to the Earl; and judging from certain letters written by him in September and October of this year, it was so.

‘ Boradell: August 8, 1745.

‘ Having been well inform'd of your principles and loyalty, I cannot but expect your assistance at this juncture, that I am come with a firm resolution to restore the king, my father, or perish in the attempt. I know the interest you have among those of your name, and depend upon you to exert it to the utmost of your power. I have some reason not to make any application to the Earl of Seaforth without your advice, which I therefore desire you to give me sincerely. I intend to set up the Royal standard at Glanfinnen on Monday the 19th inst., and shou'd be very glad to see you on that occasion. If time does not allow it, I still depend upon your joyning me with all convenient speed. In the mean time you may be assured of the particular esteem and friendship I have for you.

‘ CHARLES P. R.

‘ For the Earl of Cromarty.’

Lord Cromartie and his son Lord Macleod, with four hundred of their clan, joined the Prince's followers at Perth, some three months subsequent to the date of this letter. The events of 1745–46 need not here be retold. Suffice it to say that the Earl and his following remained at Perth or Dundee as their head-quarters till Charles Edward's return from England, but took an active part in the battle of Falkirk in February 1746, thus fully identifying themselves with the rebellion, if such their enterprise was fated to be called. Lord Cromartie's capture at Dunrobin Castle the day before the battle of Culloden, his being carried to London and committed to the Tower, and being afterwards pardoned, when the peers, his partners in misfortune, were executed, are incidents all too familiar to be again narrated.

The family lived in England assisted by a small pension

from the Crown, but the adverse conditions of exile and poverty seem to have been softened to them by mutual affection and resignation. Lord Cromartie died in 1766, and his widow in 1769. The earl had in domestic life the advantage over another Scottish noble long an exile, and we may hope that he passed from life as serenely as did the last Earl Marischal at Potsdam in 1778, when saying to Hugh Elliott two days before he died, 'Je vous ai fait appeler parce que je trouve plaisant qu'un ministre du Roi George reçoive les derniers soupirs d'un vieux Jacobite.' Their eldest son, Lord Macleod, having also received the Royal pardon, and disdaining dependence and idleness, resolved to seek military service abroad, and stated his purpose to his father in the following manly letter:—

Bridport: April 18, 1749.

'My Lord,—You will perhaps be surprised to find by this letter that I am set out for London without having acquainted you with anything of my design; but when I have informed you of my motives for taking this step, I flatter myself you will approve of the principles on which I act, and do justice to the sincerity of my intentions. It cannot but be very disagreeable to me to find that there are some of my relations in Scotland who make it their business to carp at everything I do; and all this because I won't not follow the scheme of life which they had laid down for me. They not only disapprove of every visit I make, but my going into any company, however mixed; my being at the most publick places, however indifferently frequented by people of all parties; and my very cloaths are offences of the highest nature. As this fully convinces me that they are resolved to disapprove of every step I can take, I was afraid that, if you was acquainted with my design, they might attribute a part of this other imaginary offence to your share. It is to prevent any bad consequences of this nature that has determined me to act as I have done; and I declare before God that the above reason is my only inducement for so doing. As I have ever made my duty to my parents the inviolable rule of my conduct, so I shall always continue in the same sentiments, and shall with pleasure embrace every opportunity by which I can show it. As idleness is certainly very detrimental to everybody, so it is likewise very shamefull for a young man—especially for one in my situation—to loiter away his time when he ought to be pushing his way thro' the world. This has determined me to offer my services to some of the northern powers, where the approaching war offers a favorable opportunity to such as are determined to make a figure in the world, or fall in the attempt. I have as much money as will carry me to town, and if I can get as much there as will carry me over the water, it will do very well. If not, I still think it better even to beg my bread over, and afterwards to carry a musket, than to continue any longer a burden to you. I shall write again from London, where I propose to stay but a few days. I offer my most affectionate duty to my mother,

and my affectionate compliments to my sisters. I am, my Lord, your most affectionate and dutiful son,

‘MACLEOD.

‘To the Right Honourable the Earl of Cromartie.’

Lord Macleod took service with the King of Sweden, having been assisted in his equipment by the Chevalier de Saint George, on the recommendation of Lord George Murray. He continued in it for twenty-seven years, including within that period a campaign with Frederick the Great in the seven years’ war of which he has left us an account written in French, and now first printed in this work. He also wrote a most interesting narrative of the rising of 1745, from its commencement to near its conclusion, which, with the Prussian campaign, forms a valuable part of Mr. Fraser’s second volume. Lord Macleod’s distinguished services abroad procured for him several marks of honour from the sovereign he had served, and were fitly followed by his obtaining military rank and a command from King George III. in 1777, for whom he raised the 73rd Regiment (since numbered the 71st) of 1,100 highlanders, and styled ‘Macleod’s Highlanders,’ with whom he proceeded to Madras in 1780. His services in India are well known. He returned to England in 1782, with the rank of Major-General, having been in his absence, in October 1780, elected Member of Parliament for the shire of Ross, amid the tumultuous applause of its whole population; and on August 18, 1784, the Act was passed for restoring the forfeited estates to their former owners or their heirs—a wise and generous measure, carried out by Henry Dundas, afterwards first Viscount Melville, who must have had no small pleasure in placing at the head of the list the name of his gallant relative, Lord Macleod.

Lord Macleod married in 1786 Marjory Forbes, eldest daughter of James, Lord Forbes, and died April 2, 1789, his widow afterwards becoming the wife, in 1794, of John, fourth Duke of Athol. When her Majesty Queen Victoria passed through Dunkeld on September 8, 1842, on her visit to the late Marquis of Breadalbane, she called at the abode of the widowed and aged duchess, and, it is said, looked into the room where her grace, then in her last illness, lay on a sofa asleep and unconscious of the visit of her sovereign. The duchess died in the following month; and should her Majesty enjoy the fulness of years wished for her by every subject of her beneficent reign, she may be able to say that she had seen and visited the widow of one of the rebel lords who pleaded for their lives at the bar of the House of Lords some 150 years previously.

Lord Macleod was succeeded in his estates by his cousin, Kenneth Mackenzie, only son of the Honourable Roderick Mackenzie. He died in 1796, leaving no issue, and was succeeded by Lady Isabella Mackenzie, Dowager Lady Elibank, the eldest sister of Lord Macleod. This lady died December 28, 1801, and was succeeded by her eldest daughter, the Honourable Maria Murray Hay Mackenzie, the wife of Edward Hay of Newhall, brother of George, seventh, and uncle of Field-Marshal George, eighth Marquis of Tweeddale, recently deceased. Mrs. Hay Mackenzie, who lived to a great age, resided much at Tarbat House, and took especial interest in a careful exercise of the large Church patronage which belonged to the family of Cromartie. She witnessed the disruption in 1843, which not a little inconveniently called on her to select ministers to fill the vacant pulpits, but, dying in 1858, she did not live to see the Act which abrogated those rights.

She was succeeded by her only son, John Hay Mackenzie, of Cromartie and Newhall, who married Anne, daughter of Sir James Gibson Craig, Baronet, of Riccarton. He died at Cliefden on July 9, 1849, much mourned, especially by his tenantry, who were greatly attached to him; and his widow continued to reside at Castle Leod, dispensing its kindnesses and charities to all around her, till her death in September 1869. Their only child is Anne Hay Mackenzie, Duchess of Sutherland, created on October 21, 1861, in her own right Countess of Cromartie, Viscountess Tarbat, Baroness Macleod and Castlehaven. Her grace's marriage to the Duke of Sutherland was received in the North as a welcome link between the counties of Ross and Sutherland; and when the honours of her predecessors were revived in her person, it seemed as if a seal had been set to the old ties which, in less peaceful days, had united the noble houses of Sutherland and Cromartie.

We have been unwilling to interrupt this genealogical sketch of the Cromartie family and of its fortunes from the days of the 'Tutor of Kintail' down to the creation of the present earldom, by more than an indirect reference to the mass of correspondence collected in these volumes. Yet upon their compilation Mr. Fraser has expended no little care, and materials existing either at Tarbat House or in the charter chests of Mar and of Athole have given a real interest to this book. These letters contain, along with historical details of some merit, many interesting and amusing sketches of domestic manners. We trace the intermarriages of the great high-

land families, their jealousies and their friendships;—we see how their rentals were gathered, how their children were educated, and the letters from first to last reflect a great deal of public opinion in Scotland from the year 1662 to 1750, and that on many important subjects. We will first take some of those which bear on the state of the Church in the highlands.

In 1665 Episcopacy was still by law established, and James Sharp was Archbishop of St. Andrews. He writes thus to Sir George Mackenzie (Lord Tarbat):—

‘ St. Andrews: Sept. 2, 1665.

‘ My Lord,—By a letter from the Bishop of Ross, last night, I was so surprysed, that I resolved to give you the trouble of this account of it. He wreats that after he had thought that all differences about the dues of his see had been, by your and the Bishop of Murreyes interposing amicably, settled, the Earl of Seaforth, accompanied with yourself and the laird of Cromarty and above a score of gentlemen of note more, came to his howse; and you were pleasit, in your heat, to publickly discharge all friendship, correspondance, or respect to him, alledging that he had wreat a letter to me challenging my Lord Seaforth, yourself, and Cromarty, of disaffection to the Church government. If that be the cause of this strange usage, I must bear testimony to the bishop's innocency. . . . I have been told indeed that it has been observed, that, since my Lord Seaforth his last coming from the Sowth, the bishop has not been used with that kyndness and respect which formerly he had, which is very grevous and discouraging to him, and caused admiration in me, my Lord Seaforth having, when he did me the honour to see me, givin me those assurances of his friendship to the settled order, and assistance to the Bishop of Ross, that I did wreat to London, and caused represent to the King how necessary it would be for the good of his service that the Earl of Seaforth be encouraged and inabled by a speciall fruit of his royal bounty. By the relation I had from the Archbishop of Glasgow, I cannot say that my humble motion on my Lord Seaforth's behalf was without some effect. But now, my lord, I confess I am at a stand what to think of this odd usnage putt so publickly on the bishop, with whose carriage and obliging dealing towards those who hold of his see I have heard you speak with much commendation. This putts me in mynd of an expression which stuck with me you had in freedom of discourse to me upon a night in my chamber in Edinburgh, about two years ago, that you did prognosticate I would hear complaints from some northern bishops of the contempt and injuries would be cast upon them. I shall not judge what has been the instigation to this, or what is designed by it, or what is at the bottom where such smoak brakes forth, but am sorry that such essayes and shrewd experiments should be first attempted in Ross, whence it was least expected. . . . I leave it to be considered by you how it will be construed that upon a causeless suggestion a bishop, who is commissioned by the King and by the law of God and of the law, and intrusted with the inspection of the clergy and layety in that

precinct, should be, by the chief persons in the diocess, publickly in presence of the most of the gentry contemptuously interdicted from respect, friendship, and correspondence of those whom the law has put under his charge, is a sort of excommunication I know not where or when heard of before in the Christian Church. . . . We are not yet brought to that pass as to brook a precarious authority upon these termes; but as long as the lawes are in force, and our gracious Sovraign in condition to protect us, till a rebellion be commenced of new, we hope it will not be expected that we will be terrifyed from our endeavouring, by lawfull and Christian means, that the authority of Christ and the King, with which our office is invested, doe not suffer in our persons, and be thus exposed to such ill-boading beginnings, whatever lott we shall be cast upon therby. I have wretten to the Bishop of Ross that immediately he come south, because we have use for his service in the publick concernes of the Church this winter. . . .

‘J. ST. ANDREWS.’

So much for the autumnal days of Episcopacy in Scotland.

The following letter from the celebrated William Carstairs is noteworthy. It bears the date of 1684, and in it the imprisoned presbyter asks for Lord Tarbat's good offices. In ten years' time the tables were to be turned, and there are extant three letters of Lord Tarbat's, in which he offers to resign his post of Register, and complains of his adversaries. He also asks for Carstairs' interest with King William, and that at a time when few Scotchmen had access to the Sovereign, and none possessed an influence to be compared with that of 'Cardinal Carstars.' This letter from the prisoner of Stirling Castle has been given in facsimile by Mr. Fraser. It runs as follows:—

‘Stirling: Oct. 8, 1684.

‘My Lord,—The scruple made by the Captain of the Castle about the meaning of the letter sent to him for the receiving me prisoner, hath made me presume to give your lordship this trouble, which I doe with the greater confidence, because of the allowance your lordship was pleased to grant me at parting, of troubling you with my concerns. I do not doubt, my lord, but both yourselfe and the other lords, who signed the order for my free prison, did design it might be as free as might be, consistent with restraint; but the commander in this place, not thinking himselfe sufficiently warranted by what was written to him about me, to allow me what libertie I had in the Castle of Edinburgh, and what I am confident was designed for me by your lordship, hath thought fitt to restrain me from walking within the castle walls, unless attended by a sergeant, or some of the souldierie of the garrison, by which your lordship's favour is almost rendered useless, and I in some mannet still a close prisoner, being thus deprived of any retirement, having but one room for myself, wife, and maid. I doe therefore humbly beg the favour of your lordship, that by satisfying Captain

Stuart's doubts, I may enjoy the libertie which your lordship thinks I do allreadie share of. I must also, my lord, take the freedom to tell your lordship that the kindnesse I have alreadie mett with from your lordship's selfe and my lord's secretarie, doth make me presume to exspect that I shall, thro' the endcavours of your lordships, have in a little time my remission and libertie upon bail, and (if thought necessarie) I promise to appear when called, which favours when granted, it shall be my endeavour to improve, as neither his Majestic may have cause to repent of what he bestowes on me, nor your lordship of your kindnesse to,

'My Lord, your most humble and faithfull

'W. CARSTARLS.'

The year 1706 found George, Earl of Cromartie, in Edinburgh, and a new year's letter of greeting from him to the Earl of Mar shows the prominent place that the projected Union had in this statesman's thoughts:—

'Edinburgh: Jan. 1, 1706.

'My dear Lord,—As yet your lordship's letters have availed little more than herr Majestic's former letters, and that is *nothing* to your servant. But of this too much.

'On this New Year Day, many happy yeares are wished by me (and I am sure by many Scotsmen) to you and your family, and (as that which I think Scotland's cheef politick good) to ane intire vnion with England. I doe not mean without provisions and exceptiones—that were ridiculous for both—but in substantials, that both head and body might be one politick body. Unless we be a part each of the other, the vnion will be as a blood puddin to bind a catt, i.e., till one or the other be hungry, and then the puddin flyes! God give all of you prudence, wisdom, and honesty, and Brittish minds.'

This petition seems to have been breathed by the Earl of Cromartie with reference to the many opponents to the proposed Union. That body included among its number Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, the man of whom it was said that, brave as the sword he wore, he would lose his life readily to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it. His aversion to the proposed Union was deeply rooted, and was expressed at great length and with much force in a paper on the state of this controversy. It was his conviction that legislation for the two kingdoms and the two Churches could not be carried on by one Parliament sitting at Westminster, where he said that the Scottish members might turn themselves round and round for evermore 'in a trap of their own making.'

Some such ominous prognostications must have been in Cromartie's mind when he alludes to needful 'provisions and exceptiones;' and certainly the details of the Union must have

been a hard nut for any politician to crack in the disaffected state of the northern kingdom. He goes on to say:—

‘I will not obtrude to say what kind, what mode of union—that I committ to better judgments—if it be in the way of federation (so that be good and sure), or ane incorporating (which I think can hardly be bad and unsure) so it effectuate a solid peace, affection, and proportionable advantages, by peace, trade, or in warr, to all parts of the island.’

The strange and pathetic eloquence with which Lord Belhaven argued the other side of this question can never be forgotten, and his words must have sent a thrill of patriotism through many a purely Scottish breast, less prepared than was Lord Cromartie’s to nourish the larger hope. ‘Where,’ Lord Belhaven had asked, ‘are the Douglasses, the Grahams, ‘the Campbells, our peers and chieftains who vindicated by ‘their swords the independence of their country, which their ‘sons are about to forfeit by a single vote?’ The depth of Belhaven’s feeling on the passing of the Act of Union cannot be better illustrated than by recording here the legend on a stone erected by him in his garden at Biel, and apparently marking its date,—‘*Traditionis Scotiæ anno primo, 1707.*’ Lord Cromartie struck a very different note when he wrote to Lord Mar:—

‘May wee be Brittainis, and down goe the old ignominious names of Scotland and of England. Scot or Scotland are words not known in our native language; and England is a dishonorable name, imposed on Brittainis by Jutland pirats and mercenaries. Brittainis is our true, our honorable denomination.’

That denomination became legal throughout the whole island by the Act of Union of 1707; but the passions roused by the long controversy were by no means all appeased by the prevalence of the counsels which Lord Cromartie knew so well how to advance.

The year 1708 saw a naval expedition prepared against England at Dunkirk, and many of the northern nobles—Panmure, Gordon, Athole, and Errol—engaged to take arms in the cause of the Stuart pretender. This attempt at invasion came to nothing, but the prisons of Scotland were immediately crowded with persons of all ranks, among whom Belhaven and Fletcher were included. The principal hope of the Government now lay in the Presbyterian party and in a few such staunch supporters as Lord Cromartie. We can the more easily follow the letter in which Lord Godolphin conveys to him the assurance of the Queen’s trust and esteem:—

‘ June 14, 1709.

‘ My Lord,—Though I have been long without acknowledging the favour of your lordship’s two last letters, I have, however, taken an opportunity to read them to the Queen, who, I believe, is very well convinced of the truth of all that is contained in them, especially of those particulars relating to the manner of the Union’s being accomplished in Scotland; and I can assure your lordship she remembers you with the same kindness as when you were nearer to her person. And if the peace were so near as we thought it a month since, I believe she would yett encourage you to take the trouble of a London journey, to have your assistance in such measures as will then be proper for settling the future commerce of that part of the kingdom. But during the warr those things may be thought of, but nothing will be done to any purpose till a peace comes, which, I hope, may yett be before winter.

‘ I am always with great truth and respect, my Lord,

‘ Your Lordship’s most obedient servant,

‘ GODOLPHIN.’

All the letters in Mr. Fraser’s volumes are not of such a grave complexion as these. They contain many naïve details of family life and domestic manners in the highlands. The following appeal from Lord Duffus is a correct picture of the narrow incomes and the economical habits of the northern gentry, who had often more acres than guineas. Kenneth, third Lord Duffus, writes to George, first Earl of Cromartie:—

‘ Tenslay (circa 1710).

‘ My dear Lord,—Nothing but the assurance of a tar could be guilty of this impudence, and even that could not perswad me, till necessity obliges me, to beg your lordship’s assistance by the loan of 5 guiny’s more, and in a very little time I hope to repay it thankfully. I would not have troubled you, my dear Lord, but that I am not able to use this freedom with any other. And to be plain, it’s to pay my cook, who, without it, will not supply any further. If you can do it by the bearer, my footman, it will oblige him who even blushes to subscribe myself, tho’ with a great dale of sincerity I am, your Lordship’s most affectionate and most dutyfull nephew and humble servant,

‘ DUFFUS.’

Of a much earlier date, but very amusing, is an epistle written to Viscount Tarbat by his wife. She writes from ‘ Castalleoud, the 21 of Juli, 1690 :’—

‘ My dear Love,—I rescued the horses, cowes, and all as you wrot very well. I am told there was a ship of great burdin brok to pices as she entered the Sutures,* which I wondered much at, lodend with irne, and

* The Sutors of Cromarty, which guard the entrance to Cromarty Firth, the finest harbour on the north-western coast of Britain.

I know not what els. The men are all safe, and I hear they got very good peniwortes of it; but natlier my son nor anyther acquainted me any thing consarning hir; bot so sone as John McLeod come from the hilandes, which was the nery day I furst heard of it, I sent him ther to see what truth was in it, and secure the anker and best rop. I hear the Invernes men boght op all at a very shep rate. . . . Our wark goes on hott sloley. You know Megumeri is not ouerswift. . . . I am just about to cut turff for laying the grines. I know not but you may be angri, seeing I had no directions where to cut. We know no place but from the side of Moure as we goe to church, or in the wood above the hous. . . . Davet is busi skliting the turrets. I am only now waiting for a little more lyme, which is very ill to be had; for John McLeod nides for Tarbat, who is indeed a very good grine, and becomed a very frugall man. . . . I browed only once since you went from this. You know I had very good aelle in the hous, which I bottled, and it keepes very well. I believe the wine is very good to, for oght I know, for we have not gret use for it. Once we drunk a flow bottles when my sister Sfort come to dyne with me with her chaplen and brother-in-lawe. I am told they fish preti well att Concu just now. . . . You writ me no acount of my sones wife. They tell me she is broght to bed of a doghter. I know not if it be so; I get never a letter from any of my doghters, tho' I writ many. . . .

‘ Your faithfull

‘ A. TARBAT.’

This is, we believe, a perfectly artless effusion, though it is very certain that when written, and for at least a century later, a wreck was never an unwelcome incident on these northern shores, where we have known sales of wreck and cargo arranged in a way much more generous to the neighbourhood than just to the owners. It is, however, more curious to find the Regent of King's College, Aberdeen (George Fraser), sending to Lord Tarbat a letter in which the condemnation of Fénelon's book, with the particulars of a French persecution of Huguenots, as brought home by merchants, are noticed along with the weather, and with the sufferings of a certain John Mackenzie, of Kildonan, for witchcraft. It seems that the witches had confessed their guilt to Lord Tarbat. His learned correspondent comments on this:—

‘ Their voluntare confessions, and taking guilt upon them by owning the facts as the causes of maladies and deaths, and desire to be gone to their master, (?) otherways than by burning. I go also alongst with your Lordship's decision as to the poor creatures curiosity that lookt upon their operations, accidentally coming to their elaboratory (a sort of *leger de maine* many could look on), providing she was under no compact or promise with them or him, except secrecy. But I am more stumbled at the litle horse his speaking than any other part of the relation, it being reasonably lookt on as supernatural that brutes whose

organs are not fitted for articulate pronounciation, should in one instant speak distinctly.'

The ague which resulted from the marshy nature of the country, if ever natural drainage failed, plays a more important part in the correspondence of these highland lords and ladies than it could do now. Peruvian bark was already recognised as a remedy, but some of the prescriptions in which their physicians believed are more curious than pleasant. We may congratulate ourselves on the disappearance of them from the modern pharmacopœia, though 'King Charles's drops' must evidently at one time have been a very fashionable medicine. Lord Cromartie's second wife (Countess of Wemyss) writes thus to him after she has been ill:—

'My dearest Love,—I am very sorry you have been so toild with business and satt so late up. I pray God it may not do you hurt. I long alredy to be with you againe. . . . I resolve if the Lord give me health and strength, to goe from this place to-morrow by eight o'clock in the morning, for I do not care to ly abed when I want my dearest and better parte. I shall be very careful of your Pegie, and if I finde myself weary or not well to-morrow, I will stay till Wednesday, which my sister is very earnest to have me do. It is now neer twelve o'clock, so I shall add noe more, bnt I am unalterably, my dearest life,
 'Your ounce
 'M. W.'

'Your son was very carfull of me, which I took most kindlie on your account.'

It may not be uninteresting to see how a great lady of the close of the seventeenth century educated her son. Lady Breadalbane (*née* Mary Campbell), whose continued use of her former husband's signature has misled Mr. Fraser into calling her 'Countess of Caithness,' writes to consult Lord Tarbat about some legal business, and then goes on:—

'I have got a governor to Colin. Such things are not taught in the scoul where he is boarded; his tutor is to teach him at his lodging. Colin has made a considerable advance in his French, and is now learning the mathamaticks. As for his philosophie and law, his tutor is very capable to teach him these principls; and I doe think he may make as good advances in thes stuys hear (London) as at Oxfourd. . . . I went this last September to Oxfourd and stayed there 2 weeks, and did inform myselfe verie fully of all the ways that such as my son wold be managed in that place; and when I considered the good and ill that is to learnt ther, I concluded that my son's education may be ful as well hear (in London) as in Oxfourd. Being sixteen he shall still be boarded with his French maister, who is a discreet, well-bred man; and when Colin is something advanced in such lessons as are thought fitt for him, there is a very good academie hear. My lord is very free to be at the

charge of every thing that is proper for Colin's education ; and, I thank God, the child is very willing to learn, and I hop in a few years he shal be capable to serv your lordship.

‘M. CAITHNES.’

The pains which Lady Breadalbane bestowed on this son were destined to have but a short season for their fruition. Colin died in 1708, and it is left to the superstitious to see a ‘judgment’ in his early death. He was the only son, by his second marriage, of that Earl of Breadalbane who shared with Lord Stair the stain of the blood of Glencoe.

Much interest attaches to that part of the Cromartie correspondence which relates to George, the third and attainted earl. We find many pages which describe the early happy years of his married life, when his business letters, instead of referring to war and the levies of rebel regiments, are full of minute directions for the furnishing of New Tarbat House. He resided generally at Castle Leod, and there, before his ‘bonnie Bell Gordon’s’ troubles began, she had her children about her, and received the visits either of her father, Sir William Gordon, or of her sister Anne, who, with Lord Arniston, came to spend midsummer days with her in the highlands. Then, when the state of the river fords was favourable, the great highland lairds visited each other. Simon, Lord Lovat, writes :—

‘Beaufort : May 27, 1740.

‘My dear Lord,—I was much pleased with the hopes of having the honour to see your lordship, and my worthy friend Lord Arnistoun and Sir William Gordon, in this little hutt, either Fryday, Saturday, or yesterday. But I am mighty sorry at the account that I got this evening from Braan, that the good Countess of Cromartie was dangerously ill. . . . I would certainly have had the honour to have paid my duty to you and to Lord Arnistoun yesterday, at Castle Leod, but the river of Bewlie has not been so low this year as it has been these few days past.’

This ‘river of Bewlie’ was not always to be trusted. The Earl of Murray comes to Beaufort, and has many adventures, which his host thus repeats to Lord Cromartie :—

‘Not daring to cross the foord in his coach, he took a small fishing coble and crossed in it with the Countess and the ladies that were with her, and sent his coach by the foord, which had almost been drowned, and his horses, for there was above a foot of water in the coach, and the windows open. I wish with all my soul the Earl had been in the coach !’

Not a very hospitable wish, certainly ; but to the Cromarties Lord Lovat is much more flattering, and he ‘sincerely protests

‘ that except your own children there is not a Mackenzie alive
 ‘ that has a greater honour and value for your lordship than I
 ‘ have.’ These protestations of regard abound in his letters. One day he prepares a gift for the descendant of the Tutor of Kintail which he believes will be very acceptable at Castle Leod.

‘ Beaufort: July 3, 1739.

‘ I can very freely assure your lordship that nothing but my long and great indisposition, which is not yet quite over, deprived me of the honour of paying my respects to your Lordship before now at Castle Leod, and bringing with me the triumphing sword of your great and worthy ancestor and my great-grand-uncle Sir Rory, Tutor of Kintail. I have it still ready to go along with me. I did design to cause brush it and dress it up; but I was advised by some of your friends and mine to keep it in the old rusty dress it is in/ till I put it in your lordship’s hands, which I am fully resolved to do as soon as ever I am able to ride that length in any shape; for there is nothing I long for more than to have the honour to see your lordship in your own house. . . .

‘ LOVAT.’

It is to be doubted if Lovat, when furbishing up this archaic sword, pictured to himself how soon by the Frasers and the Mackenzies the sword would be drawn in serious earnest, and Castle Downie and Tarbat receive the visits of the regiments of King George.

It was not till after the successful battle of Prestonpans that the wily Lovat threw in his lot with the party of Charles Edward. Even in the letters which he addresses to Lord Cromartie in 1745 it is curious to note how disingenuous and uncertain are all his utterances. The year that was to be so eventful to the hopes of the Stuart Prince opened with a snowstorm of extraordinary severity.

‘ Beaufort: Feb. 4, 1715.

‘ My dear Earl,—I do not believe that since the deluge there was such a storm of snow upon the Strath of the Aird. It was seldom or ever seen that there was above a foot deep of snow upon the plain Strath, but now it is three and four feet deep, and in some places seven and eight feet. The cattle in this county has suffered a great deal already, and are like to perish: so much as to water they have not got out of their stalls these twelve days past—neither horse, cow, sheep, or goat—but the people are forced to carry the water to them; in short, the situation of this county is so dismal that it cannot be expressed.’

Through many pages Lord Lovat continues to discourse of the weather, of his humble cousins, and of his anxieties for the health of the lovely Countess of Cromartie; and it is only in the postscript that he finds room for the perilous matter of politics:—

‘My cusine McLeod writes to me, that tho’ he is upon the spot at London, he knows nothing of the politicks. But I find by his letter and the Lyon’s that the court is in great confusion.’

On October 17, 1745, he writes :—

‘My son has taken a military freak; he is going, whether I will or not, with all of the name of Fraser that are fit for it, to join the adventuring Prince. You may be sure, my dearest Earl, this must affect me because my son is the hope of my family and the darling of my soul. I pray God Almighty send him safe back, and that neither he nor any that goes with him may do anything that may be dishonourable to themselves or to their family. And I can assure you that my son is fully as fond of your lordship and of my dear Lord McLeod, as I am; and I hope we shall never differ in politicks, which now divide the world, for I am very sure we both love our King and country; and I hope we shall see things go on as we could wish.’

Nothing can exceed the caution of these paragraphs, but none the less, ere very long, both Simon, Lord Lovat, and George, Earl of Cromartie, stood at the bar to take their trials for high treason. Lord Cromartie had been taken prisoner, as we have said, at Dunrobin. His wife, then within a few weeks of her confinement, hurried up to London to engage the sympathy and aid of what influential friends she could find—and with what result has been already stated.

After his pardon, Lord Cromartie lived for a time in Devonshire, and in November 1748 we find him writing from Northcote near Honiton to a friend in the North :—

‘Sir,—My chief reason for writing to you now is to let you and our other friends know that we are very well, as well as we can be while in this parte of the world. There were so many inconveniences attending our living at Leahill, that I quitted it above six weeks ago. We find this place more agreeable. It is in the heart of a very fine country, and within a short walk of Honiton, a very good market town; but for all that I would much rather live at the foot of Ben Wyvis, and be better pleased with an oaten cake and the produce of the Strathpeffer or Milntoun bear than with the finest bread, the finest cyder, and all the other necessaries of life which this county is remarkable for beyond any in England.

‘I am, your assured and sincere friend,
‘CROMARTIE.’

The following letter from Lord Macleod to his father is interesting, and more cheerful, as the beginning of an honourable and distinguished career :—

‘Stockholm: January 16, 1750, O.S.

‘My Lord,—I left Dantzick the 11th of last month, and as I had but a few hours warning, I had not time to write. I wrote you about a fortnight before I came here, three weeks ago. I was introduced the 8th instant to the King, to the Prince, and to Madame Royale, by his

Excellency Count Tessin, and was very graciously received. All the other Senators, as well as the First Minister, are extremely obliging to me. My affair is already over, and in a few days I will get my commission as captain in the regiment of foot commanded by Major-General Baron Hamilton. Baron Hamilton, the elder brother of my colonel, is my zealous friend; he is High Chancellor of this kingdom. A great number of the Swedish nobility are originally Scots. Besides the Hamiltons, there are the Counts Fersen, who are Macphersons; and the families of Douglas, Stuart, Spens, Macdugal, and several others. I am greatly obliged to Messrs. Jennings and Finlay, two rich English merchants to whom I was recommended from Dantzick. I lodge with them in Mr. Jennings' house. Mr. Jennings' second daughter is the Chancellor's bride; his eldest is likewise soon to be married to the governor of one of the provinces, and the youngest will probably soon follow the example of her sisters, as she has plenty of lovers. The court here is very brilliant; some of the nobility and maids of honor act a play every week, which is followed by a ball, in domino. There's an assembly for dancing and cards every Wednesday at Count Tessin's.

‘I offer my affectionate duty to my mother, and I am,
‘MACLEOD.’

The estates of the family, of whose fortunes we have now given a summary, have always been valuable, but in the present days, when Scottish landed property has so risen in worth, and when the picturesque scenery is so much more sought for, and the passion for the field sports of the highlands has become more intense and universal, than they were ‘sixty years since,’ these possessions have attained to a vastly higher measure of importance; and few will hesitate to sympathise with the attainted earl in his longings, even in his day, for the scenes from which his devotion to King James had banished him. At Tarbat House the visitor will find himself surrounded by all the elegance and comforts of a lowland residence, among wheat-fields, pheasant coverts, gardens, and forest trees that are the growth of centuries; but it is at Castle Leod, in Strathpeffer, and in Coigeach, that he is likely to have his greatest enjoyment. Castle Leod is a jewel of a castle, with its massive walls, its turnpike stairs, its great hall and greater fireplace, and its appropriate secret chamber; and the great Spanish chestnut tree beside it, which has honourable mention in Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's edition of Gilpin's ‘Forest Scenery,’ is not unworthy of that distinction. The grouse ranges here stretch from the castle walls to the heights of Ben Wyvis, and he who, returning from the slopes of this local monarch of mountains, halts at the Hare's Well to drink of its spring and count his spoils, will seldom complain of scantily filled panniers.

The wild country of Coigeach, however, will probably now-a-days be more valued by the highland sportsman than either of the two estates just mentioned. The mariner who breasts the waves of the Atlantic in his northerly progress along the west coast of Sutherland, and looks to round the dangerous tides of Cape Wrath, well knows its striking and lofty hills, and he may sometimes be glad to seek safety below them in the friendly shelter of Loch Broom, guarded as it is from westerly gales by the pleasant Summer Islands, an appanage of Coigeach. The whole district is full of lakes and streams from which the salmon and the spotted trout spring to the angler's lure; and upon the loftier hills the silent flight of the ptarmigan deepens, to the fond lover of nature in her wildest forms, his enjoyment of these solitudes.

Mr. Scrope in his '*Art of Deerstalking*,' when speaking of the forests and deer haunts of Ross-shire in 1839, has said:—

'To the west of the Freewater forest there remains of Ross, or rather of Cromartyshire, the wild district of Coigeach, a part of the Cromarty estate, and the property of the Honorable Mrs. Hay Mackenzie; and the deerstalker who loves the sport in perfection will be glad to learn that the son of this lady has devoted a considerable part of Coigeach as a forest for the deer, intending to build a lodge there at Rhidoorach, a situation of much natural beauty.'

This promise was fulfilled, and many a noble stag has fallen in the forest of Coigeach. Rhidoorach, too, deserves the character given to it by Scrope. Near to the lodge is a waterfall of singular beauty in a valley carpeted with heath and fern and wild flowers, and thickly studded with the white-stemmed birches of the highlands; while the spectator who gazes from opposite the fall upon 'the sheeted silver's waving column' of water, also sees, or did see, immediately below him, in the branches of an old natural Scots fir, an eagle's nest, which in most years was not without occupants. A noble Earl, an old friend of the house, a lover of nature, one who has laid low many a goodly hart, and who handles deftly at once an artist's pencil and a poet's pen, has not scrupled to say that in his judgment this waterfall, with its accessories, need not fear to be named even when the praise of *Terni* is on men's lips.

We will only add that the printing, the illustrations, and the binding of Mr. Fraser's splendid volumes will go far to insure for them, apart from their literary merits, an appreciation at least as high as has been accorded to any of their predecessors from the same trustworthy source.

- ART. II.—1. *Histoire de la Découverte de la Circulation du Sang.* Par P. FLOURENS. Paris: 1857.
2. *Versuch einer physiologischen Pathologie des Herzens.* Von GABRIEL G. VALENTIN. Leipzig: 1866.
3. *The Harveian Oration, 1877.* By EDWARD H. SIEVEKING, M.D.
4. *Andree Cæsalpini Quæstionum Peripateticarum Libri V.; Quæstionum Medicarum Libri II.* Venetiis: 1593.
5. *Servetus and Calvin.* By R. WILLIS, M.D. London: 1877.

EVERY discovery is an idea. It is an intuition at the same time that it is an induction. For the recognition of a causal sequence in phenomena implies the grasp of at least a living fragment of the creative thought, and is, as it were, a backward tracking of the dim path—a reversal of the august primeval process—by which ‘this true fair world of things’ emerged into existence. From the idea, in the beginning, sprang phenomena; from phenomena, in our trembling span of time, we remotely infer the idea. Thus an induction is an analysis, reducing facts to their elemental condition of ideas. And as the chemist believes in the theoretical possibility of an ultimate analysis, by which all variety of substances might be resolved into one fundamental element, so we can distantly conceive that, by one grand induction, embracing all possible phenomena, the whole visible creation might be led back to one vast, eternal, all-embracing thought. As a matter of fact, however, chemical methods are imperfect, and human cognitions limited. Nevertheless, even a partial generalisation, based on a narrow range of facts, is found to be more fruitful of results, whether practical or speculative, than theories which, aiming at being universal, succeed only in being inconclusive, and are empty in proportion to their pretension. Greek philosophers and German metaphysicians, Buddhist sages and Vedic bards, have alike tried their skill at a scheme of the Cosmos, and with the same invariable result. All alike have been foiled by that subtle barrier—impalpable as ether, impenetrable as brass—which divides the conceivable from the inconceivable: a wizard-ring drawn round our being confronting us on one side, when we attempt to dive into the atomic mysteries of matter; on the other, when we aspire to measure the celestial impulses of the stars—at the very frontiers of life, as well as in the dark portals of death—without the magic circle gleams the mirage of what we see within. •

Abstract thought has no vital history, because it undergoes no organic development; but ideas vivified by contact with facts partake of the tentative nature of life, and share its vicissitudes. Their growth is co-ordinate with the larger life of humanity, and the biography of a single idea may comprehend the story of two hundred decades of culture. The discovery commonly associated with the name of Harvey, and which undoubtedly owes to him its first establishment in a position of scientific certainty, has passed through many phases of development, nor is there any reason to suppose that it has yet reached its final stage. Many of the deepest problems connected with it still remain unsolved, to stimulate the zeal of investigators, and perhaps to reward the diligence of some future physiologist, by affording him in his turn the opportunity of crying '*Eureka!*'

Before endeavouring to trace the gradual emergence of right views on this subject, induced by the general advance of European civilisation, it may be well, for the sake of clearness, to state precisely what it is we mean by the circulation of the blood, and to describe succinctly the admirable mechanism by which it is effected. Its causes, even the proximate ones, are still involved in considerable obscurity. The outline or ground-plan of the scheme may be traced in a few words; but many pages would be filled before even an elementary notion could be conveyed of the complicated functions fulfilled by the circulating blood in the animal economy—of its system of supply and reinforcement, of the chemical changes produced in it by respiration, or of the mode in which it nourishes the tissue irrigated by it. Our intention in the following brief sketch is to describe the modern theory, in its mechanical aspect, stripped of superfluous details, with the view of following with a clearer understanding the nearer and nearer approach made towards it by those who preceded us in the search for scientific truth.

The heart is a double organ. It is divided longitudinally, by a fixed partition called the *septum*, into two distinct portions, separate in their functions, although synchronous in their rhythmical movements. Each of these is again divided transversely into two chambers or cavities, the upper known as the auricle, the lower as the ventricle, of the right and left portions of the heart respectively. Instead of an impermeable barrier, such as that which separates the main divisions, we here find a valvular apparatus—called, in the right chamber, the *tricuspid*, in the left the *mitral* valves—which opposes no resistance to the flow of a liquid from the auricle to the ven-

tricle, but effectually prevents its return. The size of the heart is roughly estimated to be that of the closed fist of the person to whom it belongs, and each of its four cavities is of nearly equal capacity, being capable of containing from four to six cubic inches of water.* The obvious and immediate cause of the movement of the blood is to be found in the mechanical impulses communicated to it by the beatings of the heart. Elsewhere, other and more subtle forces come into play; but their consideration is not necessary for our present purpose. The heart is composed of muscular tissue, endowed with an exceptional power of rhythmical contractility. This property is not very well understood, but is believed to be lodged mainly in the nervous *ganglia* distributed through the substance of the heart itself. By the simultaneous contraction of the two auricles, the greater portion of the blood contained in them is expelled into the ventricles, the mitral and tricuspid valves yielding readily to afford it a free passage. This is followed by a period of relaxation, during which the ventricles in their turn forcibly contract, and, there being, owing to the formation of the valves, no other path open, eject their contents through the semilunar valves into the arteries. These alternations of contraction and dilatation are termed respectively *systole* and *diastole*. The blood, which leaps from the left ventricle into the aorta with a velocity estimated at about one foot per second, is gradually dispersed into smaller and smaller arteries, until it enters the network of minute vessels known as the capillary system. Thence it is collected and concentrated by the veins, which finally debouch into the right auricle of the heart, in two great trunks—the *superior* and *inferior vena cava*, corresponding with the two great branches of the aorta. In the capillaries, which are almost unimaginably slender tubes (they vary in diameter from $\frac{1}{15000}$ th to $\frac{1}{20000}$ th of an inch), lined with permeable membrane, the blood does its work of repairing tissue and carrying off waste particles. In the capillaries, therefore, occurs the change by which it is converted from arterial into venous blood. It enters them with all its affinities active, energetic for reform and renovation; it quits them inert, exhausted, unfit for further service. Here, too, it loses great part of its original velocity, the rate of which is reduced, in its passage through the capillaries, from a foot to about a quarter of an inch per second. This is doubtless in great part due to the immense increase in the total sectional area traversed by it. And, as a

river, forced into a narrower bed, quickens its slackened current, so the vital stream regains in part its lost speed as it is gathered into the straitening channels of the veins. From the right auricle it passes, by the process of contraction already described, into the ventricle, and thence, through the pulmonary artery, into the lungs. Being there dispersed, and brought into contact with the outer air, it parts with carbonic acid, recovers oxygen, and so returns renovated through the pulmonary veins into the left auricle, thence to start once more on its vivifying mission. Thus we see that the blood performs two complete and independent circuits, corresponding with the twofold mechanism of the heart. The first, from the left ventricle to the right auricle, is known as the *systemic* or *major* circulation; the second, from the right ventricle to the left auricle, as the *pulmonary* or *minor*. In the first the blood may be looked upon as an agent, in the second as a patient. Upon the first journey, it starts vital, and returns effete; upon the second it sets out effete and returns vital. In the great circuit it brings with it the elements of life, and carries off the seeds of death; in the lesser, it bears in its stream the products of decay, and exchanges them for the elixir of perennial renovation.

Upon this simple theory of the movement of the blood, modern physiology is founded as securely as modern astronomy upon the Copernican theory of the solar system. Both seem to us, with our facile knowledge, to be unavoidable inferences from obvious facts; but the human mind needed a long apprenticeship to error before it could fully grasp the truth of either. However, we may safely predict, that as long as our species continues to inhabit the earth, men will think on these subjects no otherwise than we now do, and that these theories will continue, to the end of time, to be the basis of their knowledge of the little world within, and of the great world without them—of the microcosm they inhabit, and the macrocosm they contemplate.

The systematic study of the human organism has only been attempted at an advanced stage of the culture of nations. Among semi-civilised or barbarous peoples, medical theory, as founded upon knowledge, has no place, and medical practice consists in a mixture of superstition and empiricism, based upon total ignorance of the subject under treatment. Thus the defective civilisations of the East transmitted to uncounted generations, from the Essenes of Alexandria to the Rosicrucians of Germany, the formidable mass of negative knowledge implied in the 'doctrine of emanations,' the belief

in demoniacal agencies as the cause of disease, or in astrological delusions and cabalistic remedies; while the Greeks, alone among the nations of antiquity, attained some approximately correct notions of anatomy, and so, to a certain extent, laid the foundations of future physiological science. The ideas entertained by them as to the motions of the vital fluid through the body were more incomplete than untrue—obscure rather than positively misleading. No consistent theory on the subject was ever formulated amongst them; and some zealous *laudatores temporis acti* have even found it possible, by diligent reading between the lines, to convince themselves (if no others) that the Harveyan doctrine was no secret to the ‘wisdom of the old world;’ while one ingenious writer (Schleucher, ‘*Physique Sacrée*’) has boldly attributed the discovery to King Solomon himself! Without vowing unconditional allegiance to those antique sages,

‘Whose fame
Lies sepulchred in monumental thought,’

it may be admitted that in the writings of Hippocrates, Plato, and Aristotle, some not obscure hints may be found, which, with a more fruitful method of investigation than that pursued by the Greeks, ought, sooner or later, to have led to the solution of the problem. The great physician of Cos speaks of the veins as the irrigating channels, by means of which motion, and life, and spirit, are diffused throughout the body. He even seems to have divined the idea of a circuit, since he says that all lesser veins spring from one great one; but whence the generating vein comes, or whither it goes, he knows not. ‘But,’ he adds, in a self-consolatory spirit, ‘when a circle is completed, its origin can no longer be found.’* The naïve *Non scio* of ‘old Hippocras’ (as Geoffrey Chaucer calls him) soon went out of fashion amongst the medical professors of those early times; but it may be doubted whether, if judiciously applied, it would not have proved more efficacious in advancing the interests of science than any one of the many Hippocratic aphorisms under which, even in our own day, ignorance has been wont to seek shelter.

The arts of the Greeks had already expanded into serene full bloom, and their philosophy was brightening towards its highest splendour, when the ‘Father of Medicine’ brought the traditional wisdom of the Asclepiads from Cos to Athens, and bequeathed it, solidified by the compacting pressure of his own sagacious mind, to the great generation which succeeded him.

* Hipp. ‘*De Venis*,’ lib. i.

In the hands of Aristotle, himself of the sacred race of *Æsculapius*, and the son of an eminent physician, it was well bestowed. The great encyclopædic philosopher, whom eighteen centuries agreed with Dante in proclaiming '*maestro di color che sanno*,' and who, as Shelley sang,

' Still had held
The jealous key of truth's eternal doors,
If Bacon's eagle spirit had not leapt
Like lightning out of darkness,'

left the stamp of his amazing intelligence on every branch of knowledge or speculation, from the nature of the soul to the form of a syllogism, and on none more deeply impressed than on the natural sciences. The study of comparative anatomy may be said to owe to him its origin; and but that the prejudices of the Greeks forbade the dissection of human bodies, modern physiologists would perhaps have been left a comparatively narrow field for discovery. The germs of many of the most fruitful scientific ideas of our own day may be found in his writings; and the grossest of the errors imputed to him may not unfrequently be attributed to the presumptuous dullness of his interpreters, rather than to his ignorance. He made an important advance on the physiological doctrine of Hippocrates, by recognising the heart as the origin of all the vessels of the body—as the source and fountain of the blood. It is, he says, an organism within an organism—a vital spring of perpetual motion. It is the first part of the animal mechanism to live, and the last to die. It is, in fine, the Acropolis of the body, its sustaining centre, its ultimate stronghold.* He was the first to distinguish between the aorta and the vena cava, and discovered some of the principal nerves, to which, by many of his translators, he was mistakenly supposed to have assigned the heart as their origin; the fact being that by the word *νεῦρον* he meant to indicate tendons or ligaments, while he used *πόροι* to designate nerves properly so called.

Between the death of Aristotle and the birth of Galen, the sceptre of philosophy passed from Athens to Alexandria, and dogmatism became the method and the measure of science. Claudius Galenus of Pergamus was indeed a remarkable man, and one well fitted to lead the van of knowledge in his time (A.D. 130–200). 'His constant merit,' remarks M. Flourens, in the work with which we have headed this article, page 89,

* Lessing, '*Geschichte der Medizin*.' G. H. Lewes, '*Aristotle*,' p. 158.

‘is that of having consistent ideas; his constant fault, that of ‘not having verified them by observation.’ He is often mistaken, but he is invariably logical and learned. He always sees clearly, even when he sees falsely. He never stands perplexed in the presence of Nature, or hangs dubiously upon her twilight utterances. Far from him is the Hippocratic *Non scio*,* and his spirit is not that of Cicero, when he wrote from Tusculum, *Me non pudet fateri nescire, quod nesciam*. Thus science became under his guidance at once more formal and more false. He left it, it must be admitted, enriched with new truths, but also disfigured by new errors. He conducted it, with flying colours, along a brilliant career of progress; but his successors found it shunted at a siding, and far from the terminus of the future. Two principal falsities, destined to shackle the feet of explorers for many a long day, made their appearance in Galen’s theory of the blood-vessels. He assigned the liver as the source of the veins, and he pronounced the septum of the heart to be pierced with small apertures, so as to permit the free passage of the blood, within the substance of the heart itself, from the right to the left ventricle. The use of respiration he conceived to be that of cooling and refreshing the blood, by modifying the ‘innate heat’ of the body—a view which was adopted not only by Harvey, but even in the last century by the great Swiss physiologist, Albrecht von Haller, and was not finally discarded until Priestley and Berzelius demonstrated the chemical qualities of the gases constituting the atmosphere. To Galen we owe the long surviving theory of the four temperaments, founded on the four humours of the body, and the pathology of forty generations was largely influenced by his speculations as to the elemental qualities of air, fire, earth, and water. He explained the vitality of the human organism by assigning to each of the principal organs, as the inspirer and regulator of its functions, a special ‘spirit’—to the heart the vital, to the liver the natural, to the brain the animal spirit. We find Dante, in the ‘Vita Nuova,’ gravely describing the different effects produced by his meetings with Beatrice on each of these three entities reduced by Descartes to one, which, in the form of ‘animal spirits,’ still survives in our modern phraseology. The opinion of Erasistratus, that air only was conveyed by the arteries—an

* He does, indeed, acknowledge a certain measure of ignorance as to the ‘substance of the soul;’ but numbers among things known by evidence the residence of ‘spirit’ in the ventricles of the brain!—Galen, *De usu respirationis*.

error originating in the fact that, after death, they are found, in most cases, emptied of blood—was combated by Galen, but resumed by his ignorant successors, until conclusively refuted by the great Vesalius. Galen also hit upon the significant distinction between venous and arterial, or, in his phrase, *sanguineous* and *spirituous* blood; but failed to appreciate its significance, and, steady to preconceived ideas, taught the generations to come that veins, no less than arteries, convey the blood *from* the heart to the various parts of the body.

During the whole of the Middle Ages Aristotle and Galen were known only through the medium of Averroes and Avicenna; and Julius Cæsar Scaliger was still of opinion that no physician was worthy of the name who had not studied the ‘Canon,’ in which the latter had summarised the medical science of the past. That once irresistible authority has long been superseded, and few indeed of our modern practitioners look for scientific lights to the pages of Avicenna; but one faint trace of his teaching has silently survived in the custom of gilding or silvering pills, a practice due to the Arab author’s belief in the healing efficacy of the precious metals.* Neither from the Moorish nor from the cognate scholastic system of medicine was any progress to be expected. The one multiplied drugs, and determined the positions in which the moon was ‘impeded’ for purposes of blood-letting; the other distinguished, with infinite dialectic subtleties, between ‘substances’ and ‘qualities,’ between the ‘vegetable’ and the ‘rational’ souls; or debated such profitable questions as whether the hair and nails were to be looked upon as a ‘substantial’ or an ‘accidental’ part of the body; and whether barley-water, being a ‘substance,’ could logically be administered in fever, which must be admitted to be an ‘accident’! Arab quacks were the universal ‘pest’ of Europe in Petrarch’s time, as we learn from the numerous invectives which he and others directed against them; and Chaucer’s ‘veray parfite practisour,’ who

‘Kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel,’

was doubtless grounded in the same school.

But already a better system was at hand. Mondino, who lectured at Bologna between 1318 and 1326, revived anatomy by introducing practical demonstrations from the human subject; and we find traces of his improved teaching in the ‘Acerba’ of Cæcco d’Ascoli, a curious metrical compendium of the know-

ledge available when the 'Divine Comedy' was composed. Early in the following century, Berengario of Carpi made himself famous by his anatomical demonstrations, and opened a momentous series of lesser discoveries, destined to culminate in the great one of the circulation.

The study of anatomy was at this time especially favoured by the ruling powers in Italy. Professors were officially furnished with subjects for dissection from the prisons, and, in the States of the Church, from the hospitals also. At Ferrara, where the science-loving house of Este held sway, this indulgence was carried so far that physicians were permitted to combine the functions of the executioner with those of the anatomist—a fact which, considering the passion for vivisection then prevailing, and the recklessness, as well as too often the inhumanity, with which the practice was carried on, suggests a suspicion too horrible to be dwelt upon in detail. In the course of the sixteenth century, the vital spirit of progress seems to have been transferred, in Italy, from the arts to the sciences. The same eager crowds which had formerly haunted the studio of the sculptor or the workshop of the bronze-caster, now thronged the lecture-room of the mathematician and the amphitheatre of the anatomist. The same keen popular interest which had once watched the rivalries of Ghiberti and Brunelleschi, of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, now hung upon the disputes of Tartaglia and Cardano, of Vesalius and Falloppio. A physical discovery or a new mathematical formula was now hailed with the same delight which had once welcomed the first display of a great painting or the unveiling of a new statue; and the coincidence of the day of Galileo's birth with that of Michael Angelo's death might, as Libri* has well remarked, be taken as a parable of the age.

The future of physiology was assured when Vesalius published, in 1543, his great work on the structure of the human body. Andrew Vesalius was born at Brussels in 1514. His father filled the office of apothecary to 'Flemish Margot,' Regent of the Low Countries, and he himself became physician successively to Charles V. and Philip II. From his earliest years he was possessed with a passion for dissection, to gratify which he did not shrink from the horrors and even the dangers of the charnel-house or of the campaign, and was ready to dispute with birds of prey the ghastly spoil of the gibbet and the battle-field. Thus, at the age of fifteen, he was already in a position to expose many of Galen's errors. He

* *Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques*, vol. iii. p. 201.

studied under Sylvius (Jacques Dubois) in Paris, but soon left him far behind, and lectured and formed pupils in every university of Italy. His teachings were at first welcomed with acclamation, but he was afterwards attacked for his irreverence towards the Mahomet of medicine by his French master as well as by his Italian pupils. He clearly proved that the '*divinus vir*' had drawn his illustrations from the study of apes, not of men, and was able to point out no less than two hundred inaccuracies in his descriptions; while Sylvius and his followers maintained that the errors detected were due, not to the ignorance of Galen, but to the eccentricities of nature, or to the degeneracy of the human race! Physiology was happily defined by Haller as '*animated anatomy*,'* and Vesalius was a great anatomist, but not a great physiologist. He could detail every cog and wheel of the machinery when at rest, but of its action when in motion he was entirely ignorant. The parts of each organ were familiar to him, but of its functions he could give no true account. Thus, when he confined himself to descriptive details, he was for the most part right; when he ventured to draw inferences, he was generally wrong. He was strong in premisses, but weak in conclusions. His brain served him less faithfully than his eye—the sure guide of that cunning white hand which forms so characteristic a feature of Titian's portrait of him in the Pitti Gallery. Having established the solidity of the septum of the heart, the circulation of the blood through the lungs was an all but obvious inference; yet he left it to be drawn by Servetus and Colombo, while he retained the idea of its passage by '*transudation*' from the right to the left ventricle.† He corrected the blunder by which Galen had assigned the liver as the origin of the great veins, but retained the Galenic idea that they served to convey nourishment from the heart to the body. He refuted the error of Galen's followers (as we have seen, it was not that of Galen himself), that the arteries were air-tubes, not blood-vessels; but the notions of '*vital spirit*' and '*innate heat*' remained part of his code; and although acquainted with the valves of the heart and great vessels, he was ignorant of the purpose they were intended to serve. Nevertheless, he gave a quickening impulse to the study of anatomy, the vibrations of which are perhaps felt to this day. And the practical work done by him was enormous in quantity, as well as permanently valuable in quality. The story

* Quoted by G. H. Lewes, '*Aristotle*,' p. 156.

† Lessing, '*Geschichte der Medizin*,' p. 518.

of his having been condemned to death by the Inquisition for the supposed crime of opening a still living body, and reprieved at the instance of Philip II., has been proved by the investigations of M. Burgræve to be purely fabulous. The fact, however, remains, that he undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, from which he never returned. While journeying homewards he was shipwrecked on the island of Zante, and there miserably perished of plague or famine, on October 15, 1564. His departure from Madrid seems, so far as can be ascertained, to have been entirely a voluntary act. Deadly *ennui* oppressed him amid the ceremonial dulness of Philip's court, where, as he complained, 'not so much as a bone was to be had for purposes of experiment;' and he longed to re-enter the lists with his peers in the schools of Italy. Whether the pilgrimage was used as a convenient pretext for escape, or was prompted by any higher motives, we have no means of judging.

A remarkable advance towards the true theory of the circulation of the blood was made in 1553 by Michael Servetus of Villanova. This ill-starred Spaniard was one of those rash and erratic characters who, if their lives fall in troubled times, seldom fail to finish them tragically. He studied successively divinity, law, and medicine, fell foul of the theological faculty in Basle, fell foul of the medical faculty in Paris, and ended, as everyone knows, on the pyre which the implacable enmity of Calvin kindled for him at Geneva.

'Let us not,' writes M. Flourens (page 151), 'defraud a man who was so unlucky as to be burnt—and to be burnt for an absurd book—of the high honour of having been the first to turn his back on Galen; to think for himself; and by this novel effort to lay hold of a discovery, as yet, indeed, only an incomplete view of a phenomenon, of which the full recognition has sufficed to raise Harvey to the rank of great men.'

We are indebted to Dr. Willis, in his recently published life of Servetus, for an accurate account of the medical discoveries, as well as of the theological speculations, of this remarkable man, and he undoubtedly came very near the true theory of the circulation of the blood, though he failed to grasp it.

Servetus discovered the pulmonary circulation of the blood; and, what was still more remarkable, divined, so far as it could be understood without any knowledge of chemical action, the true function of the lungs in respiration. The simple words, '*Sanguis à pulmonibus præparatur; flavus efficitur;*' implied more than the writer of them was probably aware of, and

anticipated the result of many a laborious groping towards a better understanding of the animal organism. But these valuable discoveries lay entangled in a tissue of extravagances;—as Bacon says, ‘a web of the wit’—and the famous ‘*Christianismi Restitutio*,’ which promised to ‘teach a divine philosophy to all who understood even a little anatomy,’ was burnt with its author, only two copies escaping the *auto-da-fé*.*

Six years later, Realdo Colombo of Cremona alighted independently on the same idea of the transference of the vital fluid, ‘by an admirable artifice,’ from the right ventricle of the heart, through the lungs, to the left auricle. Independently, we are inclined to believe, not so much because he proclaimed his priority lustily, as because it seems highly improbable that the anatomical contents of the all but annihilated book of Servetus should have become known in Italy. All that was now wanting, in order to grasp an elementary notion of the greater circuit, was to recognise the central position of the heart and the returning office of the veins. But in both these requisites Colombo failed. He continued, with Galen, to assign the liver as the origin of the veins, and to attribute a wrong direction to the current flowing through them. As long as these two errors survived, the true idea must have continued paralysed; abolish them, and it would begin to move of itself.

We now come to Andrea Cesalpino’s share in the great discovery. He was born in 1519 at Arezzo, a little town singularly fortunate in those to whom it has given birth. It owes to the civil dissensions of Florence the glory of being the native place of Petrarch, and no less than three of the learned Chancellors of the Florentine Republic were surnamed *l’Are-
tino*. When, in 1543, Cosmo I. undertook to restore to the University of Pisa the prosperity which had departed from it amidst the wars and calamities of the early part of the century, his first care was to secure for it the teachings of the most eminent professors then to be found in the civilised world. Colombo, Falloppio, Vesalius himself, successively lectured there on anatomy; Luca Ghini laid down, on the model of that of Padua, the second Botanical Garden which had been seen in Europe; and Guido Guidi, the celebrated Vidius, retired thither from the Court of France, to be the instructor in medicine of Cesalpino, who was later to fulfil the same office

* Of these, one is now in the National Library of Paris, the other in the Imperial Library of Vienna, where a few additional copies were reprinted in 1791. Dr. Willis gives us a sufficiently full account of its contents.

towards Galileo. Cesalpino came to Pisa as a student, and remained there as a professor, first of botany and materia medica, afterwards, from 1569 to 1592, of medicine. He left it in the latter year, on being appointed physician to Clement VIII., and died at Rome of a pleurisy in 1603. It is difficult to exaggerate the services rendered by him to the science of botany. Plants had, up to that time, been arranged only in the alphabetical order of the names arbitrarily imposed upon them. Cesalpino first attempted to classify them according to an organic system founded on the peculiarities of their fructifying organs. He worked upon the principle that 'science consists in the collection of similarities, and the distinction of differences;' and that the characteristics imprinted by nature are permanent and easily recognisable, while mere nomenclature forms but a fluctuating and uncertain mode of identification. Sir James Edward Smith, founder of the Linnæan Society, extolled him, in his inaugural address to that body, as the original inventor of the Linnæan method of classification, and gave him credit for being, with Mattioli and Aldrovandi, the regenerator of natural science in Tuscany.

In 1569, he published his '*Quæstiones Peripateticæ*,'* a work directed towards the repression of the rapidly spreading insurrection against the authority of the Stagirite. The philosophical situation was critical. Telesius and Ramus had openly thrown off all allegiance; a general feeling of discontent was abroad; and opinions were rising to the surface such as those expressed by sober Benedetto Varchi in his '*Quistione se l'alchimia è vera o no?*' 'Although the custom of modern philosophers,' he says, 'is to believe everything, and prove nothing of what they find written by the best authors, especially Aristotle, none the less it might be more secure, as well as more delightful, to do otherwise, and in some things condescend to be guided by experience.'†

Thus Cesalpino headed a reactionary movement among the thinkers of his time. Counter-revolutions are rarely successful. The mischief (if it be mischief) is in most cases already done before the remedy is applied, and nothing remains but to make the best of it. Outside protocols, the *status quo ante* has no existence. In this case, although the end in view was not attained, the attempt brought to its author a temporary

* Published in Florence, 1569 and 1580; Venice, 1571 and 1593; Geneva, 1588.

† Quoted by G. Targioni-Tozzetti, '*Storia delle Scienze fisiche in Toscana.*'

but brilliant renown. Bacon had not yet swooped; the very name of Aristotle was still a power, and his advocate carried with him a vast mass of cultivated opinion. All the Peripatetics in Europe were in ecstasies; Cesalpino was a new Averroes; he was *the* Interpreter *par excellence*. Samuel Parker, more than a century later, declared that no one, before or after him, had possessed so full an insight into the great mind of the Greek philosopher, and all Germany received his *dicta* as utterances of Delphic wisdom. The book was not exempt from a suspicion of dangerous tendencies, and Cesalpino has been numbered among those who, before Spinoza, held Spinoza's opinions. It was, however, never formally condemned, and its author ended his days unmolested in the stronghold of orthodoxy. The part of his work which principally interests us is that which excited least notice at the time it was published. The full import of his physiological views was not so apparent to his contemporaries as it is to us, nor did he take any pains to set them in a light so clear that it should be impossible to overlook them. That must be writ large, which the whole world is to read. The conviction of deserving recognition is a condition precedent to receiving it. Cesalpino was content to leave his meaning entangled in the verbiage of the medical schools, and thus courted the obscurity which his discovery was calculated to dispel. He placed his pride, not in originality, but in servility. He deliberately preferred the praise of being a zealous disciple to that of being an enlightened master. He chose, in many cases, to be wrong with Aristotle rather than to be right without him. Although, being a man of singularly acute intelligence (*vir acerrimi ingenii*, Douglas calls him), he could not avoid seeing new truths, his constant endeavour was to see them through Peripatetic spectacles; and, while advancing beyond the boundaries of ancient knowledge, he never relinquished the effort to drag with him, along the new paths which he was traversing, the *caput mortuum* of a superannuated philosophy. Nevertheless, that his theory of the movement of the blood was by no means a matter of indifference to him appears from the persistence with which he recurs to it, and the diligence with which, from time to time, he alleges new proofs of its truth. Let us endeavour to form, from his own writings, an impartial estimate of what that theory was—of how far it anticipated, and in what respects it fell short of, the truth which Harvey's researches placed beyond the reach of controversy.

We have seen that, at the time Cesalpino wrote, two principal errors still hampered the progress of discovery—that as

to the hepatic origin of the veins, and that as to the direction of the current flowing through them. Now it is easy to show that Cesalpino repeatedly and emphatically rejected both. Dr. Sieveking, in his able Harveian Oration, has saddled him with the responsibility of advocating the first of these fallacies; the fact being, that the words quoted, '*non igitur cor sed hepar est principium venarum*,' occur in a recapitulation of Galen's errors made by Cesalpino for purposes of refutation. This is no doubt an inadvertence on the part of the learned Orator; and, indeed, it demands the reader's constant vigilance to avoid misapprehension as to which are the opinions that the physiological philosopher means to approve, and which to condemn. In this case, however, the purport of the passage becomes abundantly evident, when it concludes in these words: 'These then, and of this kind, are the arguments with which he (Galen) impugns the opinions of Aristotle as to the origin of the veins and of the blood.' (*Hæc igitur et hujusmodi sunt, quibus Aristotelis placita impugnat circa venarum et sanguinis principium*).*

One of the many passages in which Cesalpino explains his views as to the true origin of the veins, runs as follows:—

'If the heart be the source of the blood' [as previously proved by him], 'it must also be the source of the veins and of the arteries, these being the vessels destined for the blood. Thus, as rivulets draw water from their fountain-head, so do the veins and arteries from the heart. It is besides necessary that they should all be continuous with the heart, in order that the blood contained in them should be preserved by its heat; since it is congealed by cold, as is evident whenever it is removed from the veins. It appears also from dissection that all veins are continuous with the heart alone. . . . The membranes placed in the heart, like gates at the mouths of the veins, opening to afford ingress or egress, indicate also that there is the origin of all the veins. These are, as it were, their beginnings; their ends terminate divided into most minute hair-tubes. It is then evident that the heart is the source of all veins; [arteries also were comprehended by Aristotle under the name of veins].'

It is not, however, enough to show that all the rivulets of the body derive a continuous life-stream from the heart, unless it be known in what direction, and in what direction only, the current sets. On this point at least Cesalpino has taken care to avoid the possibility of misconception.

'Of the vessels terminating in the heart,' he says, 'some introduce their contents into its substance, as the vena cava in the right chamber,

* Quæst. Per. lib. v. p. 117.

and the pulmonary veins* in the left; others convey it away, as the aortal artery from the left chamber, and the pulmonary artery from the right. All are provided with membranes so fitted to their office, that the admitting valves can never educe, nor the educing valves admit; it follows that the heart contracting, the arteries dilate, and it dilating, they contract: not simultancously, as it seems at first. . . . Nor is there any danger of regurgitation from the arteries into the heart. For a motion takes place from the veins into the heart, which, by its heat, attracts nourishment to itself; at the same time, also from the heart into the arteries, this being the only road open on account of the position of the membranes. Thus the same motion opens both kinds of valves—that is, of the veins into the heart, and of the heart into the arteries—the membranes being at the same time so arranged, that the contrary motion can never occur.’ (Quæst. Per. lib. v. quæst. 4.)

And again:—

‘If the blood be perfected in the heart, there must be another vessel to receive the prepared blood, nor ought it to return by the same. Indeed, regress from the heart into the vein is not possible; three little membranes being so adapted to the mouth of the vena cava, that the ingress of the blood into the heart is permitted, but egress is prohibited.’ (Quæst. Per. lib. v. 3.)

He describes the pulmonary circulation as follows:—

‘The lungs, deriving heated blood through the pulmonary artery from the right chamber of the heart, restore the same by anastomosis to the pulmonary veins, which return to the left chamber. . . . All that is revealed by dissection corresponds perfectly with this *circulation of the blood* through the lungs, from the right chamber of the heart to the left.’ (Quæst. Per. lib. v. 4.)

Elsewhere he remarks: ‘It passes the bounds of reason to suppose that the lungs consume all the blood which they receive.’

His argument in favour of the general circulation is founded upon a fact universally observed, but of which he first penetrated the true import—that, namely, of the swelling of the veins on the side of a ligature farthest from the heart. ‘But if there were any general outward movement, the reverse ought to occur.’ To account for this apparent inconsistency, he describes once more the mechanism of the heart which prohibits the flow of the blood save in one invariable current, and concludes:—

‘Thus there is a certain perpetual motion from the vena cava through the heart and lungs into the aortal artery.’ (Quæst. Med. lib. ii. quæst. 17.)

* We have translated *arteria venalis* and *vena arterialis* by their modern names, Cesalpino himself having pointed out the fallacy involved in the ancient nomenclature.

Further, having described the transit of 'innate heat' which he supposed to take place during sleep from the arteries by anastomosis to the veins and thence to the heart, he adds that a similar motion of the blood is apparent, both waking and sleeping, in any part of the body to which a ligature be applied, or where the veins may otherwise be impeded. 'For, if their channels be closed, rivers swell in the direction towards which they are accustomed to flow.'* In the same passage Cesalpino has quite superfluously recourse to a simile, and to a simile the most unlucky he could possibly have chosen. The bare mention of the time-honoured tides of Euripus has been generally considered, in modern times, sufficient to convict a writer of total misconception as to the vital tides of the body; and it is a curious example of Cesalpino's taste for antique varnish that he should have been willing to disguise his knowledge under a metaphor by which the ancients were accustomed to illustrate their ignorance. It is obvious, however, from what has been already quoted of his writings, that he understood by it, not an ebb and flow through the same channels, but a flux and reflux from and to the heart along the different passages variously prepared by nature for the onward rush of the life-stream; and in this sense the Euripus simile may pass as not less congruous to the subject under embellishment than the majority of bad figures of speech.

We will quote but one more passage from Cesalpino's works. It is that contained in his 'Treatise on Plants,' where, instituting a comparison between the circulation of the sap in vegetables and that of the blood in animals, he says:—

'For in animals we find that the nutriment is brought by the veins to the heart, as to the manufactory of innate heat; and, having received there its ultimate perfection, is distributed through the arteries to the entire body, by the agency of the spirit, which is generated in the heart from the same nutriment.'

'Was it possible,' demands M. Flourens (p. 146), 'better to conceive and better to define the circulation? The true precursor of Harvey was not Sarpi, but Cesalpino.'

The claims of Fra Paolo Sarpi, it may be remarked *en passant*, to be ranked among discoverers in this line of enquiry have proved, on investigation, to be of the flimsiest description. They were put forward for him, after his death, by his enthusiastic friend and disciple, Fra Fulgenzio, on the strength of a manuscript in his handwriting found among his papers. This, according to some, contained notes of a conversation

* Quæst. Med. lib. ii. 17. •

with Harvey; according to others, reflections suggested by Cesalpino's writings; or, finally, it recorded the substance of some of the lectures delivered by Harvey in 1619, transmitted to Sarpi by the Venetian ambassador in London. Fra Paolo was a physiological student, but his discoveries were limited to that of the contractility of the iris.

The following estimate of Cesalpino's merits is interesting from the impartiality of the writer, and valuable from his learning. It is taken from a work* by Dr. James Douglas, eminent as a physician and anatomical lecturer in the early part of the last century.

'The above-quoted opinions, and others of the same kind as to the circular motion of the blood, are not negligently propounded by their author, although he did not, of set purpose, treat on this subject. Nevertheless, we perceive that he devoted all his powers to establish the circulation of the blood (for he makes use of this identical phrase), and laboriously to explain its method; afterwards developed with new lucubrations by an illustrious Englishman. And, while affectionately congratulating our happy England upon her fortune in having offered to the whole world such a shining light of anatomy, it is nevertheless to be lamented that Cesalpino did not further amplify, and put forth in the universally available form of an hypothesis, that which he stated perspicuously enough, and without any intricacies of words. Equal glory, however, remains, both to him who first invented, and to him who afterwards perfected; nor do I know which stands first—the discoverer or the developer and enricher.'

Nearly equivalent judgments may be found in the writings of the celebrated Van der Linden, of Sénac, Karl Fuchs, Sprengel, Rudolphi, and others. Haller, whose opinion, although somewhat biassed in favour of Harvey's originality, must always be of great weight, urges against the passage from the 'Treatise on Plants,' that, although the circulation is indicated, its laws are not laid down, nor is the transit of the blood from the arteries to the veins clearly pointed out. Indeed, Cesalpino's admirers have often reason to desire that he had been more explicit on this latter point; for although some passages leave no doubt as to the general correctness of his views in this respect, it cannot be denied that certain others may be found, especially that on the nutrition of the brain in the 'Peripatetic Questions,' which are open, at least in a local sense, to the opposite interpretation. In fact, until Malpighi discovered the capillaries in 1661, this part of the system remained conjectural; and although a theory is not like a

* 'Bibliographiæ Anatomicæ Specimen.' Jacobus Douglas, M.D., 1715, p. 140.

chain in being no stronger than its weakest point, the flaw made itself felt. Harvey, while maintaining his solid conviction that, in some mode, the transference was effected, nevertheless remained in doubt as to what that mode was. He hesitated whether to believe that the blood was conveyed by means of direct inosculations between the extremities of the vessels, or that it forced its way through the 'porosities of the parts.' (He knew nothing of vascular tissue.) Indeed Cesalpino's ideas on this subject seem to have been more advanced, since he insisted (as we have seen) that the blood must everywhere be conveyed in channels continuous with the heart, and so far anticipated the modern theory of a 'circulation in closed vessels.' His use of the word *capillamenta* must not, however, mislead us to suppose that he had any real knowledge of the capillary system. Analogous expressions are of frequent occurrence in Galen's works; and without the aid of the microscope (an instrument, we need hardly say, not in Cesalpino's possession) the true capillaries must for ever have remained invisible, and their existence, at most, a matter of conjecture.

In what, then, does Harvey's merit consist? What was the contribution of truth by which he completed Cesalpino's theory? He added little, but that little was all-important. He added the demonstration of the true function of the heart.

William Harvey was born at Folkestone April 1, 1578. At the age of sixteen he entered Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1597, and immediately afterwards repaired to the celebrated medical school of Padua. There he found himself at once in an atmosphere of innovation and discovery. Fabrizio d'Acquapendente, whom he chose for his master, was lecturing on the valves in the veins; Cesalpino's *Medical Questions* had recently been published at Venice; Carlo Ruini was just about to print at Bologna his 'Treatise on the Anatomy of the Horse,' in which the theory of the circulation might be traced as if through a veil; while, in Padua itself, Eustachio Rudio began, in 1599, his lectures on the constitution of the heart, teaching the doctrines of Colombo and Cesalpino, much disfigured in the handling, and getting abused on all sides for his unskilful plagiarisms. The membranous double doors, or valves, opening towards the heart, which are found in many of the larger veins, especially in the muscular parts of the body, formed an important item of the proofs at Harvey's disposal. Although Cannano had pointed them out to Vesalius in 1547, and they had been seen by Sylvius, Etienne, and Eustachio, in the early part of the

century, their existence was not generally recognised until Fabrizio observed them in 1574. Not a little proud of his supposed discovery, he yet completely misread its meaning, supposing the use of the valves to be that of preventing an accumulation of blood in the lower limbs, instead of that of assisting its onward flow towards the heart. Thus, while many details were known, no general principle had as yet been clearly established; and although speculation and conjecture were rife, and the true theory had actually been proposed, demonstration and acceptance were still alike wanting. The discovery was plainly overdue, and we share Dr. William Hunter's astonishment at the blindness of the groping anatomists who failed to grasp it.

'The singular structure of the parts concerned,' he wrote ('Introductory Lectures,' 1784), 'so evidently proclaim the circulation, that there seems to have been nothing more required for making the discovery than laying aside gross prejudices, and considering fairly some obvious truths. It is the more amazing that this discovery was left for Harvey, when we consider that he was near an hundred years after Vesalius, in which interval many great men had appeared, and anatomical schools had flourished, in different parts of Europe. And, what is still more astonishing, Servetus first, and Columbus afterwards, both in the time of Vesalius, had clearly given the circulation of the blood through the lungs, which we may reckon, at least, three quarters of the discovery; and Cæsalpinus had, many years before Harvey, published in three different works all that was wanting in Servetus to make the circulation quite complete. But Providence meant to reserve this honour for Harvey, and would not let men see what was before them, nor understand what they read.'

Although we can trace in Hunter some professional jealousy of Harvey's fame, he expresses here what must be felt by everyone reading the history of this discovery. It is difficult to understand how it came to pass that a learned school of anatomists, trained in the traditions of Vesalius and Colombo, should for twenty years have sat in vain conclave over a riddle, guessed at first sight by a raw lad from a far northern country, beyond the Alps and the sea, where Paracelsus and 'potable gold' were still in credit, and where 'balsam of bats' and *aurum vitæ* were to enter into the improved pharmacopœia of future eminent physicians.* It was while listening to one of Fabrizio's lectures on the valves, if we are to believe what Robert Boyle states Harvey to have related to him,† that the first

* See 'Biographical Memoirs of Medicine.' J. Aikin.

† This, at least, is the generally received version of the story; but in his 'Disquisition on Final Causes,' where he relates the anecdote, Boyle makes no express mention of Fabrizio or of Padua.

glimpse came to the young English student of the truth, to the solid establishment of which he was to devote the best years of his life. We see no good reason to doubt the assertion. We hold it to be inconsistent with Harvey's simple and sincere character wilfully to have usurped any part of the praise due to another man; and although Cesalpino's writings must certainly have been well known in Padua, lying as it did within the territory and at only a few miles' distance from the city where they were published, it is quite credible that the idea of the circulation may have occurred independently to Harvey; while the novelty of the form under which he conceived it, as well as the cogency of the proofs which he alleged in its support, undoubtedly lend a character of substantial originality to the great discovery inseparably associated with his memory. After all, it is not the first step in invention which is pre-eminently laborious; it is the last. The unifying grasp of the synthetic intellect, combined with the indefatigable spirit of practical demonstration, is that which has always received, and will always deserve, the gratitude of mankind. The book of Nature is not one in which he who runs may read; and a single new truth may be held cheaply purchased with the sacrifice of a lifetime of labour devoted to its acquisition.

We extract the following paragraph relating to this subject from Dr. Valentin's valuable work, quoted at the head of this article:—

‘Grant that Harvey learned the theoretical part of his knowledge during his residence in Italy, and that he passed over in silence his predecessors in the work of discovery,* his performance nevertheless is distinguished by two principal characteristics. He puts aside, as far as possible, the prevalent obscure and fantastical notions regarding the chemical constitution of the blood; although here and there, as was to be expected, his ideas still bear, in this respect, the impress of the time. A second and far more meritorious feature is his endeavour, step by step, to fortify, by means of experiments, his doctrine of the circulation of the blood. The genius, with which he discharged this task, places him well-nigh on a level with his two most illustrious fellow-countrymen—with his predecessor Shakespeare, and with his still greater successor Newton. His observations, carried on between 1602 and 1619, having been first fully made known to the world in 1628, this year is commonly assigned as the date of the discovery of the circulation, and, with that discovery, as the starting-point of a new epoch in physiology and medicine.’ (P. 471, note.)

* He acknowledged the discoveries of Colombo and Fabrizio, but the name of Cesalpino does not occur in any of his published writings.

Harvey's book* is, as M. Flourens says, a *chef-d'œuvre*. There is nothing in the whole range of technical literature more complete in its way than this little treatise of two hundred pages. The author's aim in the first chapters was, at the time that he wrote, a completely new and original one. It was to explain the 'action and function of the heart,' as learned by him from detailed observation of the living organism. His next object was to demonstrate the movement of the blood, caused by the impulses communicated to it by the central organ. The evidence adduced by him is of two kinds—structural and experimental; inferential and direct. He shows that, owing to the formation of the parts of the body concerned, the vital current *can* set in but one direction; and he proves by immediate observation, that it actually *does* set in that direction only. 'Harvey's experiments' (once more we use M. Flourens' words) 'are few, but they are decisive. This 'is genius.' It is not enough to observe; for experiment may include as many fallacies as reasoning. There is no certainty in the senses, since they only speak through an interpreter, often hard of hearing as well as mendacious in utterance. No secure system can be found for the discovery of truth, which in unskilful hands may not equally well serve the cause of falsehood; for a method is like a two-edged sword, and cuts both ways. Thus, in each generation, the advance or decline of knowledge depends upon the generation itself; and a whole armoury of traditional methods is less serviceable than the balanced spirit of one true-born investigator. Harvey's experiments were completed before the *Novum Organum* was published, but they show the true Baconian spirit.

'Everything,' he says, 'must be proved, reprobated, or rejected, after a minute examination. We must search and investigate whether what we have said be rightly or wrongly said, and lead it before the tribunal of the senses, to be confirmed and established, lest some lurking error should remain.'

His mind was evidently much exercised on the subject of those undefined essences or entities called 'spirits,' which ever since Galen's time had served to round off the ragged contours of science, like the indeterminate lakes and deserts with which geographers diversify *ad libitum* the interior of unexplored continents. Although he did not see his way to getting rid of them definitively, the repugnance is evident with which he admits them as residents in the animal organism. If he

* *Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*. Frankfort, 1628.

did not finally eject them, he at least gave them notice to quit. 'In the course of our dissecting explorations,' he says (*Exercitatio Anatomica I.*), 'we have never come across any of them, either in veins, nerves, arteries, or any other part of the living body.' And again (page 225):—

'Concerning spirits, what they may be, what their relation to the body, and of what consisting; whether separate and distinct from the blood and solid parts, or mingled with them, opinions are so many, and so diverse, that it is not to be wondered at if these spirits, whose nature is thus left in ambiguity, should serve as the ordinary subterfuge of ignorance. For it is commonly seen that sciolists, when ignorant of causes, immediately assign spirits as the producing agents of what they cannot explain; introducing them as universal artificers, they call them on the stage, as bad poets do their *deus ex machinâ*, for the unfolding of their plot and the development of their catastrophe.'

There is a singular passage in Robert Boyle's 'Disquisition on Final Causes,' which shows that the ideas described by Harvey as being entertained by the sciolists of his day survived until at least sixty years after he wrote. We quote a specimen sentence (page 224):—

'I take the body of a living man to be a very complicated engine, such as mechanics would call *Hydraulico-Pneumatical*: many of whose functions (if not the chiefest) are performed not by the *blood* and other *visible fluids*, barely as they are liquors, but *partly* by their circulating and other motions; and *partly* by a very agile and invisible sort of fluids, called *spirits*, vital and animal; and *partly*, perhaps (as I have sometimes guessed), by little *springy particles*; and perhaps, too, by somewhat that may be called the vital portion of the air; and by things analogous to *local ferments*,' etc.

Harvey's final conclusion as to 'spirits' is that they exist indeed, but not as separable entities; and that they form a portion of the blood as intimate as the spirit of generous wine does of its substance. Innate heat, another so-called 'universal instrument of nature,' was also to him a subject of considerable perplexity. Easy expedients and elastic causes were foreign to his manner of thinking. He could deal at his ease with whatever came under the dissecting-knife; but, although he did not venture to deny, he was reluctant to admit the existence of impalpable denizens of that material flesh and blood which formed the familiar subject of his experiments. It is evident, too, that his mind was not free from the disturbance which 'residual phenomena,' to use a modern phrase, are calculated to produce. No theory is sufficiently perfect to account for everything. An unlooked-for residue will still be found at the bottom of the crucible. Even after the vast mass of facts have given in their adhesion and laid down their arms,

some insurgent phenomena will remain, obstinately unsubmissive, to irritate and to stimulate the enquirer. Nor are these rebels without their uses. They evoke doubts; and every honest doubt holds in its bosom the embryo of a truth.* Many of the points in Harvey's theory which were obscure to him, are hardly less so to modern physiologists. The return of the blood through the veins is only partially accounted for by the *vis-à-tergo* (as the propelling impulses of the heart are technically called); and it has been found necessary to call in the aid of a *vis-à-fronte*, in the shape of some undefined attraction, molecular or chemical, helping its onward flow. Harvey more simply supposes the blood to revert spontaneously to its fountain-head—to the heart, the domestic sanctuary of the body, 'there to recover its pristine perfection; and once more endued with native heat, potent, fervid as with vital treasure, and pregnant with spirits as with balsam, it is thence dispersed to every part of the organism' (page 83).

In former days the motion of the heart was thought to be sufficiently accounted for by attributing to it a 'pulsific virtue;' but although we now look deeper into causes, no explanation as yet offered reaches much farther than the phrase ridiculed by Swift and Molière.

'The numerous experiments' (we quote from Dr. Valentin's work, p. 304), 'carried on during the last three centuries and a half, have as yet afforded no satisfactory insight into the fundamental conditions of the periodical activity of the heart. Neither the connexion of that activity with the nervous system, nor its relation to the blood, gives any intelligible clue to the causes of the beatings of the heart.'

Harvey considered the 'pulsific virtue' to reside, not in the heart itself, but in the blood, which, by a species of ebullition, 'like fermentation,' produced a distension of the chambers of the heart. For a cause he was forced to have recourse to a 'universal instrument'—to a 'subterfuge of ignorance;' he was driven, in the last resort, to seek an explanatory refuge in innate heat!

It is an ungracious task, however, to point out the defects in a great man's work—inevitable shortcomings, from which no genius can be exempt, which no industry can avoid. We had rather follow him as he expatiated in imagination over the wide fields opened up for investigation by his discovery, and exult with him in the new light thrown by it upon some of the most obscure amongst the baffling, seductive problems set

* 'Science is the solution of doubts.'—Aristotle, *Meta.* iii. 1, quoted by G. H. Lewes.

by nature for man. Before he could make an end of speculating as to the results to be expected from the establishment of the circulatory theory of the blood, he says, not only the prescribed limits of his book would be exceeded, but life itself would probably fail. Three centuries have now all but elapsed since Harvey first saw the light, and two and a half from the 'natal day of the circulation' (as he terms the date of the first appearance of his book); but we have not yet exhausted the consequences of his labours. Although each succeeding generation has contributed as it passed its quota of new knowledge to that already accumulated, what they have done has but prepared the path of investigation for those to come. But their task will still be to correct and complete, not to supersede the work of the great English physiologist. His theory must always be the indispensable sub-structure upon which the science of animal life is founded; and each successive story added to the edifice, each buttress by which it is strengthened, each pinnacle by which it is embellished, far from discrediting the elder architect, serves to enhance the glory of him who drew his plans so straight, and laid his foundations so sure.

To institute a comparison between the scientific performances of Harvey and Cesalpino is to draw a contrast between their intellectual constitutions. A man's work is generally a faithful copy of himself. The original, it is true, may be defaced by passion, or wasted by evil fortune; the copy may be falsified by hypocrisy, or marred by negligence. But in the main the resemblance holds good. No one can give what he has not got, or deliver a message which he has not received; and we find in men's work the truest reflection of themselves, as well as in themselves the most trustworthy commentary on their work. Although the lives of Cesalpino and Harvey overlapped, yet it seems to us, when we compare one with the other, as if the 'great world' had been spinning, with extra rapidity, 'down the ringing grooves of change' in the comparatively short interval which separates them. Cesalpino was amongst the last in whom the scholastic form of mind survived. Harvey was one of the first to be imbued with the scientific spirit. It is true that in Cesalpino we find modes of thought strictly scientific, and in Harvey conceptions which might be called scholastic. But the broad lines are laid down from models framed in different world-epochs.

At our present stage of mental culture it is difficult altogether to escape the prejudice which inclines us to depreciate the work of the Schoolmen, and to look upon them as mere pedantic dialecticians, trifling busily with empty words, and

blind to the true import of things. But it is easier to deride their vagaries than to rise to the level of some of their thoughts. Their labours, far from being idle or superfluous, were not less essential to the progress of the human mind than those whose results are more tangible; and they secured for us as a permanent possession some intellectual conceptions not less precious than any of the truths, valuable though they be, of physical science. It must be admitted, however, that their system was not one well calculated to deal with the material universe, or to promote the investigation of sensible phenomena. Thus, so far as Cesalpino followed it, he was undoubtedly on the wrong track, while Harvey, in abandoning it, struck out the true path. The study of nature, simply as such, owes no allegiance to the past, is shackled by no imposing traditions of earlier genius. Each fresh observer starts with a new license of enquiry, and carries with him his own passport to hitherto unexplored places—to wit, open eyes, and a mental *tabula rasa* as regards prepossessions. Now Cesalpino and Harvey present, in this respect, a marked contrast. Cesalpino hugged the shore of antique wisdom, and sailed hurriedly across the bays of new knowledge which he met in his course. Harvey steered boldly for the open sea of discovery, pointing out, now and again, for the encouragement of weaker spirits,* a waning light of decrepit authority glimmering from the shore which he was rapidly leaving behind, but himself well content to guide his course by the compass of experience alone. Accordingly, the quality of their work is essentially different. While both propounded the same theory there was a fundamental diversity in their understanding of it. To Cesalpino the merit is due of having first stated an important truth, and even of having partially proved it, but Harvey took a view of that same truth which marks out a new era in scientific history. Each observed the same vital motion of the blood through the irrigating system of the body, but the causes assigned for it by each were entirely distinct. The contrast of Cesalpino's '*agente spiritu*' with Harvey's '*hæc omnia à motu et pulsu cordis dependere*' exhibits the antithesis of mediæval and modern modes of looking at nature. In the earlier stages of culture men instinctively personify and individualise inanimate objects, and place behind phenomena arbitrary embodiments of tendencies and impulses borrowed from their own consciousness. The clear apprehension of

* He quotes Galen for the sake of those who were willing to admit nothing, '*nisi adductis auctoribus.*'

proximate physical causes, and of a certain necessary congruity between causes and their immediate effects, is a relatively late acquisition. It is in this new mode of grasping the sequence of facts—this new view of the proof necessary for the establishment of a scientific truth—that the immense superiority of Harvey's work over that of Cesalpino consists. It is a superiority, not in degree, but in kind—a superiority which marks the advent of another order of ideas, and opens up a spacious future before the legitimate advances of physical science.

Thus we learn with equanimity that Madrid has set up a statue to Servetus, and that Rome has erected a monument to Cesalpino, both with the avowed object of challenging Harvey's claim to the first honours in the discovery of the circulation. We may even candidly admit, without fear of derogating from the reputation we are so justly proud of, that the Aretine physician was acquainted with the fact, and only fell short as regards the principle. What we would insist upon is this:—Purely empirical knowledge can hardly be said, in a rational sense, to be knowledge at all, and facts are of value in proportion to the extent and consistence of the induction by which they are marshalled and united. We pointed out, in the beginning of this article, that theories, unless resting on a solid basis of facts, are mere idle speculations; but the converse proposition is no less true, that facts, until organised by thought, are meaningless atoms—loosened fragments from the vast mosaic of creation. The true investigator is he who penetrates into the dark places of nature, not at hap-hazard, but guided in one definite direction by the steady, onward shining of the light he himself carries. Such an one was Harvey. But while fearlessly upholding his claim to the place which the *consensus* of two and a half centuries has assigned to him, we desire to do ample justice to the merits of his predecessors—of Andrea Cesalpino above all, who so nearly approached, and had well-nigh anticipated him—and would willingly, with wise old Verulam, 'give every man his due, as we give Time his due, which is to discover truth.'

- ART. III.—1. *Voyage d'Exploration en Indo-Chine effectué pendant les années 1866, 1867 et 1868, par une Commission Française présidée par M. le Capitaine de frégate Doudart de Lagrée, et publié par les ordres du Ministre de la Marine sous la direction de M. le Lieutenant de vaisseau FRANCIS GARNIER.* 2 vols. 4to. Paris: 1873.
2. *Atlas du Voyage d'Exploration en Indo-Chine.* Première partie, Cartes et Plans. Deuxième partie, Album pittoresque exécuté d'après les dessins de M. le Lieutenant de vaisseau L. DELAPORTE. Fol. Paris: 1873.
3. *Annuaire de la Cochinchine pour l'année 1876.* Saïgon: 1876.

THE silent growth of a colonial dependency in the far East which is already important in geographical extent and in the number of its inhabitants, might afford some consolation to France for the loss of provinces nearer home. But we fear that in the present distracted condition of that country, justice has not been done to her own achievements, and that very few persons, even in France, are aware of the success which has happily attended this great enterprise. Few acquisitions of territory have been made so quietly, extended so rapidly, or consolidated so completely as the new French colony of Cochin-China. Less than twenty years have elapsed since the naval forces of France began the operations on the coasts of the Anamese Empire which have resulted in important cessions of territory and the establishment of a dominion or protectorate over populous and extensive regions. It is not much more than fifteen years since the foundations of the present colonial government were laid, and a handful of naval officers undertook the administration of a dependency of which the richness and prosperity are now assured. The long and uphill struggle waged by the French against the forces of the Emperor* of Anam has at last been rewarded by the extension of their sovereignty over six of the richest and most important provinces of Cochin-China, and of their protectorate over the neighbouring kingdom of Cambodia. As was to be expected, by those at least acquainted with the external relations of Eastern States, the influence of France has made itself gradually but sensibly felt at the courts with whose territories its own are now conterminous. French manners are already be-

* So the French usually style the monarch formerly known in Europe as King of Cochin-China.

ginning to be imitated at Pnom-penh, the Cambodian capital; the sovereign and his ministers appear in the uniform of French officers, and the former distributes amongst his mandarins and visitors the decoration of an order mimicked from the Legion of Honour, with stars and ribbons fabricated in Paris. But results of real importance have also followed from the successes of the French arms in Indo-China. The court of Hué, the capital of Anam, has consented to open ports to foreign trade, and has already made over to the French large concessions of land on which to build consulates and barracks for troops to protect them; and has thus, after a long seclusion, been brought into intercourse with other nations.

To obtain a footing in Indo-China has apparently been for some generations an object which the successive governments of France have more or less consistently pursued. The Revolution scattered to the winds a carefully prepared and strongly supported attempt to intervene in the affairs of Anam, and, as we may reasonably conjecture, erect in the countries beyond the Ganges a dominion which should rival or menace our own in India. Rather more than a hundred years ago, viz. in 1774, a king of Cochin-China had been dethroned and murdered by his rebellious subjects. The unfortunate monarch seems to have been a man of liberal and enlightened mind, who had tolerated the preaching of Christianity in his dominions, and had shown favour and protection to the European missionaries. Indeed, he had gone so far as to place the heir to the throne under the tuition of one of them, the Bishop of Adran. This able prelate played an important part in the affairs of Indo-China, and in some measure originated the policy which, after the lapse of nearly a century, his French fellow-countrymen have thought it expedient to adopt.

He fled with his late pupil and family to an insignificant island, Pulo-wai, in the Gulf of Siam. The rebels were thus left in undisputed possession of the ancestral dominions of the fugitive prince. After many adventures, during which the exiled emperor had got himself crowned at Saïgon, in the southern part of his realm, had been forced again to flee, and had taken service under the king of the neighbouring country of Siam, the little court was once more compelled to establish itself at Pulo-wai. Thence Adran persuaded his old pupil to permit him to take his eldest son on an embassy to France to implore the good offices of Louis XVI. in restoring him to his throne. The missionary and his young companion arrived in Europe in 1787, and were well received by the Court of Versailles. Promises of help against the rebel who

had usurped the throne of Cochin-China were given; and a treaty was drawn up and signed by the young prince as representing his father, and the Count de Vergennes and M. de Montmorin on the part of France. In this treaty the French monarch agreed to form an offensive and defensive alliance with the rightful sovereign of Anam, or Cochin-China, and to furnish twenty ships of war, five complete European and two native colonial regiments of infantry, besides half a million dollars in specie, and an equal sum in the shape of guns, powder, and other military stores. These forces were to be under the orders of the King of Cochin-China until his restoration to his throne had been effected. The latter sovereign on his part undertook to supply the ships placed at his disposal with all the stores needful to enable them to return home after the completion of the service for the performance of which they had been lent to him, and to organise, with the aid of a body of officers and petty officers of the French Navy, a subsidiary marine of his own. He consented to allow resident consuls of France to be stationed at various points in his country; and these officials were to be permitted to have ships built, and to cause the timber necessary to their construction to be felled. The king and his heirs consented to cede in perpetuity to France the bay and peninsula of Tourane, and to give assistance in the construction of such forts and public works as its defence and maintenance should render requisite.

When we remember the occurrences which give so vivid an interest to the history of the British dominion in India, and of our relations with the French in that peninsula during the second half of the eighteenth century, we shall see that the two following clauses of the treaty contain indications of a policy which has perhaps not even yet been forgotten. Clause 7 recites that, 'in the event of his most Christian Majesty being resolved to wage war in any part of India, it shall be allowed to the commander-in-chief of the French forces to raise a levy of 14,000 men, whom he shall cause to be trained in the same manner as they are in France, and to be put under French discipline.' The next clause promises on behalf of the King of Cochin-China to come to the assistance of the French, should any power venture to attack their new possessions, with a force of 60,000 men, whom he should himself clothe, victual, and maintain. More than one recent French writer has pointed out the resemblance between our own early policy in India and that indicated in the provisions of these agreements.

The clever missionary who had brought about the negotiation of the treaty was named by his most Christian Majesty

ambassador and envoy extraordinary to the court of the Cochin-Chinese monarch, and sailed for the East in a French frigate in company with the young prince. The fate of his expedition offers a striking commentary on French manners in the days immediately preceding the Great Revolution. Having arrived at the Isle of France, the ambassador, by virtue of the powers vested in him, ordered a large squadron of men-of-war and some 4,000 or 5,000 troops, which he found there, to hold themselves in readiness to proceed, when required, to the shores of the empire the throne of which he was about to claim for its legitimate owner. He and the young prince proceeded to Pondicherry, the governor of which place, Conway, had hoped to be placed in command of the expedition about to start for Cochin-China. His jealousy had been aroused by the appointment of another officer, and he was stirred to active opposition to the success of the undertaking by the honourable but impolitic conduct of the episcopal envoy. Conway was greatly under the influence of a woman who passed as the wife of a member of his staff, but who in reality was the governor's mistress. The bishop on his arrival was warned that he must pay court to this reigning favourite; but he sturdily and consistently refused to take any notice of her. The offended lady took her revenge by persuading her lover, the governor, to do all that lay in his power to thwart the object of the bishop. He accordingly despatched a fast-sailing vessel to the Isle of France, with orders to the forces lying there in readiness to proceed when called upon on no account to sail without directions from himself. The delay caused by this proceeding on the part of Conway hindered the departure of the expedition till the revolution in the mother country had wrought a convulsion which entirely changed the course of French policy in the East; and the exiled king owed his restoration to his throne to the assistance of private adventurers, and not to any supplied by the government of France.

The French missionaries profited greatly, in their efforts to preach Christianity, by the influence which Adran had gained at the Cochin-Chinese court; and at the present day—in spite of cruel persecutions—in Ton-king, as the northern part of the Anamese Empire is designated, there are stated on good authority to be 400,000 Christians. The existence of the Cochin-Chinese church has from time to time led to attempts on the part of the French to open diplomatic negotiations with the court of Hué. They have several times endeavoured to soften the rigour with which, in later times, both missionaries and converts have been treated. In these attempts it is possible that the

Anamese have been induced to suspect something more than a mere religious and national connexion between the persecuted missionaries and their protecting compatriots. And the harshness with which the Christian converts have been treated has not improbably sprung from a belief that the Roman Catholic preachers of Christianity are apt to aim at temporal as well as spiritual authority. There can be no doubt that this feeling widely obtains in the neighbouring empire of China, and a distinguished Frenchman, M. Giquel, the founder of the great naval arsenal at Foo-chow, has not very long since written a pamphlet expressly to point out the difficulties which it casts in the way of French intercourse with that country. The lamented Mr. Margary noted in his journal at the capital of the distant province of Kwei-chow: 'The (French) bishop lives in a *ya-men*, has a green chair, and is called a *Ta-jin*, or great man, all attributes of a first-class mandarin. The assumption of this lofty character also disgusts many Celestials.'

The French, however, are not the only preachers of the Gospel in this part of Indo-China. A great part of the missionary work has been performed by priests whose nationality is Spanish, and who have been occasionally recruited from the ranks of the clergy in the Philippine Islands. To this it is owing that the early operations which placed France in possession of the colony which she now so successfully rules were undertaken in concert with a body of Spanish troops and some Spanish ships—a fact which recent French writers seem a little apt to overlook. More than once during the present century the French, as we have just indicated, have made energetic complaints of the persecuting acts of the court of Hué, but always without success. The semi-civilised sovereign and his mandarins merely opposed to these complaints a policy of consistent inactivity as far as regarded redress or even attention to demands. Shortly after the close of the Crimean war, whilst we were fully occupied in the suppression of the mutiny in India and hardly inclined to pay much attention to the concerns of Indo-China, M. Montigny was sent to demand an improvement in the religious policy of the Anamese government. Being supported by only a slender force, no notice was taken of his representations by the reigning Emperor, Tu-Duk. An expedition to bring him to reason was resolved on; and as the Spanish government had also to complain of the recent murder of a missionary, named Diaz, the two European powers agreed upon a joint undertaking.

Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, commanding the French forces in the China seas, received orders during the autumn of 1858 to begin operations against Tu-Duk. His force anchored in the bay of Tourane on September 1. The French government appears to have been in possession of very imperfect information as to the nature of the country likely to become the scene of operations, and as to the amount and character of the forces which might be expected to oppose the invasion. Missionaries, whose long residence in the country about to be attacked might have been supposed to give them some knowledge of its resources, had given a very erroneous idea of both, and led the French authorities to suppose that the expeditionary force had easy work before it. This is certainly surprising, as in Sir John Barrow's account of his visit to Cochin-China, a book published at the beginning of this century, a full description of the organisation and numbers of the Anamese army is given. Moreover, it must have been known in France that the court of Hué had long enjoyed the advantage of counting in its service several skilful French soldiers and engineers. And a mere glance at the charts of the coast-line of the country would have shown the plan of more than one fortress, with an outline unmistakably founded on the system of Vauban, which of itself must have hinted a knowledge of defensive warfare considerably above that generally prevalent in the far East.

The French admiral, under whose orders were one or two Spanish vessels, seized the peninsula of Tien-tcha, near Tourane, and set to work to organise his little army for a march upon the capital. His strength was altogether inadequate to so important an undertaking. The enemy completely outnumbered him, and in both organisation and equipment showed so respectably that an attempt to march many miles through a long series of swampy rice-fields, quite impracticable for artillery, would have assuredly ended in disastrous failure. In addition to this, sickness began to make sad havoc amongst the Europeans; and a cemetery but too well filled remains to the present day as a sad and only monument of an undertaking begun with overmuch of that lightness of heart which has unhappily distinguished of late the beginnings of a campaign by the French. A new plan had to be devised, and it fortunately occurred to Admiral Rigault to transport his armament to the southern provinces of Cochin-China, which, from their fertility and the industry of their inhabitants, had become the granary of the Anamese Empire. The court and army were dependent on their produce for supplies; and as most of these were

carried by water upon the many streams which intersect the country, it would be comparatively easy for the invaders, with their light-draught steam gunboats, to stop the export of food and thus starve Tu-Duk into a more reasonable frame of mind.

In the spring of 1859 a part of the force under the admiral's orders was conveyed to Saigon, an important city, upwards of fifty miles from the sea on a branch* of the lower Mekong or Cambodia river. The defences of the Donnaï, the mouth leading to the city, were easily forced; and on February 17 Saigon fell into the hands of the French. Though frequently assaulted, indeed for a long time continuously besieged by the enemy, and defended by a very inadequate garrison, the place has never been given up, and has remained in possession of its captors ever since. The position of the latter long continued very insecure. The Italian war in which France was engaged in Europe prevented much assistance being sent to them from the mother country; and following upon that contest a renewal of the war with China, consequent upon the failure of the Tientsin treaty, demanded all the energies of the forces serving in the far East. The year 1860 was a critical one for the new colony. In March, Tourane had been evacuated; and but a few hundred men and two or three gunboats could be spared to hold Saigon. The Anamese army, about ten thousand strong, occupied an entrenched camp less than three miles from the city, which it daily endeavoured to recapture, and which it finally succeeded in completely surrounding. Among the incessant combats which took place, the French remember with pride an especially gallant defence, by a small force of fifty French and one hundred Manilla men or Tagals, of a temple, known as the Pagode des Clochetons, on the road between the city and the large Chinese settlement in the suburbs. This building, which a personal inspection enables us to characterise as by no means particularly adapted for defence, was manfully held by its scanty garrison against the assaults of immensely superior numbers throughout the night between the 3rd and 4th of July, 1860, until relief was sent out from Saigon.

The success of the Anglo-French arms in the North of China, which led to the treaty of Peking, freed, in the year 1861, a sufficient number of ships and men to enable the commander-in-chief, Admiral Charner, to bring considerable rein-

* The Donnaï is perhaps not quite correctly described as a 'branch' of the Mekong: it is rather an independent stream connected by lateral affluents and *arroyos* with the main river.

forcements to his beleaguered countrymen in Cochin-China. The home government had now awoke to the character of the enterprise which they had taken in hand. To the admiral were given extensive powers. Not only was the supreme command over all the forces, both naval and military, employed in the expedition entrusted to him, but he was also authorised to incur such expenditure in the hire of transports and coolies and in the purchase of supplies as might seem to him desirable. The wisdom of reposing this confidence in an officer placed at the head of a great undertaking a vast distance from home was amply vindicated by the success of the measures which he adopted. His force was a powerful one. Seventy ships, including transports and several Spanish vessels of war, composed his fleet; whilst he was able to land, under General Vassaigues, over two thousand soldiers and a thousand seamen, besides two hundred Spaniards commanded by Colonel Palanca. It is needless to say that their equipment and armament left nothing to be desired.

Victory, as might have been anticipated, declared itself for the Europeans, but their enemy was a not unworthy one, and the victory was dearly purchased. At the capture of Ki-hoa, in February 1861, the French lost two hundred killed and wounded; and the Spaniards, to whose gallantry their allies at the time rendered willing testimony, out of a total of one hundred and eighty men engaged, no less than forty. These figures show the stubborn nature of the resistance made by the soldiers of Tu-Duk. Saïgon was won effectually, its garrison freed from the fear of its recapture, and the neighbouring district cleared of the Anamese troops. But much still remained to be done, if the conquest was to be consolidated, or the sovereign compelled to listen to negotiations. The plan of cutting off his supplies had only succeeded in part. The nature of the country of which Saïgon is the capital, being in reality but the delta of the great Mekong or Cambodia river, was such that the occupation of a single stream interfered but little with the navigation of the interior waters. The low alluvial plain, of which Lower Cochin-China chiefly consists, is scored by many great branches of the river, such as the Donnai, the Soirap, the Vaïco, &c., and innumerable *arroyos* or transverse canals. By means of these the native authorities were enabled to move large quantities of rice to the other provinces, and considerable magazines had been established at no great distance from Saïgon, to which the produce of the surrounding country was brought, and from which it was transmitted wherever required. The chief of these dépôts had been

formed at the town of Mytho, the capture of which had become necessary to the success of the campaign.

Two months after the battle of Ki-hoa, an expedition under Admiral Page, availing itself of the water communications which had been so useful to the native officers, proceeded to the capture of Mytho. In spite of the formidable network of obstacles and stockades, which in accordance with the tactics of the inhabitants of Indo-China, with which our own countrymen in other wars have made some acquaintance, the place fell, and the province of which it was the chief town was occupied. Its capture gave to the admiral the complete command of the mouth of the great river. The native army had retired to Bien-hoa in an opposite direction to Mytho, and had there strongly fortified itself. The position had been well chosen. The army had little difficulty in obtaining supplies, and it was able to cause constant annoyance to the French in their efforts to strengthen themselves in their new possessions. The capture of the place, therefore, was indispensable to their security. Admiral Bonard accordingly proceeded to its attack. The position was garrisoned by a force of three thousand Annamese, and a series of stout barricades had been formed, one behind the other, to obstruct the passage of the river. Stockades of extraordinary solidity gave shelter to the defenders, and were flanked by a series of forts of clever construction, armed with guns. The place was taken after a severe engagement, in which the native army suffered heavy losses. The citadel of Vinh-long about the same time fell also into the hands of the invaders.

Undisturbed enjoyment of their new acquisitions of territory would not have been permitted to the French, had not the domestic condition of his empire compelled Tu-Duk to come to terms with his foreign foes. In 1862 an insurrection broke out in Ton-king, and a descendant of the old royal family, named Le, having placed himself at its head, took advantage of the absence of the government forces, who were opposing the French invaders, overran four provinces, and threatened the important city of Ke-cho. By this movement the court was cut off completely from whatever portion of Lower Cochin-China was available as a source of supply, an inconvenience which was aggravated by a partial failure of the rice harvest and an unusual scarcity. Tu-Duk accordingly opened negotiations; and on May 24, 1862, a war junk, having on board two high-class mandarins named as plenipotentiaries to treat, arrived at Saigon. On the 5th of the following month a treaty was signed. The three provinces of Saigon, Mytho, and Bien-

hoa were ceded in perpetuity to France, and the Anamese government engaged that no portion of its territory should be ceded to any other nation without the consent of the French. An indemnity, equivalent in amount to twenty millions of francs, was to be paid within ten years, and the citadel of Vinh-long was to remain in the hands of the invaders as security for its payment.

The conclusion of this treaty had sprung from the necessities of the native sovereign, and as soon as the more pressing of them passed away, he used all his efforts to obtain its abrogation. An embassy was sent to Paris charged to offer a large sum of money to purchase back the ceded provinces. The mission met with unexpected support in pursuit of its object from some of the advisers of Napoleon III. The new colony was believed to be both useless and costly, and the ministry grudged both the treasure and the still more valuable lives which its continued maintenance threatened to entail upon the mother country in an ever-increasing expenditure. Had communication with the newly acquired dependency been more easy, it is probable that the proposals of Tu-Duk would have been accepted. But while ministers in Europe were discussing, Admiral de la Grandière, the Governor of French Cochinchina, was acting. The King of Siam claimed a protectorate over the kingdom of Cambodia, an insignificant principality with but a million of inhabitants, the poor remains of a once flourishing and powerful empire. Its sovereign had been reduced to a state of vassalage to the court of Bangkok, and was overshadowed in his own capital by a permanently residing Siamese official. Cambodia touched the whole of the north-western frontier of the French possessions; and the admiral, feeling perhaps unequal to its formal annexation, succeeded in 1864* in practically substituting for the Siamese a French protectorate over the kingdom. A revolution, which in 1866 nearly drove the king from his throne, was suppressed only with assistance lent by the authorities at Saigon, and the subservience of Cambodia to the new-comers is now complete.

The history of the latter, however, had by no means been a quiet one. Incessant insurrections harassed the garrisons which had been distributed through the chief towns of the colony to secure its defence. Attacks were frequently made upon detached posts. In one of these the important station of

* The date of the treaty between King Norodom and Admiral de la Grandière is August 11, 1863 ('*Annuaire de la Cochinchine*,' p. 70); but the protectorate seems to have become effective somewhat later.

Bien-hoa nearly fell into the hands of its former possessors. The place was connected with Saigon by telegraph, and it fortunately happened that the assailants, in their ignorance of their use, had not seen fit to cut the wires. The hard-pressed garrison telegraphed to head-quarters for aid, which arrived not a moment too soon to prevent the victory of the Anamese. The responsibility for these attacks and revolts, in general without doubt organised in Anamese territory, was fastened upon Tu-Duk, and his persistence was punished by the annexation, in 1867, of three more provinces. We suppose we must accept it as being merely a coincidence, that these provinces had interposed an inconvenient barrier between the colony and the sea, and that by their occupation not only was an extensive line of coast added to it, but the entire command of the lower Mekong given to it as well. The punishment which the Anamese monarch had drawn upon himself, besides being severe as far as he was concerned, redounded considerably to the advantage of his intrusive enemies. The whole of Lower Cochin-China was now in the possession of the French, who set to work with earnestness and discrimination to pacify and secure their new conquest. In shape a quadrilateral of pretty regular form, two of its sides, the south-eastern and south-western, are protected by the sea against any attempt at reoccupation; throughout its north-western frontier it is conterminous with the dependent kingdom of Cambodia; whilst its north-eastern alone, the shortest of all, touches the southern province of the still intact Empire of Anam. By the treaty establishing the protectorate, King Norodom had ceded to France an important position on the Cambodia river, to which his protectors have given the name of Quatre Bras. In 1870, the boundary between the territories of the two governments was finally settled, with such 'rectifications,' we may well believe, as the security of the colony demanded.

The arrangement which had been come to with the Emperor of Anam had at length delivered the invaders from all fear of openly hostile attempts in the field. But a more persistent and more terrible foe had yet to be encountered. The climate was eminently unfavourable to Europeans, and its fatal effects literally decimated the naval and military forces which garrisoned the colony. The death-rate for a long time continued to be from nine to ten per cent., and was only reduced by a shortening of the term of service in the country to two years. The mean temperature is 83° F., and in the months of April and May the thermometer, even within doors, shows commonly 97°. As in most tropical lands, there are in reality but two

seasons, the dry and the rainy. The latter begins in May and ends in August. Though the temperature in January, February, and March, is high, the weather is not unpleasant. The air is clear and dry; and we speak after the experience of more than one visit when we say that we found the 95° of Saïgon at the season mentioned a pleasant relief from the depressing humidity of Singapore at a temperature ten degrees lower. But this moderately agreeable climate is not sufficiently invigorating to restore to health the Europeans who have had to undergo the trying effects of the season of the rains. The pallid and worn appearance of the residents is painfully striking to visitors. The discomfort of the rainy months was described to us as being all but insupportable; and an officer on the governor's staff asked us to imagine the wretchedness of having to exist for weeks together under the painful oppressiveness of an atmosphere laden with '*des orages qui n'éclatent pas.*'

The physical geography of Lower Cochin-China at once declares how little hope there is of its ever enjoying a favourable climate, or being able to produce a Creole population. By far the greater portion of the surface is a dead level. The soil is composed of a rich alluvium brought down by the Mekong and its branches; and the map shows that the principal part of the French colony is merely a succession of deposits pushed out by the river far into the sea. The Mekong spreads out into innumerable branches not far from its mouth; and its delta is formed of a fan-like labyrinth of streams, which gives to the country the character of a series of low-lying islands bordering the coast. The larger streams are joined by transverse canals called *arroyos*, and the whole system of water communication thus becomes conveniently complete, and the various districts are brought into connexion with each other by a perfect network of larger and minor ways. The surface is but slightly elevated above the level of the water; a great deal of it is often actually below it, and the luxuriant growth of trees and shrubs, which border the great artery leading to the city of Saïgon, bears a striking resemblance to a West Indian mangrove swamp. Almost every available spot is devoted to the cultivation of rice, the disgusting operations necessary to which aggravate the malodorous exhalations generated by the action of a tropical sun upon a swampy soil. In the earlier days of the colony, when the new-comers were badly housed and improperly fed, and no drainage, however imperfect, was in existence, the mortality was excessive. The greatest scourges were dysentery and fevers of the intermittent type. Of the

latter a specially virulent variety, called the wood fever, is nearly as fatal to natives as it is to strangers. The former, indeed, exhibit many symptoms of the injurious effect of their pestilential climate, and everyone who has visited the country must have noted the large proportion of sickly and fever-stricken countenances presented to his view by an Anamese crowd.

Of late a considerable improvement in the health of the colony has taken place. Sanitary measures have been adopted with marked vigour by the government. The surface of the ground on which buildings are erected has been raised. It is said that the whole of Saigon has been built on an artificially elevated site of several feet. Drainage has been carefully attended to. The streets of the colonial capital have been planted with trees; and the *Eucalyptus Globulus*, credited with important fever-dispelling properties, has been introduced. A sanatorium has been established on the lofty promontory of Cape St. James, and another at the island of Pulo Condore; and it is proposed to seek for others likely to be still more beneficial in elevated and healthy positions near the newly established settlements in Ton-king. An important amelioration of the condition of the Europeans in the government service has been introduced in the reduction of the period of service in the colony to two years, and their periodical movement from place to place with undeviating regularity.

The task before the men who attempted to occupy and organise this new dependency of France, harassed as they were by open foes and by the more subtle hostility of the climate, was undoubtedly a difficult one. Its difficulties, nevertheless, were diminished by the character of the people whose home had been annexed, and by the institutions which a long continuity had sanctioned as worthy of being retained. Upon the Anamese the principles of religion and the sentiment of nationality or patriotism sit lightly. The prevailing cult—it would be incorrect to call it a faith—is Buddhism of the Chinese type, and with it are mingled the curious rationalistic religion, borrowed also from the neighbouring empire, and the worship of ancestors. Funereal sacrifices hold an important place in the national ritual; and near every village is to be seen a large cemetery, usually filled with tombs built in an ambitious, but in general tasteless, style of architecture. The new-comers had, therefore, to combat few prejudices. The natives soon discovered that it was preferable to live under the just administration of strangers instead of under the rapacious misgovernment of their compatriot mandarins. The French

rule was in consequence easily extended. The industrious inhabitants grew tired of the perpetual insurrections fomented by the court of Hué, and of the incursions from the Anamese territory, which laid waste their laboriously cultivated fields. In many instances they themselves gave warning to the French authorities of an impending outbreak. The celebrated Quan-Dinh, a chief who, by admission of his enemies, rivalled Abdel-Kader and defied the whole power of the colonial government for a year and a half, was at last killed in an ambush by his own countrymen, who had become weary of his ravages. In physical courage the Anamese is said to be, and indeed seems to have proved himself, superior to his Chinese neighbour. To the latter he undoubtedly yields in intellectual qualifications; and in the constructive arts, except perhaps in that of ship-building, he is decidedly his inferior and imitator. The Anamese vessels are of an exceedingly graceful design—so much so, indeed, that it seems unfair to style them junks, as our own seamen and those of France are in the habit of doing. Their sharp bows, and long tapering sails of pale yellow-coloured mats, give them much the appearance of the smart *feluccas* of the Mediterranean, a description of craft to which they are no whit inferior either in beauty or in seaworthiness. In the ornamental arts the native workmen only excel in the inlaying of wood with mother-of-pearl, many specimens of which discover a fair amount of artistic talent, and of which large quantities are exported to Canton, and may be seen any day in the bazaars and shops of that city.

The municipal system of Cochin-China was borrowed from, or founded on, that of China. The country was divided into districts presided over by high-class mandarins, which were subdivided again and again into smaller portions, each being under some member of the official hierarchy with a territorial jurisdiction commensurate with his rank. At the bottom of the scale were the villages, each one of which constituted a sort of little republic, the affairs of which were administered by agents chosen by the notables or *dinh-bô*. These men were responsible to the government for the collection and payment of certain charges, e. g. the land-tax and the personal impost or poll-tax. The regulation of the military service of the villagers was also left in their hands. In return for this the exclusive right to the possession of certain minor local offices was assured to them. Each municipality had laid upon it a responsibility towards the central government for the maintenance of order within its precincts. The territorial divisions reminded the French invaders of those into which their own country had

been divided after the outbreak of the Revolution; and they named them, after the familiar terms of their own political geography, *cantons*, *arrondissements*, and *préfectures* or circumscriptions. The existing municipal institutions they retained, as nearly as practicable, unaltered, and left to the natives an important part in the management of their local affairs under the inspection of officers appointed by the governor. Of this obviously just and convenient arrangement they have every reason to be proud, and they are now reaping from it the advantage of possessing a prosperous and contented country. The code of laws was only so far interfered with as to render its provisions more humane; and an honest and careful administration of the finances replaced the rapacity and wastefulness of the former fiscal system. The efforts of the French to treat fairly, and even kindly, the people whose native land they have, perhaps somewhat inequitably, seized upon, cannot be denied; and it needs but a short acquaintance with the able and zealous naval officers, who are devotedly serving France at so great a distance from her shores, to perceive how profoundly they are impressed with an affectionate consideration for their native fellow-citizens, and how desirous they are of doing them justice and improving their condition both physical and moral.

It was by no means easy at first to obtain interpreters who could speak both French and Cochin-Chinese, and the obstacles in the way of communication with the inhabitants seemed to be for some time almost insuperable. The Anamese use the Chinese written character, so that documents could be deciphered by students of Chinese. But in speaking the case was different, and few besides the missionaries had even the slightest knowledge of the spoken language. Like others of the Mongolian dialects the grammar was exceedingly simple, but the pronunciation was beset with all the difficulties arising from the existence of a series of 'tones.' This gave occasion to what a French writer has aptly designated a 'gymnastic accentuation.' The phonetic inflexion was infinitely varied, and a single word was made to have a different meaning with every change in the tone with which it was pronounced. The process of learning the language so as to be able to converse in it, was necessarily extremely slow; and whilst the French officers were preparing themselves to be able to do so, they were compelled to employ an odd class of interpreters. These were natives or Chinese educated at Penang or by the missionaries. None of them understood French; and they communicated with their employers in the only tongue a knowledge of

which was common to both parties, viz., a Latin described as highly 'un-Ciceronic.' Officers in the navy, who had left school many years before and at an early age, had to rub up their acquaintance with the language of ancient Rome. Some of the phrases used in this medium of communication have been preserved to us. *Magnum tormentum belli* implied a piece of artillery, and *parvulum tormentum* a pistol. This quaint resuscitation of a dead language has disappeared before the employment of trained interpreters or the linguistic acquirements of many officers who have honourably distinguished themselves by their endeavours to master the tongue of the people whom they are called upon to govern. In no particular have the French officials exhibited their sense of what they owe to the original inhabitants of Lower Cochin-China more plainly than in the provision they have made for their education. The aid of the missionaries and of the teaching fraternities in the Roman Church has been called in and freely rendered. A large number of schools of various grades have been established, and they are well attended; and by an ingenious system of accentual notation, introduced by the clergy, a fairly perfect transliteration of the native monosyllables has been made possible, and the scholars are taught to read and write their own language in the Roman character. By this means their power of learning the tongue of their conquerors has been greatly facilitated, and the field from which to draw recruits for the staff of interpreters co-equally extended.

The possession of a foothold in Indo-China held out to its new occupants hopes of being able to open a route which the trade with the western provinces of China might advantageously follow. Such a route, it need scarcely be said, was confidently expected to be found passing through some portion of the French dominions. How important the discovery of some mode of access to the richer and more remote districts of the Chinese Empire (judged in relation to their distance from the treaty ports in the East) has been deemed by our own countrymen here and in India, the numerous expeditions and proposals, with the history of which we have for some years been familiar, abundantly show. The tragic fate of a young consular officer of high promise, Mr. Augustus Margary, in the course of one of these expeditions stimulated the interest already taken in the subject, and has indirectly led to a series of negotiations between our representative and the Peking Foreign Office (*Tsungli-yamen*) resulting in a convention which we believe has not yet been definitely ratified. The consular authorities at Saigon were early in the field of dis-

covery. An expedition for the exploration of the upper Mekong, the great river which poured itself into the colony and held out such fair promise of easy navigation, was resolved on, and was formed in 1866. It was hoped that the waters of the stream would be found navigable directly from the Chinese territory, or at least from a point within easy distance of it. Should it prove so, a convenient line of communication would lie between the French frontier and that of China. These hopes, as we now know, were not fulfilled, and the expedition had to report against the practicability of utilising the great stream.

The first full account of the expedition was published by the family of an officer who took part in it, M. Louis de Carné, and who succumbed to the fatigues of the long and venturesome journey before the story of his travels which he had written could be given to the world. His extremely interesting and lively record of the career of the expedition was noticed in this journal in April 1873,* and it will be unnecessary for us to attempt to relate its history. Since that time the official report of the Commission of Exploration has been published, and its title will be found prefixed to this article. It is not easy to do justice to the luxuriant splendour of this truly superb work. There are two magnificent quarto volumes of letter-press, and two atlases of maps and coloured plates. The first volume contains the historical account of the proceedings of the expedition, and in the second are collected the scientific observations of the several members of the commission. The first volume is filled with an astonishingly large number of admirable illustrations, and its value is enhanced by its comprising some interesting chapters on the remarkable architectural remains which are found within the ancient limits of the kingdom of Cambodia, written by the leader of the expedition, Commander Doudart de Lagrée, of the French navy, who lost his life shortly after the party under his guidance had got within the Chinese frontier.

His loss, deeply lamented by his countrymen, threw the labour of conducting home the remains of the expedition, and of drawing up the report, upon his subordinate, Lieutenant Francis Garnier. This task he performed with great ability; and we may well feel in doubt which more to admire—his resolute support of the fatigues and difficulties of the protracted journey, or the learning and talent displayed in the account of it which he published. To his tragic and romantic fate in

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cxxxvii., No. 280, p. 295.

another part of Indo-China, and on another expedition, we shall have to call attention by-and-by. Here we would merely pay our tribute of praise to the meritorious manner of his appearance as chief author and editor of the splendid book under notice.

The unfortunate mortality which pursued the members of the exploring party, even after their labours had been ended, has enveloped in an atmosphere of melancholy the perhaps most romantic and interesting series of travels ever undertaken. To have penetrated to points hitherto unvisited by Europeans—where, indeed, their name was as yet unknown—to have discovered new streams, ascertained the course of known ones, and ascended lofty mountains, of which the existence was unheard of in the West; to have rectified the imperfect maps and thrown a flood of light on the geography of an important region; to have visited strange countries and nations new to us, though with a history older than our own; to have encountered savage tribes, and treated with sovereigns whose designations had not yet been sounded in European ears; to have wandered amidst the vestiges of an ancient civilisation, of which the splendour was still apparent in its ruins, have examined the mighty monuments of a past, the history of which had been concealed from us, and attempted to decipher the inscriptions upon sculptured walls to which no key has yet been found; to have halted amidst the stupendous remains of temples dedicated to a primeval worship, have gazed upon the carved memorials of the heroes of ancient Aryan epics, and have verified *in situ* the descriptions of the Mongolian Herodotus who had told his countrymen of the architectural magnificence of barbarian cities that lay beyond their borders; to have floated in strange barks on waters hitherto unploughed by foreign keels, have painfully cut a way through the thick jungles and giant creepers, where

‘Eternal forests, on whose boughs the spring
Hung undecaying, fenced the place around,
And amorous vines (like serpents without sting)
Clung to the trees, or trail’d on the green ground:’ *

all this must have made up an eventful two years of travel of which the like can have seldom been experienced before. *

The chapters which we owe to the pen of Commander de Lagrée, and which are devoted to a description of the wonderful architectural remains at Angkor, or Nakhon, and an essay on the antiquities of the Khmer, the ancestors of the present

* Barry Cornwall, ‘Girl of Provence.’

Cambodians, are amongst those best worth reading in the book. M. de Lagrée had, previous to the organisation of the expedition, for some time filled the office of Resident at the court of the King of Cambodia at Pnom-penh. From thence he had been able to make excursions across the Siamese frontier, and study attentively these remarkable ruins. The numerous illustrations and plans, both in the body of the work and in the atlas annexed, convey an excellent idea of the style and grandeur of the magnificent fabrics erected by the ancient sovereigns of the country. But few notices of them had reached Europe prior to the expedition sent out from Saïgon in 1866. Accounts, more or less fragmentary, had been given by King, who had travelled in Cambodia; by Mouhot, a Frenchman employed by one of our scientific societies, who died within the limits of the petty kingdom of Luang-Praban in 1861, and by a few other travellers. Dr. Adolf Bastian, in his work, '*Die Völker des Oestlichen Asien*,'* gave an account of his own inspection of them. Mr. Fergusson, in his '*Tree and Serpent Worship*' (2nd edition, 1873, p. 50), and in his '*History of Indian and Eastern Architecture*' (1876), has given fuller details, and drawings of some of the more important of the remains. But on the whole they seem to have attracted in this country less attention than their remarkable merits undoubtedly demand. The light their examination may be expected to throw upon the extinct civilisation of the ages which produced them, and upon the ethnological questions connected with the descent and migrations of important Eastern races, not to speak of their interest as landmarks in the field of comparative religion, we may safely assume to be very considerable.

The Cambodians of the present day have fallen far from the high estate occupied by their ancestors, the Khmers. Their country is now dependent upon the French colony, and contains scarcely a million of inhabitants, including slaves and uncivilised tribes. Of their former history little is known; few travellers have visited their land, and fewer still have examined its annals. The inscriptions which cover the faces of the architectural monuments erected in the days of its grandeur have not yet been deciphered—at least but few have been, and those more modern ones, containing little reference to purely historical matters. Chinese records assert that in the seventh century of our era Cambodia became

* Published at Jena in 1867 and subsequent years; see 4th Band, '*Reisen*,' &c.; also '*Journal Royal Geogr. Soc.*,' xxxv. p. 74.

tributary to China. The Siamese admit that their own country was at one time subject to a king who has been recognised as the ruler of Cambodia under the name of Kamphoxa, a variation of the Chinese form Kamphoutché, from which Europeans probably have derived Cambodia. The people still adhere to the ancient appellation, and call their abode the country of the Khmers. The memory of its ancient glories lingers yet in places far remote from its present limits, and on the frontiers of China an aged bonze enquired eagerly of Commander de Lagrée's party of the state of Cambodia. The present inhabitants have lost nearly all trace of their earlier history; and they even attribute the construction of the vast buildings which cover their soil to supernatural agency, and not to the skill and wealth of their own ancestors.

The chief site of the ruins is within the Siamese border. They comprise remains of the ancient city of Angkor-Tom, and the temple of Angkor Wat. In the French accounts Angkor takes the place of Nakhon, which Mr. Fergusson tells us is the proper appellation. An elevation in the neighbourhood, Mount Krome, is also surmounted by the remains of a grand pagoda. The ruined city and great temple lie near the north-western extremity of an extensive lake, the Ton-le-sap, about a hundred geographical miles from the shores of the Gulf of Siam. To approach them the traveller has to take a route through a forest of gigantic trees, rendered in many places impenetrable by the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. The view of the ruins bursts suddenly upon the visitor as he emerges from the great sylvan rampart which, as M. de Carné expresses it, 'seems placed there by nature as a magnificent prelude to the ruins of Angkor.' There is little in the surrounding scenery to attract attention. Commander de Lagrée has said:—

'On emerging from the tangled forest which covers the shores of the lake, the traveller finds himself in the midst of an immense cultivated plain laid out in rice-fields, and the landscape seems to differ nothing from the monotonous aspect to which a long residence in Cochin-China accustoms one. But hardly have a few steps been taken when one discerns around one vestiges of the ancient Khmer civilisation, and we are transported in imagination to that remote epoch when this civilisation extended its powerful influence throughout the whole of Indo-China.' (Vol. i. p. 24.)

A vast causeway paved with slabs leads across wide moats to a gallery, the long skyline of which is cut by three half-ruined towers. Lions of the stiff and ferocious heraldic type guard the entrance. The plan of the *Wat*, or pagoda, is that of an edifice

composed of two rectangular galleries of more than one story. Of these the outside one has an extent of about two hundred and seventy yards by two hundred, and is ornamented with pavilions at the angles. Above the interior gallery rise four towers grouped together, so that they resemble an immense tiara. In the centre of the second gallery is an elevated block, also surmounted by four towers, and a central tower of greater loftiness, which dominates the whole building. The sanctuary is in the upper part of the highest tower. Almost every portion of the building is covered with ornament. Figures of human beings and animals, bas-reliefs, flowers and leaves intertwined in elaborate tracery are found on every available surface. Tradition declares that this vast pile was erected in fulfilment of a vow made by an ancient king who was smitten with leprosy, and whose statue still exists. Less ancient than the buildings of the neighbouring city, this splendid pagoda is in a better state of preservation, and may be considered the most perfect specimen existing of the architectural art of the ancient Khmers, of which, too, it is perhaps the highest expression.

Angcor, or Nakhon-Tom, that is Nakhon the Great, is close by. Its walls alone still remain intact; so admirable is their construction of carefully sculptured blocks of stone, without mortar or cement, that they seem capable of defying the hand of time itself, and resist even the formidable assaults of the luxuriant vegetation of a tropical clime. Grand causeways thrown across ditches lead to the gates of the city. These causeways are lined by fifty gigantic figures of stone grasping an enormous serpent, which seems to endeavour to wrest itself from their grasp. The frequency with which this reptile is portrayed in the ornaments of the building is striking, and shows probably the existence of a fresh remembrance of the veneration in which it was held, which has led to its introduction along with the many evidences of the Buddhistic faith of the builders. The principal entrance is beneath an immense triumphal arch decorated with heads of elephants. Within the city the principal monument is the Baion, a splendid pile, in which the remains of no less than forty-two towers can still be traced, and which is assumed to have been at once a palace and a temple, the Mafra or Escorial of the ancient kings of the country. A remarkable feature in the ornamentation of these towers is the representation on them of colossal faces of Buddha, of a fashion which recalled to the French travellers the Sphinx of Egypt. The age of these magnificent works can scarcely be said to have been ascertained with anything like

accuracy. Lieutenant Garnier placed it between the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, Mr. Fergusson several centuries later; but the latter admits the impossibility of fixing the date at all correctly in the present imperfect state of our information. From the accounts of early Portuguese visitors we learn that Nakhon, or Angkor, had ceased to be a royal residence in the sixteenth century, and was probably even then deserted. The relation of a Chinese traveller in the thirteenth century tells us of a degree of splendour and prosperity reigning at the place which had disappeared before the arrival of the earliest Europeans. During more than one visit to Saïgon made within the last two or three years, the writer of this article was able to obtain a series of admirable photographs of the chief amongst these interesting antiquities, and was also shown, at the Palais du Gouvernement, some well-executed casts of several of the bas-reliefs which adorn the walls. We believe that a collection of these have been forwarded to France, and visitors to the Exhibition to be held in Paris this year will, no doubt, have an opportunity of inspecting them in the department which will be devoted to the display of articles from the Indo-Chinese colony.

The result of the exploration of the Mekong having been to place beyond doubt the impossibility of using the course of that stream as a means of access to Western China, the attention of the authorities at Saïgon was turned to the other great river of Indo-China, the Songkoi. With the upper waters the members of the Mekong Commission had become acquainted whilst in the neighbourhood of the Yunnan frontier. In its channel twelve feet of water can be counted upon for at least a certain portion of every year. M. Dupuis, the intrepid explorer of its whole navigable course, has reported* that the obstacles to be met with in the physical geography of the stream are not very important. The disturbed condition of the border country, and the existence of organised bands of Chinese freebooters, are more formidable hindrances to its navigation than any shoals or rapids throughout its length. That the existence of this important and convenient route to the western provinces of the Middle Kingdom should have become known to us only recently is a fact which may well surprise us. We have to thank the above-named Frenchman, M. Dupuis, who had been for some time settled at the treaty port of Hankow, on the Yang-tze-kiang, for the proof we have of its practicability.

* See Petermann's 'Mittheilungen,' &c., No. ix., September 1877, p. 392.

In the autumn of 1872 that gentleman, who had previously travelled over the more western parts of the Empire, fitted out an expedition to proceed to Yunnan with supplies of arms and military stores for the use of the Imperial forces in Yunnan, commanded by a mandarin named Ma. The flotilla in which the stores were embarked consisted of two small steamers (we believe old English gun-boats which had been sold out of her Majesty's service in China), a Chinese junk, and a steam-launch. Early in November, M. Dupuis' little squadron arrived at the mouth of the Cuacum, a river which he had been informed by the natives was connected with the Songkoi in the direction of Hanoi, or Kecho, the capital of Ton-king. The state of that province had long been very disturbed. It had been annexed in modern times to the Empire of Anam, advantage having been taken of a contest for the succession to its throne between two sons of a former sovereign. The court of Hué, afraid to trust the natives of the conquered district in high posts, fills the latter with Anamese or mercenary employés from China. The yoke which has been laid upon the inhabitants is hard, and in frequent insurrections they have shown their desire to shake it off.

M. Dupuis was in consequence regarded as a far from welcome visitor; and he was directed to wait for a fortnight until a reply to a request, which had been sent to the capital for instructions concerning him, could arrive. At the expiration of that time he was informed by the principal mandarin that his superiors would require three months to decide upon the answer which they would give to his application to be permitted to proceed. M. Dupuis seems to have understood the tactics of Mongolian officials. He expressed his readiness to wait even longer than three months if required, but begged permission to move to a better and more salubrious anchorage higher up the river. This was granted. But no sooner were his vessels got under way than he steamed on, and did not stop until he had reached Hanoi, four days after entering the Songkoi proper. Here the water was found to be so low that he had to transfer his cargoes from the steamers to light-draught native boats, which he hired with some difficulty; and it was only in January 1873 that he was able to proceed.

In the meantime there had been two different insurrections in Ton-king, and M. Dupuis and his goods had to pass through not only the Anamese forces, but also through two armies of rebels, all of whom had stationed themselves in the neighbourhood of the river. From the latter he received no annoyance. Indeed, he had an opportunity of doing a service to the leader

of one of them, a Chinese, who begged his good offices with the Imperialist officer, Ma, to secure him an unmolested return to his own country, whose neutrality laws, we may suppose, he had broken in heading an insurrection in a friendly state. This favour M. Dupuis naturally undertook to do him; and in fact he was as good as his word, and was able to extract a promise from Ma that the friendly filibuster should suffer no inconvenience on his return home. On March 4, the flotilla reached a place called Mong-kow, at the head of the navigable waters of the Songkoi, and within the Yunnan frontier. The Chinese general, as will be readily believed, received the welcome consignment of stores and weapons with considerable gratification; and there is little doubt that it was in great measure owing to the assistance which he derived from them that he was able soon after to complete the overthrow of the already waning power of the Panthays, or Mohammedan insurgents, who had long opposed him.

M. Dupuis, whom Ma had provided with an escort of one hundred and fifty men, set out on his return journey. On the way down he preserved the same friendly relations with both rebel armies that he had been fortunate enough to establish on his ascent of the river; and he was also gratified to find that the government forces permitted him to pass unnoticed. A companion, M. Millot, went on to Hong Kong with one of the steamers, and arrived at that island just eight months after he had left it in company with his principal to attempt the passage of the Songkoi and reach Yunnan. The latter remained behind with the rest of his little squadron to establish a place of business at Hanoi.

A treaty of peace between France and Anam was signed in March 1874, and by it the latter definitely resigned all claim to the six provinces which constituted the colony of Lower Cochin-China. In return for this the rights of the Emperor Tu-Duk over Ton-king and Upper Cochin-China were recognised; assistance was promised him against any enemy who should assail his territories; and he was presented with five small steam vessels, fully equipped, a hundred guns, and a large quantity of rifles and ammunition. Moreover, the arrears of the money indemnity due by him under the provisions of a former treaty were remitted. A subsequent treaty of commerce, signed in August 1874, opened to foreign trade the three ports of Hanoi, on the Songkoi, Haiphong, also in Ton-king, and Quinhon, in a more southern province of the Emperor of Anam's dominions.

The latter agreement had not been concluded at the time

of M. Dupuis' return to Hanoi from Yunnan. Either his attempt to open a place of business at Hanoi, or his presumption in continuing to ascend the river after being warned that the necessary permission had not been granted him, led to his being detained at the town mentioned with his remaining steamer and his launch. His detention brought about one of the most stirring and tragic episodes of the intervention of the French in Indo-China. It is possible that this detention was not compulsory, and that M. Dupuis himself persisted in remaining, in spite of the requests of the mandarins, who declared themselves extremely desirous of witnessing his departure. At all events an expedition was sent from Saigon by Admiral Dupré, the governor, with the twofold object of clearing up the matter and of opening negotiations for the signature of the treaty of commerce of which we have just made mention. The expedition, which consisted of two vessels, was commanded by Lieutenant Francis Garnier, the companion and successor of De Lagrée, and the author of the magnificent work which we have already noticed.

A Chinese mandarin in the service of Tu-Duk was the chief official at Hanoi when M. Garnier arrived there. This personage gave him a very unfriendly reception, and his conduct was such that the French officer expressed a belief that he was contemplating an attack on him. It is not at the present day very clear what M. Garnier's instructions really were. That the government of the colony were prepared to force on matters until they should end in the annexation of the parts of Ton-king which lie about the mouth of the Songkoi—the importance of the command of that river having been now proved beyond question—was apparently believed by many of its officers. M. Garnier may have been directly charged to bring this about, or he may have been allowed to depart on his mission with merely a hint that his action, whatever it might be, would be fully approved at Saigon. At this moment his own countrymen do not hesitate to express their doubts upon this point. As to one matter there can be but little question. If the mandarins were preparing in secret to make an attack, the French officer determined to be beforehand with them. He accordingly opened fire upon the citadel of Hanoi from his vessels, and, putting himself at the head of but a handful of men, made an attempt to capture it by a *coup-de-main*. In this attempt he was successful; and so rapid had been his movements that he did not lose a single man.

Having secured himself in possession of his prize, he learned that bodies of rebels and banditti were assembling with a view

to wrest it from him. He again resolved to anticipate a hostile movement. He proceeded to the several points from which hostilities were threatened, and in two provinces made dispositions to meet any opposition likely to be encountered. His actions, indeed, were those of a victorious enemy to whom the country belonged by right of conquest, and by no means those of the leader of an expedition of which the chief object was the negotiation of a commercial treaty. During his absence bands of Chinese filibusters, who have come to be designated at Saïgon and Hong Kong the 'Black Flag Faction,' and who possibly had an understanding with the mandarins of Tu-Duk, had mustered with a view of attacking the citadel, the greater part of whose new garrison had accompanied Garnier in his progress through the country, during which he had been dismissing officials and replacing them by others of his own nomination. After repelling an attack of these bandits, M. Garnier, with his usual impetuosity, made a sortie at the head of only thirty men belonging to the French marines. The odds against him were too great, the sortie was unsuccessful, and M. Garnier and an officer who accompanied him were both killed. It is impossible not to feel deep regret that a life so precious to France should have been lost in a miserable struggle with a band of nameless freebooters. As an explorer, an author, and a gallant officer, Francis Garnier had given proofs of a rare combination of high qualities in his single person; and those who have perused the story of his travels as related by himself, and that of his subsequent career as told by others, will sympathise with his countrymen in the grief which they cannot but experience in this untimely cutting off of one whose deeds promised to rival those of Cortez and Pizarro.

The facilities offered to trade by the proof that M. Dupuis has given of the navigability of the Songkoi, and the possibility that an extensive commerce may arise with the provinces of Yunnan and Sze-chuan, has attracted the attention of the French more than ever to the north-eastern districts of Indo-China. More than one writer has plainly avowed the important advantages which his countrymen anticipate from the annexation of at least some part of Ton-king. The trade of Europe with China is not very ancient; at least open and important trade between them is not. Yet, since its origin, it has undergone more than one revolution. Previous to the war of 1841-2 Canton and Macao had the exclusive monopoly of it. After the opening of the five ports it became the turn of Hong Kong; and since the last wars the sceptre has

departed, to a great extent, from our colony, and passed chiefly into the hands of the residents at Shanghai. The effect of the stipulations of the late convention, known as that of Chefoo, may be to give the foremost place, for a time at least, to the ports on the Upper Yang-tze. These revolutions have been noted by the French in Indo-China; and no one can deny that there is much reason in the view held and expressed by them that a turn of the wheel may bring the Ton-king cities to the top of the list of commercial centres in the far East. The reputed wealth and population of Western China seem to point them out as promising the best returns to those who will adventure their capital in opening a direct trade with them; and Haiphong and Hanoi may become to the west of China what Hong Kong and Shanghai have been to the south and east.

It would appear that there is in Indo-China a 'manifest destiny' of which the impelling force acts, as it does elsewhere, in the path of annexation. Ton-king happens to be separated from French Cochin-China and the protected dependency of Cambodia by a tolerably wide expanse of country, so that it is not easy to reach it by any possible 'rectification of frontiers.' But the claim of dominant intruders, which has also been occasionally raised on the other side of the Bay of Bengal, to interfere in the internal concerns of a neighbouring state which is being ruined by misgovernment, has already been put forward. It is declared to be intolerable that so fair a region should be torn by the factions which owe their origin to the incompetence or corruption of Tu-Duk's mandarins. 'When under the government of a civilised people,' we are told, 'it will become the chief outlet for the trade of Central China.' The French Consul at Hanoi, who has lately (in 1877) ascended the Songkoi, has reported that the banks of that river are quite in the hands of the outlaws of the Black Flag faction, who, like the old barons on the Rhine, levy an excessive black-mail on all merchants who navigate it with their goods. Until there is an improvement in the government of Ton-king, it is to be feared that this state of things will continue; and whatever may be thought of the right of an European nation to dispossess those who at present misgovern it, there can be little doubt of the benefits that will be conferred on the inhabitants by the substitution of such an administration as that, for instance, which has made of Lower Cochin-China a peaceful and prosperous state, for the cruelty and rapacity of its present governors.

French visitors have painted an attractive picture of the country on which has been bestowed so much attention of late. Lying between an extended chain of mountains and the sea, it is scored by numerous rivers, which supply it with a vast system of internal communications and unfailing irrigation for its many fields of rice. The fertile plains are surrounded by lofty heights, rich with the luxuriance and beauty of tropical vegetation. Orange trees, as large as oaks, perfume the air with their ever-blooming flowers, and the tall and graceful areca palm breaks the monotony of the level rice-fields. Even in the plains the heat is not excessive; by night there is a pleasant breeze from the mountains, and by day winds from the sea lower the temperature and render it easily supportable by Europeans. It has been found that they can travel throughout the country without danger of sunstroke, which has struck down so many victims in Cochin-China. Masses of granite and syenite form the mountains, the spurs of which contain quartz, marble, and limestone. In certain districts both gold and silver mines are worked. The latter produce between six and seven thousand pounds annually. A French missionary has estimated the quantity of gold collected at a high figure, and has based his calculation on the remarkable results of his observations. His statement is: 'On y
'nourrit des canards pour le seul profit de l'or que l'on retire
'de leurs excréments.' The gold-dust must necessarily be very abundant in the mud of the rivers, on which, as in China, multitudes of ducks are reared, to make this strange method of gold-seeking at all remunerative. Tin, zinc, and copper are found near the northern frontier. The successful manner in which the mineral wealth of the Malay Peninsula has been made available for use, by the aid of the Chinese workmen who flock to the neighbourhood of the mines, holds out fair promise of the result should these newly found treasures ever be unlocked, lying as they do so much nearer to the great labour-field of the Eastern world.

What is really wanted in these countries to develop to the full their evidently almost boundless resources is an influx of capital, now that its investment has been made fairly secure by the extension of the French dominion. How much we shall be the gainers by its being so, time will probably soon convince us. The slight murmurs of jealousy which were heard amongst the foreign communities of Hong Kong and the treaty ports at the increasing prosperity of Saigon were soon hushed when the new fields which Indo-China opened for the employment of capital, for some years unremuneratively

invested in operations in China and Japan, came to be understood. In the spring of 1876 her Majesty's ship 'Egeria,' under the command of Commander William Castle, R.N., escorted Sir Brooke Robertson, of her Majesty's Consular Service, to the Island of Hainan to establish a British Consulate at the port of Hoi-how, newly opened under the terms of a convention with China. Commander Castle extended his voyage to Haiphong in Ton-king, and thence he ascended the river in a boat to Hanoi. He found that British enterprise had already begun to make itself felt in those places; and we may believe that whatever may be the benefits which the lately established intercourse with Anam and the short route to Western China which passes its territories will confer upon the commerce of the world, our relative share of them will not be small.

The coast of the Anamese Empire contains several very admirable harbours, besides roadsteads which afford a perfectly sheltered and secure anchorage during the season of the north-east monsoon. The right to use these and to establish coal depôts at them is likely to be of material assistance to the steam traffic to the eastward of Singapore. The increased space which would be available for freight-paying cargo in vessels, which could replenish their stock of fuel *en route* without going much out of their course, will probably prove of immense importance to shipowners engaged in the Eastern trade in these days of narrow profits. The advantage of having such ports to run to, in case of accident to ship or machinery, will be very readily appreciated by those who have had to struggle up the China Sea against the boisterous north-east monsoon. At present a disabled vessel has no course open to her except to run back to Saigon or Singapore, or stand across under sail to the Philippine Islands, many hundreds of miles out of her direct road.

The progress of Lower Cochin-China has been rapid. The drain upon the money resources of the mother country was greater and more apparent some years ago than it is now. At present the revenue of the colony more than balances the local expenditure; and last year there was a surplus of between eighty and ninety thousand pounds. This sum, it is hardly necessary to point out, represents but a fraction of the true cost in men and material to the mother country. The additional responsibility of defending an outlying dependency, not naturally very secure against attack, which falls upon the forces of France in consequence of the occupation of the country, is by no means light. During the late war much anxiety was felt as to the behaviour of some German war-

vessels which were known to be cruising in the neighbouring seas; and steps were actually taken to erect batteries on the banks of the river below Saïgon. The inhabitants of the colony, which in 1867 numbered a little over half a million souls, have now advanced to more than a million and a quarter, the result of annexations, Chinese and Cambodian immigration, and the regular increase of the ordinary population. The people of Cambodia, as we have before stated, number about one million. In 1874 the number of ships which entered the port of Saïgon was 387, of those which sailed 398. In the year 1876 these numbers were 455 and 448 respectively; it should be noted that only twenty per cent. in each case bore the French flag. The chief export of the colony is rice; in 1875-6 the total was five and a half millions of *piculs* (the *picul* is 133 lbs.); and we were assured on high authority at Saïgon that the export for the year 1876-7 would reach to seven millions. The cultivation of tobacco and coffee has been introduced or much extended and improved of late; and hopes have been entertained of profitably cultivating the sugar-cane and thus entering into competition with the sugar-producers of Formosa, who have, during the last few years, begun to make themselves known in the Eastern market. In 1866 there were in the colony forty-nine schools attended by little over twelve hundred scholars; in 1870 these had increased to one hundred and thirty schools, and the scholars attending to five thousand. The 'Annuaire' for 1876, as regards higher education, states that there are now thirty 'principal' schools—of which one is a college—with more than two thousand pupils.

These figures will perhaps show with sufficient distinctness how greatly the material prosperity of the country has advanced since the French occupation. Whatever doubts we may have of the advantages to France herself which have been derived from her acquisitions of territory in the far East, we can have none as to the benefits which she has conferred upon her new citizens, and on that commerce of which we ourselves have so large a share. The former history of French colonisation is, as it were, repeating itself in a certain fashion. France sowed that others might reap the harvest. The colonies which she planted came into the possession of others, Lower Canada and Louisiana dominated the mouths of streams as mighty as that which cuts its way through the rice-swamps of Lower Cochin-China. Already the lion's share of the trade which has sprung up with the latter dependency has been obtained by those who are not compatriots of the gallant

and self-devoted men whose health was shattered or whose lives were sacrificed in the work of extending the dominion of their country over these remote and previously little known regions. But happily the jealousy and hostility which formerly armed against each other the rival colonial enterprises of France and England are now laid at rest, we hope for ever ; in China our troops have fought the battle of civilisation side by side ; and the establishment of these French settlements in Indo-China will serve only to strengthen the common influence of Western civilisation.

ART. IV.—*Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner.* By EDWARD PIERCE. 2 vols. 8vo. Boston and London: 1878.

OF the American travellers and guests, who have appeared in our times in English society, Mr. Charles Sumner was the most agreeable and the most popular. He had not the dignity and self-control which enabled Mr. Adams to maintain himself in an honourable and difficult position, amidst the discord of nations and the tumult of civil war. He had not the charm of high breeding and historical associations which distinguishes Mr. Winthrop. He had not the literary genius and celebrity of Mr. Motley. He had not the wealth and social standing of Mr. Ticknor. Indeed, it is not easy to say what it was that opened the best society in England to a young lawyer of Massachusetts, who at the age of twenty-seven had achieved no great distinction in his own profession, and was then wholly unknown in political life. Mr. Sumner came to Europe as a student. In Paris he assiduously followed the lectures of half a dozen professors, and applied himself to the acquisition of the French language. He was furnished with some good letters of introduction to England, as a favourite pupil of Judge Story and a promising young advocate of Boston. He was a fair Latin scholar ; and as he was blessed with a retentive memory, he recalled with ease the results of a large amount of miscellaneous reading. In the law, he had done more as a reporter of Story's judgments and an essayist on juridical questions, than as an advocate. He had neither wit nor humour, and neither his letters, now published, nor our own recollections of his conversation, retain any evidence of marked intellectual originality or power. Nevertheless the motto of Charles Sumner, when he arrived in London in May 1838, was *veni, vidi, vici*. Within a few days he became the favoured guest, and ere long the friend, of men of law and

men of letters—of judges, and of statesmen, of country gentlemen and women of the world, in the most brilliant year of the most brilliant society which London has known in the present century.

In 1838, Queen Victoria had recently ascended the throne. Her Majesty's coronation drew to the capital of Britain distinguished representatives of all the great powers of Europe. The Ministry was invigorated by the favour of a new and liberal Court; the country was hopeful of the blessings of an auspicious reign. Never, perhaps, was the bench of justice, which more particularly interested a forensic visitor, filled by more men of mark and power. Lyndhurst and Brougham sat in the House of Lords, beside Lord Chancellor Cottenham, whose merits as an Equity Judge were not contested. Lord Denman presided with consummate dignity in the Court of Queen's Bench; Tindal in the Court of Common Pleas; Lord Abinger in the Exchequer, a court which was also strengthened by the vigorous intellect of Baron Parke. Lord Langdale sat at the Rolls. Campbell and Rolfe were the Law Officers of the Crown. Follett, Pemberton, Pollock, Thesiger, Kelly, Charles Austin, James Wigram, Knight Bruce, and others, their rivals, might all be heard in a single cause. Bethell and Cockburn brought up the rear. To most of these eminent men the young Bostonian was promptly introduced. He bears ample testimony to the kindness with which they received him in their ranks, as if he had already achieved success in life equal to their own; and on the other hand, this ready acceptance of a young and unknown stranger was a proof that they discerned in him a promise of that success in the future. Nor was their expectation vain. What was the reason of this sudden and abundant success in a society which is sometimes accused of coldness and reserve? It was mainly the freshness and enthusiasm of Sumner's nature—his candid, liberal disposition—his complete freedom from affectation—the *naïveté* of his admiration for the highly cultivated intellects of Europe, and his veneration for the traditions of our common race and history. His genial and confiding manners disarmed prejudice. His own intense enjoyment of society rendered others sociable. Without the slightest abandonment of his own country and opinions, he had the tact to show that he had come to Europe to see European life and not to display American peculiarities. Paris and Rome, Berlin and Heidelberg were, each in its own way, as attractive to him as London: in short he became during his journey a citizen of the world. To these qualities he added that of a copious and spirited

letter-writer—an accomplishment which, we fear, has expired with the last generation; and he dashed off to his friends at Boston in vivid language the rapid impressions of his journey.

These letters form the staple of the volume before us. Mr. Pierce, his literary executor, has given us a large collection of them, delightfully regardless of the ordinary rules of discretion. We have heard him accused of 'gross impropriety;' but as we discover in these records nothing malicious or untrue, we think the indiscretion may be condoned. The editor has annexed to them notes—not always accurate—to inform the American public what these personages were, who welcomed Sumner into their magic circle, and whom he criticised with freedom in the confidence of private friendship. We certainly require no such guide, for some of them are still alive, and all of them were intimately known by anyone who belonged to the society of London at that period or for some years afterwards. The result is that this publication is to us in the highest degree entertaining. The shades of the old magic-lantern pass rapidly before us. The well-known figures reappear at the dinner table, on the bench, and at the bar; and we are indebted to Mr. Sumner for preserving a multitude of those fugitive impressions which seemed already to have vanished for ever.

Of Charles Sumner's early life it is needless to say much. He was born at Boston in 1811 of respectable parents, his father being a lawyer of good reputation, who was chosen Clerk of the House of Representatives at Massachusetts, when Joseph Story was Speaker, and afterwards appointed Sheriff of Suffolk County, an office which, we presume, bears more resemblance to that of our Scottish sheriffs than to the English functionary of the same title. Young Charles distinguished himself at the Latin School in Boston, and retained through life an enthusiastic love of the Latin classics. He entered Harvard College in 1826, and left it with credit in 1830. He hesitated to embrace the profession of the law, and at one moment seemed destined to subside into a schoolmaster or a professor. But a strong sense of duty prevailed for a time over his literary tastes, whilst the steady friendship of Judge Story determined his vocation in life. His own disposition was somewhat desultory. Indeed he never attained to what could be termed legal eminence. Like our own 'Historicus' he excelled in treating broad questions of international or public law on great principles and with extended learning, rather than in the minute application of positive law and procedure to private rights and wrongs. It might be said of him that his

clients were nations and states rather than individuals. He was early retained to defend British interests before the American Courts in the celebrated cases of the 'Creole' and the 'Caroline.' This sort of practice makes a reputation for a man, though not always an income. But it was not often that he acted as an advocate of any views but those which favoured the interests of his own country. On leaving London, full of enthusiasm for England, his first act in Paris was to write and publish an elaborate defence of the extreme claims of the United States to the North-Eastern boundary; and in most of the controversies which have arisen in the past thirty years between the two countries, England found in Sumner an eager and impassioned opponent, whose patriotism was at least equal to his law. As a lawyer he owed all his most solid attainments to the influence of the great master, Judge Story, who regarded and treated him with hereditary affection. While still in the Law School he began to write for the 'American Jurist' and other periodicals, and before long he was engaged in reporting the decisions of his illustrious friend, the Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. The best character of him to be found in these volumes is that traced by Mr. William Story, the son of that great jurist, himself scarcely less distinguished in the arts; and we may quote a few passages which bring the man at once before us.

'I was a mere boy when I first knew him, but the affectionate kindness which he then showed me remained unclouded by the slightest shadow until the day of his death. His father was in a class two years before my father at Harvard; and when Charles Sumner entered the Law School, my father took an interest in him at first, because of his father, and this interest soon ripened into a warm affection. My first recollections of him are at this period. He used to come to our house some two or three evenings in the week, and to his long conversations I used to listen night after night with eager pleasure. His simplicity and directness of character, his enthusiasm and craving for information, his lively spirit and genial feeling, immediately made a strong impression on me. My father was very fond of him, always received him with a beaming face, and treated him almost as if he were a son; and we were all delighted to welcome him to our family circle. He was free, natural, and *naïve* in his simplicity, and plied my father with an ever-flowing stream of questions; and I need not say that the responses were as full and genial as heart and mind could desire. . . .

'He was then, as ever in after life, an indefatigable and omnivorous student. He lived simply, was guilty of no excesses of any kind, went very little into society, and devoted his days and nights to books. Shortly after my first acquaintance with him, he became librarian of the Dane Law School, and I think there was scarcely a text-book in the library of the contents of which he had not some knowledge. Nor was this a

superficial knowledge, considering its extent and his youth. He had acquainted himself, also, with the lives, characters, and capacity of most of the authors, and could give a fair *résumé* of the contents of most of their works. His room was piled with books: the shelves overflowed and the floor was littered with them. Though a devoted student of law, he did not limit his reading to it, but ranged over the whole field of literature with eager interest. He was at this time totally without vanity, and only desirous to acquire knowledge and information on every subject. Behind every work he liked to see and feel the man who wrote it, and, as it were, to make his personal acquaintance. Whenever a particular question interested him, he would come to my father and talk it over with him, and discuss it by the hour.

‘He had no interest in games and athletic sports; never, so far as I know, fished or shot or rowed; had no fancy for dogs and horses; and, in a word, was without all those tastes which are almost universal with men of his age. As for dancing, I think he never danced a step in his life. Of all men I ever knew at his age, he was the least susceptible to the charms of women. Men he liked best, and with them he preferred to talk. It was in vain for the loveliest and liveliest girl to seek to absorb his attention. He would at once desert the most blooming beauty to talk to the plainest of men. This was a constant source of amusement to us, and we used to lay wagers with the pretty girls, that with all their art they could not keep him at their side a quarter of an hour. Nor do I think we ever lost one of these bets. I remember particularly one dinner at my father’s house, when it fell to his lot to take out a charming woman, so handsome and full of *esprit* that any one at the table might well have envied him his position. She had determined to hold him captive, and win her bet against us. But her efforts were all in vain. Unfortunately, on his other side was a dry old *savant*, packed with information; and within five minutes Sumner had completely turned his back on his fair companion, and engaged in a discussion with the other, which lasted the whole dinner. We all laughed. She cast up her eyes deprecatingly, acknowledged herself vanquished, and paid her bet. Meantime, Sumner was wholly unconscious of the jest or of the laughter. He had what he wanted,—sensible men’s talk. He had mined the *savant* as he mined everyone he met, in search of ore, and was thoroughly pleased with what he got.

‘Though he was an interesting talker, he had no lightness of hand. He was kindly of nature, interested in everything, but totally put off his balance by the least *persiflage*; and, if it was tried on him, his expression was one of complete astonishment. He was never ready at a retort, tacked slowly, like a frigate when assaulted by stinging feluccas, and was at this time almost impervious to a joke. He had no humour himself, and little sense of it in others; and his jests, when he tried to make one, were rather cumbrous. But in ‘plain sailing’ no one could be better or more agreeable. He was steady and studious, and though genial, serious in his character; while we were all light, silly, and full of animal spirits, which he sympathised with but could not enter into. . . .

‘I do not think, in his early years, he had any great ambition. That developed itself afterwards. Circumstances and accidents forced

him forward to the van, and he became a leader terribly in earnest. He had the same high-mindedness, the same single aim at justice and truth, the same inflexible faith and courage then that ever after characterised him.' (Vol. i. pp. 105-7.)

Certain it is that at this period of Sumner's life, and for long afterwards, he had not 'found out his task,' and the course he followed led by devious ways to great ends. A law school followed by a law office could ill satisfy his desires. At three-and-twenty we find him travelling to Washington and Philadelphia to make the acquaintance of the leading men of the day; and he had not long been admitted to practice in the Circuit Court of the United States when he threw up his law lectures and his briefs, raised or borrowed a sum of five thousand dollars, and started for the grand tour in Europe. This was certainly an extraordinary instance of a passionate desire to see and know the wise and good and great men of other countries—to breathe a wider atmosphere than the cultivated but close circle of Boston society could afford. Here was a man entering upon life, with scarce a thousand pounds he could call his own, depending entirely upon his professional exertions and success, who threw everything aside to see something of lands of older traditions and a higher intellectual life. For these, and no vulgar love of pleasure, were Sumner's objects. The Americans, like ourselves, are sometimes called a money-loving people. But Sumner had nothing sordid in his nature; his life was one of ardent aspiration towards the greatest and the best. He looked upon law, not as a means of making an income, but as the science of justice and equity. He looked upon society as the best means of forming the character and of employing the faculties of men. Wild as the adventure might seem, the time came, though it was long years afterwards, when he had his reward. The nobler path he had chosen led to the Temple of Fame, and he too lived to be numbered amongst the orators and patriots of his country.

He landed in France from the American packet on December 28, 1837, after a passage of twenty days. Prince Le-boo was hardly more surprised when he first saw his face in a looking-glass, than Charles Sumner at the first aspect of Europe. Often as these first impressions of a new country have been reported, there is a sort of novelty in them which never tires us, and we must quote his first notice of Havre, where he had just arrived.

'Dec. 28, 1837.—At length in Havre, with antiquity staring at me from every side. At four o'clock this morning weighed anchor, and drifted with the tide and a gentle wind to the docks; a noble work,

contrived for the reception of vessels, and bearing the inscription of *An IX. Bonaparte 1^{er} Consul*,—the labour of this great man meeting me on the very threshold of France. Dismissed from the custom-house we went to the Hôtel de New-York, where a smiling Frenchwoman received us, and we were shown each of us to a chamber. The house was small and narrow, and the stairs composed of tiles; but the chamber into which I was conducted harmonised with my anticipations of a French apartment. The room was of moderate size, with a floor of hexagon tiles partially covered with a neat rug-like carpet; with a bed plump and neat as imagination could picture, with a crimson coverlet and curtains; with curtains to the window of linen with a border of red, and with two engravings in the room of some of the glorious scenes of the French Republic. The whole was un-American. I should have known that I was in a foreign place, even if the reality of a sea-voyage had not given me the completest assurance of it. My apartment taken, for which I am to pay three francs per day, I at once escaped to view the city. And here I felt a gush of interest at every step. Nothing was like what I had been accustomed to. Everything was old; and yet to me everything was new. Every building which I passed seemed to have its history. Old Time himself seemed to look down from its roof. And yet there was little in the way of architecture: the single element of interest was antiquity combined with novelty. I saw but one street with a sidewalk. All others slanted from the side to the centre, *ad mediam filam viæ*, where there was the gutter; and all were slippery with mud and moisture, and uncomfortable to the feet from the large stones with which they were paved. Scrub horses with heavy and inconvenient harness; men and women with huge wooden shoes which clattered over the stones; women in caps and without bonnets; market women on donkeys and horses, with panniers containing their provisions on either side,—these constantly met my eye. I felt as I looked about me that I was in a country where custom and prescription were regarded; where changes, and of course improvements, were slow to be introduced, from the impression that what was established was for the best. In the United States the extreme opposite of this character prevails. Nothing is beyond the reach of change and experiment. . . .

'Dec. 29, 1837.—New scenes have been rising upon me with each moment; I find myself now with midnight at hand, and new objects were breaking upon me until I closed the door of my chamber. I can hardly believe in my personal identity. Such is the intensity of my present experience, that all I have undergone to reach here seems obliterated.' (Vol. i. pp. 217–9.)

He arrived in Paris a day or two later, but without the most essential of all acquirements—a power of speaking French. His first acquaintance, M. Foelix, the editor of a Law Review, was a poor specimen of a Parisian, for he was a German jurist, full of Teutonic learning, and, it must be confessed, a bore. But Foelix launched him in the right direction. He took two French masters, followed the

lectures of all sorts of professors, attended the theatres and Courts of Justice, and at last fluttered on his own wings into society. These Parisian letters are amusing, but we must pass them by for more interesting matter. Sumner returned to Paris more than once in after life, and then he was far better able to enjoy and appreciate its attractions.

On May 14, 1838, he writes:—

‘I am starting for England, and how my soul leaps at the thought! Land of my studies, my thoughts, and my dreams! There, indeed, shall I “pluck the life of life.” The page of English history is a familiar story. The English law has been my devoted pursuit for years, English politics my pastime, and the English language is my own. I shall then at once leap to the full enjoyment of all the mighty interests that England affords; and I shall be able to mingle at once with its society, catch its tone, and join in its conversation, attend the courts, and follow all their proceedings as those at home.’

His expectations were not disappointed.

‘Sumner’s acquaintance with English society,’ says his biographer, ‘was wider and more various than any previously enjoyed by an American, and even exceeded that of most Englishmen. The remarkable favour which he everywhere met was noted at the time, and is still remembered, by those who witnessed it. It was said of him, that “when an American gentleman, the gifted Charles Sumner, was in England, his popularity in society became justly so great and so general, that his friends began to devise what circle there was to show him which he had not yet seen, what great house that he had not yet visited.” A few months after his return home, Mr. Hayward referred to him in the “Quarterly Review,” as the reporter of Judge Story’s decisions, “who recently paid a visit of some duration to this country, and presents in his own person a decisive proof that an American gentleman, without official rank or widespread reputation, by mere dint of courtesy, candour, an entire absence of pretension, an appreciating spirit, and a cultivated mind, may be received on a perfect footing of equality in the best English circles, social, political, and intellectual; which, be it observed, are hopelessly inaccessible to the itinerant note-taker, who never gets beyond the outskirts or the show-houses.”’ (Vol. i. pp. 302–3.)

We shall not imitate Mr. Pierce by transcribing a long catalogue of names, either too familiar or too little known to another generation for them to interest the reader. But some of Sumner’s sketches of the persons he met deserve to be quoted. He was not, however, a good reporter of society; few people are. Nothing is so difficult as to fix on paper that floating etherial essence which constitutes good conversation. It is taken up, as it were, by the air, which never, like Baron Munchausen’s echoes, gives it back again.

The first letters of introduction Sumner delivered in London

were addressed to Lord Fitzwilliam and to Mr. Justice Vaughan—the first opened to him a great English mansion, the second the society of the judges and the bar. To what is called ‘fashionable life’ he was indifferent, and there are no traces of it in his letters. He was admitted as an honorary member of four clubs, the Athenæum, the Travellers’, the Garrick, and Alfred’s.

Not to weary our readers with too many lawyers, we will make a dash at one of dear old John Kenyon’s breakfasts—Kenyon, that mild and kindly Epicurean, who has left no great literary reputation behind him, for his verses were quaffed and forgotten like a glass of champagne, but who was never happier than when his literary friends surrounded his table.

London: July 3, 1838.

‘My dear Elihu,—You love literature better than law, and I know will be better pleased to hear of the men who move in the quiet walks where haunt the poet, the author, and the artist, than of the gowned and wigged followers of the law. Of judges and lawyers I see enough daily; much, also, of politicians; perhaps I may say the same of literary men. I have already written you some hasty lines on some of the wits I meet at clubs. There are others and worthier that I have met under other circumstances. There is Walter Savage Landor. I know you admire his genius. I first met him at Mr. Kenyon’s; he was there at dinner with a considerable party. I could not dine there, as I was already engaged for the same evening with the Solicitor-General; but I was very kindly asked to stop there a little while till they went down to dinner. Landor was dressed in a heavy frock-coat of snuff colour, trousers of the same colour, and boots; indeed, he wore a morning dress, which one is more inclined to notice here than among us where the distinction between a morning and evening dress is less imperiously settled. He is about fifty-five, with an open countenance, firm and decided, and a head grey and inclining to baldness. We got into conversation; dinner was announced, and Landor and myself walked downstairs together. In the hall I bade him “good evening.” “But where are you going?” said he; “you dine with us, surely?” I then explained to him the necessity I was under of dining elsewhere; when he asked where he should call upon me. I told him that I would rather, with his permission, have the honour of calling upon him (at Lady Blessington’s). But our host at once arranged the difficulty by inviting us both to breakfast a few days ahead. At breakfast he was in the same dress as before. I was excessively stupid; for I had been up at Lord Fitzwilliam’s ball till four o’clock, and the breakfast was very early. Landor’s conversation was not varied, but it was animated and energetic in the extreme. We crossed each other several times: he called Napoleon the weakest, littlest man in history; whereas you know my opinion to the contrary. He considers Shakspeare and Washington the *two* greatest men that ever lived, and Cromwell one of the greatest sovereigns. Conversation turned

upon Washington; and I was asked why he was still suffered to rest in the humble tomb of Mt. Vernon. I then mentioned the resolution of Congress to remove his body to the Capitol, and the refusal to allow it to be done on the part of his legal representatives. In making this statement, I spoke of the "*ashes* of Washington," saying "that his "*ashes* still reposed at Mt. Vernon." Landon at once broke upon me, with something like fierceness: "Why will you, Mr. Sumner, who "*speak* with such force and correctness, employ a word which, in the "*present* connection, is not English? Washington's body was never "*burnt*; there are no ashes,—say, rather *remains*." . . .

'Dining at Lord Lansdowne's a few evenings since, I met another literary man, whom I saw with the greatest pleasure. There was Lord Lansdowne with the blue ribbon of the garter across his breast and the star on his coat—kind, bland, amiable; Lady Lansdowne,—neat, elegant, lady-like. Next me was the daughter, about nineteen,—pale and wan, but, I am glad to say, extremely well-informed. I conversed with her during a long dinner, and we touched topics of books, fashion, coronation, &c., and I found her to possess attainments which certainly do her honour. She was kind enough to mention that she and her mother had been reading together the work of a countryman of mine, Mr. Prescott; that they admired it very much, and that the extraordinary circumstances under which it was written made them take a great interest in the author and desire to see him. During the dinner, I was addressed across the table, which was a large round one, by a gentleman with black hair and round face, with regard to the United States. The question was put with distinctness and precision, and in a voice a little sharp and above the ordinary key. I did not know the name of the gentleman for some time; till, by and by, I heard him addressed by some one,—"*Macaulay*." I at once asked Lord Shelburne, who sat on my right, if that was T. B. M., just returned from India, and was told that it was. At table, we had considerable conversation; and, on passing to the drawing-room, it was renewed. He is now nearly or about forty, rather short, and with a belly of unclassical proportions. His conversation was rapid, brilliant, and powerful; by far the best of any in the company, though Mr. Senior was there, and several others of no mean powers. I expect other opportunities of meeting him. He says that he shall abandon politics, not enter Parliament, and addict himself entirely to literature.' (Vol. i. pp. 326–8.)

Macaulay, however, was not one of Sumner's friends or favourites. He thought his incessant brilliancy of conversation oppressive, and after his return to America seemed rather more pleased than surprised that he had not had more success as a minister.

The following picture of Lord Denman and Lord Brougham is graphic enough:—

'I have recently breakfasted with Lord Denman, as I was so engaged as not to be able to accept his invitation to dinner. Bland, noble Denman! On the bench he is the perfect model of a judge,—

full of dignity and decision, and yet with mildness and suavity which cannot fail to charm. His high personal character and his unbending morals have given an elevated tone to the bar, and make one forget the want, perhaps, of thorough learning. In conversation he is plain, unaffected, and amiable. I talked with him much of Lord Brougham. He assured me that Brougham was one of the greatest judges that ever sat on the woolsack, and that posterity would do him justice when party asperities had died away. (Of Lord B. by-and-by.) I told Lord Denman the opinion you had formed of Lord B., from reading his judgments; and his Lordship said that he was highly gratified to hear it. Denman called the *wig* "the silliest thing in England," and hoped to be able to get rid of it. He is trying to carry a bill through the Lords, allowing witnesses to *affirm* in cases of conscientious scruples, and inquired of me about the practice in America; but he said he could not venture to allude to any American usage in the Lords, for it would tell against his measure. Think of this! I must not omit to mention that Lord Denman has invited me to visit him on the Home Circuit, where I shall certainly go, as also to the Western, and to the North Welsh Circuit,—perhaps also the Oxford; and, the greatest of all, the Northern. To all of these I have had most cordial invitations.

'I have heard Lord Brougham despatch several cases in the Privy Council, and one or two were matters with which I was entirely familiar. I think I understand the secret of his power and weakness as a judge; and nothing that I have seen or heard tends to alter the opinion I had formed. As a judge, he is electric in the rapidity of his movements: he looks into the very middle of the case when counsel are just commencing, and at once says, "There is such a difficulty" [mentioning it] to which you must address yourself; and, if you "can't get over that, I am against you." In this way he saves time, and gratifies his impatient spirit; but he offends counsel. Here is the secret. I have heard no other judge (except old Allan Park) interrupt counsel in the least. In the mean time, Brougham is restless at table, writes letters; and as Baron Parke assured me (Parke sits in the Privy Council), wrote his great article in the "Edinburgh Review" for April last at the table of the Privy Council. I once saw the usher bring to him a parcel of letters, probably from the mail—I should think there must have been twenty-five—and he opened and read them, and strewed the floor about him with envelopes; and still the argument went on. And very soon Brougham pronounced the judgment in rapid, energetic, and perspicuous language—better than I have heard from any other judge on the bench. I have already quoted the opinion of Denman. Barristers with whom I have spoken have not conceded to him the position accorded by the Lord Chief Justice, but still have placed him high. Mylne, the reporter, an able fellow, says that he is infinitely superior to Lyndhurst, and also to Lord Eldon, in his latter days. In the Lords I have heard Brougham—with his deep, husky notes, with his wonderful command of language, which keeps you in a state of constant excitement. I found myself several times on the point of crying out "Hear!"—thus running imminent risk of the polite attentions of the Usher of the Black Rod!' (Vol. i. pp. 330–2.)

Lord Brougham took a strong fancy to Sumner, gave him letters to the Judges on the Northern Circuit, and invited him to Brougham Hall. It must be confessed that he returned these civilities by a very disparaging account of his host.

His picture of Wordsworth at Keswick is more pleasing:—

‘ My dear Hilliard,—I have seen Wordsworth! Your interest in this great man, and the contrast which he presents to that master spirit I have already described to you, induce me to send these lines immediately on the heels of my last. How odd it seemed to knock at a neighbour’s door, and inquire, “Where does *Mr.* Wordsworth live?” Think of rapping at Westminster Abbey, and asking for *Mr.* Shakespeare, or *Mr.* Milton! I found the poet living, as I could have wished, with worldly comfort about him, and without show. His house was not so large or so elegant as to draw the attention from its occupant; and more truly did I enjoy myself, for the short time I was under its roof, than when in the emblazoned halls of Lord Brougham. The house is situated on the avenue leading to Rydal Hall; and the poet may enjoy, as if they were his own, the trees of the park and the ancestral cawing of the rooks that almost darkened the air with their numbers. His house and grounds are pretty and neat; and he was so kind as to attend me in a turn round his garden, pointing out several truly delightful views of the lakes and mountains. I could not but remark to him, however, that the cawing of the rooks was more interesting to me than even the remarkable scenery before us. The house itself is unlike those in which I have been received lately; and in its whole style reminded me more of home than anything I have yet seen in England. I took tea with the poet, and, for the first time since I have been in this country, saw a circle round a table at this meal; and, indeed, it was at six o’clock, when always before in England I have been preparing for dinner. I mention these little things, in order to give you a familiar view of Wordsworth. I cannot sufficiently express to you my high gratification at his manner and conversation. It was simple, graceful, and sincere; it had all those things, the absence of which in Brougham gave me so much pain. I felt that I was conversing with a superior being; yet I was entirely at my ease. He told me that he was sixty-nine,—an age when, in the course of nature, the countenance loses the freshness of younger years; but his was still full of expression. Conversation turned on a variety of topics: and here I have little to record; for there were no salient parts, though all was sensible, instructive, and refined. He spoke warmly on the subject of copyright and of slavery. He showed me the American edition of his works in one volume, and expressed the great pleasure it had given him; he thought it better executed than any work of the kind in England or France. I amused him not a little by telling him that a Frenchman recommended himself to me, on my arrival in Paris, as a teacher of French, by saying that he had taught the great English poet, Wordsworth. The latter assured me that he had not had a French instructor since his dancing-master!’ (Vol. i. pp. 355–6.)

The venerable poet having told Sumner that he regarded

the publication of personal and domestic details about himself as a breach of confidence, Sumner would hardly have sanctioned this use of them 'to fill his page of a book.' Indeed it must be said that his whole correspondence is written with a degree of confidential frankness which excludes, on his part, the slightest suspicion of an intention to publish it. Sumner speaks with pleasure of his having known the three most eminent founders of this Journal, Sydney Smith, Brougham, and Jeffrey; and of these three he assigns the palm in conversation to Jeffrey, whose precise and rather laboured language suited the American taste. But in more places than one he does great injustice to Lockhart, and even to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. Probably Lockhart turned his dark side to the enthusiastic young republican, which he was not unlikely to do. Richard Ford did the same, in the exuberance of Tory intolerance, though they afterwards became friends. But these were rare exceptions.

One little editorial anecdote, which is new to us, we must be permitted to quote. Sumner asked Jeffrey how he explained the fact that Mr. Carlyle's fine article on the life of Burns, which was his first contribution to this Journal, differed so much in style from his later productions. 'Oh!' said Jeffrey, '*because I altered it, and Carlyle was vexed at my interference.*'

Sumner had heard Carlyle lecture in London, and thus describes him:—

'He seemed like an inspired boy; truths and thoughts that made one move on the benches came from his apparently unconscious mind, couched in the most grotesque style, and yet condensed to a degree of intensity—childlike in manner and feeling, and yet reaching by intuition points and extremes of ratiocination which others would not so well accomplish after days of labour, if indeed they ever could.'

And upon his return from the North he visited the Sage of Chelsea, then recently established in the house he has since continued to inhabit for so many years.

'Another morning was devoted to Carlyle. His manners and conversation are as unformed as his style; and yet, withal, equally full of genius. In conversation, he piles thought upon thought and imagining upon imagining, till the erection seems about to topple down with its weight. He lives in great retirement—I fear almost in poverty. To him, London and its mighty maze of society are nothing; neither he nor his writings are known. Young Milnes (whose poems you have doubtless read) told me that nobody knew of his existence; though he, Milnes, entertained for him personally the greatest regard. Carlyle said the strangest thing in the history of literature was his recent receipt of fifty pounds

from America, on account of his "French Revolution," which had never yielded him a farthing in Europe and probably never would. I am to meet Leigh Hunt at Carlyle's.' (Vol. ii. pp. 22-3.)

Forty years have made a great difference in all save the stubborn Scottish originality of this remarkable man!

But we have been led to anticipate. On his way back from the North, Sumner saw something of the great country houses of England, for he paid visits to Lord Wharncliffe at Wortley, to Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth and Milton, and to Mr. Coke, newly created Lord Leicester, at Holkham. Mr. Coke was probably then the only survivor whose voice had been raised in Parliament for the independence of the colonies in the great American war. At Milton our Bostonian was placed, rather cruelly, on the back of a Yorkshire hunter, with which he soon parted company, and he was struck with boundless astonishment at the hunting parsons, then not uncommon in that noble county. Sumner's tastes were more refined.

'I have seen York Minster. These wonderful piles of Gothic architecture fill my mind with an intenser glow than aught else I have seen or felt in England. Is not that saying a good deal? My happiest moments in this island have been when I saw Salisbury and Durham cathedrals. Much happiness have I enjoyed in the various distinguished and interesting society in which I have been permitted to mingle; but greater than all this was that which I felt when I first gazed upon the glorious buildings I have mentioned. Then it was that I was in communion with no single mind—bright and gifted though it be—but with whole generations. Those voiceless walls seemed to speak; and the olden time, with its sceptred pall, passed before me. Oh! it was with a thrill of pleasure that I looked from the spire of Salisbury, and wandered among the heavy arches of Durham, which I can never forget. At Durham I was with a most distinguished ornament of the church—Dr. Gilly—and with my namesake, the Lord Bishop of Chester, with Gally Knight, the old college friend of Byron, and with Dr. Buckland; but those venerable walls were more interesting, by far, than all that these men could say. And I remember no feast so rich in elevated pleasure—not those where the contributions of wit and learning have "outdone the meats, outdone the frolic wine." ' (Vol. i. pp. 373-4.)

Apropos of refinement, there does not seem to have been much of it in those days at the Court of the maiden Queen at Windsor.

'Rich, who is a gentleman of the bedchamber, was kind enough to invite me to visit him at Windsor Castle, and obtained special permission from her Majesty to show me the private rooms. I went down to breakfast, where we had young Murray (the head of the household), Lord Surrey, &c. Lord Byron, who you know was a captain in the navy, is a pleasant, rough fellow, who has not

many of the smooth turns of the courtier. He came rushing into the room where we were, crying out, "This day is a real *sneezer*; it is a *rum* one indeed. Will her Majesty go out to-day?" Lord Surrey hoped she would not, unless she would ride at the "slapping pace" at which she went the day before, which was twenty miles in two hours. You understand that her suite accompany the Queen in her equestrian excursions. Lord Byron proposed to breakfast with us; but they told him that he must go upstairs and breakfast with "the gals"—meaning the ladies of the bedchamber and maids of honour—Countess of Albemarle, Lady Byron, Lady Littleton, Miss Cavendish, &c. The ladies of the household breakfast by themselves, and sometimes her Majesty comes in and joins them, though she generally breakfasts quite alone; the gentlemen of the household also breakfast by themselves. Very soon Lord Byron came bouncing down, saying, "Murray, 'the gals' say that there is nothing but stale eggs in the castle." Again the ladies sent a servant to Murray (who I have said is the head of the royal household), complaining that there was no Scotch marmalade. Murray said it was very strange, as a very short time ago he paid for seven hundred pots of it. You will understand that I mention these trivial occurrences to let you know in the simplest way what passed. Of the splendours of Windsor you have read a hundred times, and all your friends who have been abroad can recount them; but such little straws as I am blowing to you will give you indications of the mode of life and manners in the castle. After breakfast (it having been mentioned to the Queen that I had arrived), we went into the private apartments, which are never shown except during the Queen's absence. The table was spread for dinner, and the plate was rich and massive. I did not like the dining-room so well as Lord Leicester's at Holkham, though it is more showy and brilliant. The drawing-rooms were quite rich. While wandering around with Mr. Rich and Lord Byron, we met the Duchess of Kent in her morning-dress—a short, squab person—who returned our profound obeisance with a gracious smile (you see I have caught the proper phrase). Some of the pictures at Windsor are very fine. I have never before seen anything by Rubens that pleased me, or that I could tolerate (except, perhaps, a picture at Holkham). There is one room devoted to Rubens. They were kind enough to invite me to visit them again at the castle, and Murray told me that a horse would be at my disposal to ride in the park and see the Virginia water. (Vol. ii. p. 16.)

The commencement of term brought Sumner back to London, and he assiduously attended the courts in Westminster Hall, writing to his master, Judge Story, minute accounts of the judges and the bar. Patteson and Parke he justly places, as lawyers, at the head of the Common Law Judges then on the bench, and the latter delighted Sumner by his courtesy, his reading, and his social distinction. To Mr. Justice Vaughan he was under great personal obligations, but he admits that his legal learning was slender. They used to say that he was a

judge *by prescription*, that is, he owed his promotion to the circumstance that his brother, Sir Henry Halford, was the King's physician. At the bar, the most conspicuous and attractive figure was undoubtedly Sir William Follett, and Sumner's sketch of him is delicately traced.

'Sir William Follett is truly a loveable person; and one great secret of his early success has been his amiability. He is about forty-two, and is still youthful in manners and conduct. As a speaker he is fluent, clear, and distinct, with a beautiful and harmonious voice. He seems to have a genius for law: when it comes to the stating a law point and its argument, he is at home, and goes on without let or hindrance, or any apparent exertion. His business is immense, and he receives many briefs which he hardly reads before he rises in court. His income is probably fifteen thousand pounds. Strange thing in the history of the bar, he is equally successful in the House of Commons, where I have heard them call for "Follett, Follett!" and here he shows a parliamentary eloquence of no common kind, and also wins by his attractive manner. He is the great favourite of the Tories, and, in the event of their return to power, would be Lord Chancellor—a leap wonderful to take, but which, all seem to agree, would be allowed to him. In the event of the death of Sir Robert Peel—such is the favour to him—I think he might become the leader of the Tories in the Commons, if he would consent, which is not at all probable. I do not think his politics are founded on much knowledge. Circumstances have thrown him into the Tory ranks, where he will doubtless continue. He has little or no information out of his profession—seems not to have read or thought much, and yet is always an agreeable companion. I feel an attachment for him, so gentle and kind have I always found him.' (Vol. ii. pp. 55–6.)

It is curious that Sumner should have passed over in silence the man who at that time was probably the most able and acute member of the whole profession, namely, Mr. Pemberton, afterwards Lord Kingsdown. But Pemberton confined himself almost entirely to the Rolls, with the exception of the House of Lords and the Privy Council; and his shy, unostentatious nature, accompanied by a fastidious dread of strangers, probably kept him entirely out of Sumner's reach. His subsequent career as a Judge at the Privy Council showed that Pemberton was really the man who combined with the most accurate learning the utmost breadth and vigour of judicial power.

Not having known Pemberton, the man who most excited Sumner's admiration was Charles Austin. In him he found combined the talents of a great advocate with boundless reading, originality of thought, and power of intellect—gifts which rendered him as captivating in society as he was distinguished

in his profession. Sumner regarded him as the only real *jurist* he had met in England; and in fact, though inferior in solid learning to his eminent brother John, such was Charles Austin's versatility that there were few branches of the law he had not explored. It is ever to be lamented that his great gifts were wasted on Parliamentary Committees, and when the time came that he might have entered Parliament and risen to a wider sphere of legal influence, his health failed, and he retired from the world. Sumner first met Austin at a dinner at Lord Durham's which deserves to be recorded.

'At Lord Durham's we had an interesting party. There were Sir Edward Codrington, Sir William Molesworth, Charles Buller, Joseph Parkes, Ward, son of "Tremaine" Ward, and M.P., whose motion on Irish affairs nearly upset the ministry; Charles Austin (the first lawyer in England, *me judice*); Gibbon Wakefield, Stanley, M.P. (not Lord), and Miss Martineau, who seemed surprised to meet me there. His Lordship is remarkable in personal appearance—slender, upright, with an open countenance, coal-black hair and eyes. He is very frank in the expression of his opinions, and uses good language without being fluent. There is also a slight tremulousness in his voice, which is not a little strange in one so long accustomed to public affairs. In language and thought he does not lack boldness. We were at a round table *à la Française*, and I sat between Buller and Lord Durham. His Lordship said that all the Canadian politicians—Papineau and all—were petty men; and that he should like nothing better than to have them all recalled, and to be allowed to deal with them. To one accustomed to politics on the broad stage of Europe, provincial actors seemed weak and paltry. I ventured to ask him what truth there was in the present reports with regard to the hostile intentions of Russia towards England. "Not a word of truth," said he; "I will give you leave to call me *idiot*, if there is a word of truth." You know he was ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg for a long time. He said that Russia was full of friendly regard for England; and he pronounced Urquhart, who is now going about the kingdom preaching against Russia, "a madman." . . . I happened to tell a story that I had heard from Lord Brougham: he looked me in the eye, and asked my authority for it. I replied, "Lord Brougham; I had it from his own lips." "Did you ever verify it?" was the short but significant reply. I have selected these little things, because they at once reveal in a few words his opinions with regard to some distinguished persons, and illustrate his frankness. Another subject was discussed with a freedom which could not have been found, I will venture to say, at the table of any other nobleman in the kingdom. The question was started whether, in the event of a demise of the crown, the present King of Hanover would be permitted to ascend the throne. Lord Durham was the only person in all the company who thought he would be. Sir Edward Codrington said: "For one, I would be damned if I would permit him to land!" . . . Among the projects for the improvement of the province

committed to his charge, Lord D. mentioned that he wished to have Goat Island blown up by gunpowder, in order to unite the Canadian and American Falls of Niagara, and thus give *unity* to the whole ! His Lordship's house is a very good one, and in some of its rooms reminds one of a country-place. I passed an hour with him one forenoon in conversation : he is strongly liberal, but a monarchist. He would abolish the corn-laws, grant the vote by ballot, an extension of the suffrage, and triennial Parliaments ; but he would not touch primogeniture—the worst thing in England. On this subject I had no little conversation with him—not to say an argument. I regard him, however, as honest and sincere in his opinions, and, as such, a most valuable leader of the Liberal party. He possesses courage, considerable acquirements, and a capacity for receiving information from others. I need not say that he has none of the great attributes of Brougham—his intense activity, his various learning, his infinite command of language. . . . I do not know if I have ever written you about Charles Austin. He is a more animated speaker than Follett—perhaps not so smooth and gentle ; neither is he, I think, so ready and instinctively sagacious in a law argument ; and yet he is powerful here, and is immeasurably before Follett in accomplishments and liberality of view. He is a fine scholar, and deeply versed in English literature and the British Constitution.' (Vol. ii. pp. 38–40.)

Even the verjuice of the poet Rogers melted into honey on the arrival of this American stranger, and a season in London would have been incomplete without a breakfast in the enchanted cell of St. James's Place. But Sumner was not altogether taken in by the elaborate courtesy of his reception.

'Believe I have often written you about Rogers. Of course, I have seen him frequently in society ; never did I like him till I enjoyed his kitchen at breakfast. As a converser Rogers is *unique*. The world, or report, has not given him credit enough for his great and peculiar powers in this line. He is terse, epigrammatic, dry, infinitely to the point, full of wisdom, of sarcasm, and cold humour. He says the most ill-natured things, and does the best. He came up to me at Miss Martineau's, where there was a little party of very clever people, and said : " Mr. Sumner, it is a great piece of benevolence in you to come here." Determined not to be drawn into a slur upon my host, I replied : " Yes, " Mr. Rogers, of benevolence to myself." As we were coming away, Rogers, Harness, Babbage, and myself were walking together down the narrow street in which Miss M. lives, when the poet said : " Who but ' the Martineau could have drawn us into such a hole ? " And yet I doubt not he has a sincere liking for Miss M. ; for I have met her at his house, and he afterwards spoke of her with the greatest kindness. His various sayings that are reported about town, and his conversation as I had caught it at evening parties, had impressed me with a great admiration of his powers, but with a positive dislike. I love frankness and truth. But his society at breakfast has almost obliterated my first impressions. We were alone ; and he showed all those wonderful

paintings, and we talked till far into the afternoon. I have seldom enjoyed myself more; it was a luxury, in such rooms, to listen to such a man, before whom the society of the last quarter of a century had all passed—he alone unchanged; to talk, with such a poet, of poetry and poets, of Wordsworth and Southey and Scott; and to hear his opinions, which were given with a childlike simplicity and frankness. I must confess his great kindness to me. He asked my acceptance of the new edition of his poems, and said: "I shall be happy to see any friend of yours, morning, noon, or night;" and all his kindness was purely volunteer, for my acquaintance with him grew from simply meeting him in society.' (Vol. ii. pp. 42-3.)

In spite of Sumner's veneration for the English judges, and his discriminating analysis of the bar, he ventures on the opinion that he has 'heard a style of argument before our Supreme Court at Washington superior to anything he had heard here.' We are unable to make the comparison. But there has long been at the English bar an aversion to oratorical display, except on very rare occasions which seem to admit of it; and, on the whole, the business of our courts is conducted in a very plain matter-of-fact way, which may have seemed tame to an American ear, especially to Sumner, who had in him the instinct and the powers of an orator. Indeed, we fear that if he could now renew his visits to Westminster Hall, he would not find that an interval of forty years has raised or improved the intellectual, legal, or oratorical powers of those who preside or argue there. On the contrary, with some few exceptions, he would find, we regret to avow it, a great and palpable decline. On the bench he would look in vain for the strength, the concentration, the learning, the masterful authority of those earlier days. At the bar he would seek in vain for eloquence, or even advocacy, of the highest order, and he would learn with extreme surprise that one of the most eminent members of the English bar in 1878—a man without a superior, and almost without a rival—was the *cit-devant* Secretary of State to the Southern Confederacy. There is no man now known to be existing, who can be compared to Follett, Charles Austin, Pemberton, Cockburn, or Bethell at their best. More serious still is the fact that the *status* of an English judge has notably declined. The great augmentation in the number of judges, the divisions of the courts into upper and lower ranks, the abolition of peculiar courts, and the modern habits of the judicial body, have concurred to extinguish that rare and almost sacerdotal dignity which from an early period of our history had clung to the King's Judges. They are now regarded as magistrates—respected but not revered. A taste for histrionic display,

utterly repugnant to the old English character, has been allowed to manifest itself on the bench, and one of the consequences of this change has been that suits, frivolous or scandalous in themselves, and raising no real questions of law, are sometimes drawn out to interminable length, as if they were carried on for the amusement of the public. The prolixity of modern judicial proceedings is a proof of weakness on the part of those who conduct them; and at a time when perpetual appeals are made to Parliament for additional judges, it is singularly inconsistent that the time of the courts should so often be consumed in irrelevant enquiries and impertinent recrimination. Sumner visited England in better times, and accordingly he took away with him a lofty idea and impression of the administration of justice in this country.

The truth is that the new Judicature Act has led to some results, probably unforeseen, and certainly inconvenient. Under the old system all the judges of the Common Law Courts were equal. Their *status* was the same. Their duties were the same. Even the Chief Justice of each Court was only *primus inter pares*. The Judicature Act has introduced for the first time in this country two classes of judges—the judges of the Lower Division and the judges of the intermediate Court of Appeal. The *status* of the former is obviously inferior to that of the latter: yet upon these judges of the Lower Division is thrown by far the largest share of work; the chief expense, fatigue, and labour of the circuits; and the greater part of the business at *Nisi Prius*. The judges of the Appeal Court have less to do; they sit ordinarily at Westminster; when they go circuit their expenses are paid; they do not, strictly speaking, habitually try causes, but hear appeals; and they have all been made Privy Councillors, which gives them social rank and precedence. The obvious consequence of this line of division is that it will be difficult to prevail on men having a large and lucrative practice at the bar to accept one of the lower judgeships. Men of high legal reputation and ambition, as well as men who have risen to eminence in political life, will stand out for the higher appointment, and will get it. This evil might be obviated by a strict adherence to a rule that no judge should be appointed to the Court of Appeal until he had served at least three years in one of the Divisional Courts. Never again will lawyers of the eminence of James Parke, Patteson, Maule, and Coleridge, consent to pass their lives in the rank of puisne judges; and the consequence is that the trial of causes in first instance, whether at *Nisi Prius* or on circuit, will gradually pass into the hands of the second

rank of the profession, whilst the first legal talent of the country is sublimated into the Courts of Appeal. The bar will suffer by the same process of deterioration, for if it comes to be believed that the real strength of the judicial bench is reserved for the Courts of Appeal, the leaders of the bar will find it their interest to practise there. The Courts of Appeal have been improved by the Judicature Act, but they have been improved at the expense of the lower courts, and by the separation of the judges, who used formerly to sit as Judges of First Instance and as Judges of Appeal, *vicissim*. This may prove a very serious evil and even danger; for, after all, it is in the Courts of First Instance that the chief legal business of the nation is and ought to be transacted. It is a hardship on suitors to drive them to a second court, because the first court is deficient in strength or authority. The business of Courts of Appeal is to settle doubtful questions of law and to remedy miscarriages of justice. But five-sixths of the decisions of courts, properly constituted, ought not to be matters of appeal at all. We can conceive no greater calamity to our law than that the judges of the Divisional Courts should lose that *prestige* which they undoubtedly enjoyed when Mr. Sumner visited England. One sees, even by his experience, that the supply of judicial talent of a high order is by no means inexhaustible; nor do we think that it has increased in modern times. The large augmentation in the number of the judges, in addition to the draught on the profession to fill up the county-court judgeships with men of respectable abilities, has, we fear, considerably lowered the standard, and the causes we have pointed out tend to increase the evil in the Lower Divisional Courts.

To these considerations might be added another objection of some constitutional importance. It has been held for the last two centuries that the complete independence of the judges is secured by leaving them nothing to fear and nothing to hope for from the Ministers of the Crown. Except in the rare cases of promotion to a chief seat in one of the courts, they were placed beyond all expectation of preferment. That is no longer the case. Human nature being what it is, it is impossible that the judges of the Divisional Courts should not aspire to sit eventually in the Court of Appeal, and conceive themselves to be slighted when others are put above them. The sacred equality of these ministers of the law is at an end; and the consequence is that conflicting claims may be inconveniently felt. The appointment and preferment of judges is, after all, in the hands of the political servants of the

Crown, and we cannot profess to feel unlimited confidence in the manner in which that power has been exercised by statesmen of either party.

We are not prepared to follow Mr. Sumner in the tour he made on the Continent, for to ourselves the chief attraction of these volumes lies in his reminiscences of English society. But although he had landed in Europe with no knowledge of art, and but small acquaintance with foreign languages and literatures, it is a proof of the aptitude and flexibility of his mind that within a very few months he felt the keenest enjoyment and interest in the artistic life of Rome and in the literature of Italy, which he transferred, a little later, to the lecture-rooms and legal circles of Berlin and Heidelberg. We are told that he read Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Guicciardini, Alfieri, Nicolini, and Manzoni, all in three months, during which he was actively engaged in travelling and visiting the galleries and monuments of the South,—but this argues a very superficial acquaintance with Italy and Italian literature. His biographer says that of public life or fame as an orator he had at that time no thought. He was absorbed in literature and the pursuit of knowledge. His knowledge was extensive, but as in law so in Italian literature, we are afraid it must be acknowledged that it was *thin*. His enthusiasm in study led to surface without depth. The great idol of his admiration was Burke, and in the speeches of his later life he was obviously straining after that incomparable model of political wisdom and eloquence. Perhaps it was unfortunate for Sumner that he aimed at the style of the most ornate of English orators. He had already too strong a tendency to the florid, and even bombastic; and the ornaments with which he loaded his writings and speeches were apt to tumble from the heroic into the commonplace.

At length, after some delightful weeks at Naples and Rome, where he had the happiness to discover and raise from the dust the nascent and latent genius of Crawford, the American sculptor, Fortunatus's purse began to get low, the five thousand dollars were almost spent, and the dream of fourteen months was over. In May 1839 he awoke in Boston.

This return to the light of common day, after so many brilliant visions, was rather trying—the more so as the people he met, beyond his own immediate circle, were soon tired of hearing Sumner talk of the great people he had seen and heard in England. This reminds us of an anecdote which came under our own observation some years later. Mr. Seward, who was afterwards Secretary of State, paid a visit

to London; he was, of course, well received, and a dinner was given him;—further, he was told that, if it was agreeable to himself, nothing would be easier than to present a man of his distinction to Lord Palmerston, Lord Lansdowne, and other leading men of the time and members of the Government. To this offer Mr. Seward replied: ‘No, sir, I don’t wish to make their acquaintance. There was Mr. Sumner, who came to England, and saw a good deal of your aristocracy. I believe they were very civil to him; but in our country *it did him a great deal of harm.*’ So Mr. Seward was resolved to steer clear of that rock.

In private life Sumner incurred a little friendly ridicule (to which he was keenly sensitive) on the score of his aristocratical English acquaintance; and when he entered public life, and became a Senator, and the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, the imputation of being over-friendly to English interests was one which told against him. The consequence was, that he was driven into the opposite extreme, and no American could so ill afford, or indeed was so little disposed, to make even reasonable concessions (if concessions had been required) to this country. It is unnecessary, however, that we should pursue this part of the subject, for the volumes now before us are brought to a close in the year 1845, when Sumner was thirty-four years of age, and before he had entered public life.

The last incident in his career which they record was the delivery of the Fourth of July Anniversary Oration in 1845, which brought him very prominently before the public. That discourse was an elaborate and enthusiastic protest against war. His main thesis was that ‘in our age there can be no peace that is not honourable; there can be no war that is not dishonourable.’ The eloquence and earnestness with which he urged the cause of universal peace affected his audience, but did not convert the wiser part of them, and it would be needless to revert to it. Twenty years later Sumner was one of the most ardent champions in the prosecution of a civil war of enormous magnitude; and it was not his fault if hostilities with Europe were not added to the dreadful sacrifices exacted of his country.

It is true these sacrifices were exacted in a cause which became even more dear to the heart of Sumner than peace itself, when the whole energy of his being was absorbed in the grand object of the extirpation of slavery from the land. He had not joined in early life the anti-slavery party, and he seems to have thought that Garrison and his friends were carrying their

agitation beyond the point which the laws of the Union, tolerant of slavery in the Southern States, could sanction. But as time advanced his horror of slavery increased. He saw the influence of the slave states paralysing and perverting the noblest aspirations of the nation. He saw the legislation of the Union strained to perpetuate the bondage of the negro race. Then it was that the generous ardour of Charles Sumner for freedom and the equal rights of every race of man broke forth like a fire. He became one of the most conspicuous, as he was one of the ablest, of the liberators of the slaves, and his task in life thenceforth was to carry on that work to the end, cost what it might. And he was the first victim of the struggle. In his place in the Senate House he was struck with brutal violence with a loaded staff on the back of the neck by one of the representatives of South Carolina. Had his frame been less herculean, and his courage less undaunted, the blow must have proved fatal. As it was it consigned him to years of extreme suffering and broken health. It was well said by Sir George C. Lewis at the time, that the blow aimed at Charles Sumner's neck was the first stroke of a civil war. This incident will remain in history. Men are more remembered by what they have suffered and endured, than by what they have enjoyed and done. Fourteen volumes of orations, and these amusing volumes of his juvenile correspondence, will contribute less to the fame of Sumner than that base blow in the Capitol; and we remember, when it was our fate to meet him in after life, during the severe treatment required for his wound, and when with indomitable courage he had risen over this tremendous shock to his frame, that the aspirations of his earlier life appeared to have expanded into real magnanimity and greatness.

ART. V.—*Titian, his Life and Times, with some Account of his Family, chiefly from new and unpublished records.* By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE. 2 vols. London: 1876.

The Colour-Sense. By the Right Honourable W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. 'The Nineteenth Century,' October, 1877.

IN his address to the students of St. Andrews on 'The Hopes of Theology,' delivered last year, Dean Stanley directed their attention to the necessity of 'Definition' as an indispensable element in its study and discussion. A similar

necessity may be pleaded in another sphere of thought—namely, in that of Art; a domain in which definition is at once more difficult and less important. For not only does the philosophy of art address itself to fewer minds, but, as compared with that of theology, a far lower responsibility, fortunately, is attached to the precision and justness of its canons. It may sound uncourteous to suggest that to this far lower responsibility may be assigned the readiness with which questions of art are treated, and opinions on it pronounced in modern society. But, whatever the cause, it is undeniable that few topics occupy a larger space of the ordinary conversation of social circles, and that to those who study mankind as well as pictures few are more curious to overhear. The chief characteristic observable in these discussions is a union of timidity and self-mistrust, with what may be termed the reverse of both; which operates in curiously opposite directions. For if it be a rare exception to meet with one who has the courage to form an opinion of his own, it is equally rare to find another who has the humility to submit to be thought without one. In this dilemma each borrows the best ideas he can gather from his neighbour, who, if the truth were known, has obtained them by the same secondhand process himself. In short, the chief result is a faithful illustration of Hans Andersen's fable of 'The Emperor's clothes'—*minus* the child. It is only just to add that this unanimous agreement in what Carlyle would call 'a great sham' has been fostered by a class of modern literature which has reduced, or rather expanded, a limited and profoundly philosophical vocabulary into little better than a fashionable jargon.

For the principles which govern art are, as we have hinted, of a peculiarly recondite nature; not always capable of being defined by the Painter himself. That which addresses itself specially to the judgment of the eye, leaves little to be said by a different organ. To the uninitiated the laws which underlie a fine work—what may be called the painter's *reasons*—are not even so much as matters of speculation; for where no difficulty is perceived, no mystery is suspected. This is the natural homage paid by outsiders to the art which is especially bound to conceal its art. Yet, in truth, the painter's craft may be said to be a network of secrets; every part of it—composition, lines, light and shade, masses, and, foremost of all, colour—being based on subtle and intricate laws gradually and patiently wrung from the observation of nature.

Gathering, however, the prevalent ideas which float on the surface of society, it would appear that, far from being a

matter of study and experience, 'the feeling for colour,' as the accepted term goes, is an instinct belonging to certain races; born with them in the same sense of a natural choice and necessity as eating and drinking, or making a nest. Oriental and southern races are especially credited with this instinct, and the picturesqueness of colour in costume and accessories of life with which they are traditionally surrounded is cited as sufficient evidence of the fact. None will deny that they are thus surrounded with all that a painter's soul loveth, and have been so from time immemorial; the question only is whether these environments have been matters of choice, and attributable to the cravings of an inward sense. For instinct—to be careful in our own definitions—has its source, whether in man or animal, strictly from within, and is no further definable than as a psychological fact; whereas the use, the habit, or the knowledge of colour is derived from causes which lie strictly without. Far from the desire for harmonious combinations being implanted by nature in the races we have mentioned, nothing is more certain than that, left to their own choice, they evince no consciousness of it. The Eastern woman before a bandbox of gaudy Manchester goods will select a combination which sets your teeth on edge. The Italian peasants, who go mechanically through a gallery, evince no more apprehension of their great colourists than one of our own boors would do. If the *contadino* be rich enough to build his house, he will insult the ineffable harmonies of his native landscape by painting it all over a pale pink, or crude blue; while the Italian washerwoman, or tradesman's wife, just above the peasant class, and therefore above the prescriptions of costume, will on fête days rejoice in an exaggeration of bad taste unequalled elsewhere. Dugald Stewart is said to have instanced the babe as a proof of a natural desire for colour, but of all examples this is least tenable. The babe grasps at the coral, or at a bit of shining metal, not from any inborn preference, but because it distinguishes such objects most easily. In short, if we must admit the fact of an instinct for colour in any race, it can be only in one which does it little honour—namely, in the appetite for red paint and bright beads which characterises the full-grown babe, i.e. the Savage.

But how shall we account for the rich harmonies and delightful tones which are seen in every accessory of Oriental life? The first step is to turn from all theories of instinct, to those outward causes by which the relative property of colour is evoked. Nothing, we must remember, stands alone in this universe. To reach one thing we must pass through another;

and the property of colour, far from presenting any exception to this principle, is a striking illustration of it. Accordingly the thing in the sense of art called 'colour,' is never absolute in itself, but derives its value, like the varying lots of human life, from comparison with what is next and around it. The same tint will be bright or dull according to its environments. As a rule, no colour in a fine work will be found so bright as it looks, and inversely no colour in bad or ordinary work will look so bright as it is. A tawny sail on a grey sea and sky by Ruysdael will shine like a ruby, while all the reds, blues, and yellows indiscriminately shuffled together, as in most of the painted glass of the present day, will fail to produce the effect of brilliancy, and, indeed, each of them will destroy its neighbour. Of this principle of interdependence in the scale of his palette the true painter becomes more and more conscious; his chief art being to work it out in practice. But no similar consciousness can be attributed to unreasoning races. Therefore, for such evidences of the prevalence of fine colour as are found among them, a different operation of the same principle must be sought.

In countries where there is much *light*, we shall invariably find rich and harmonious colouring in the costumes of men and the trappings of animals. Much light bleaches the landscape, and for the greater part of the year, and, in some localities, for the year round, the eye rests only on an arid and neutral-coloured world. This monotony renders all colour, as such, both precious and distinct. Nature sets the example by the brilliant plumage of her birds, and the hues of smaller creatures—a brilliancy never raw or crude: and Nature herself gives the materials as well as the example for the same harmonies in the accessories of human life. Eastern races have for ages been aware that only the rich and true colours supplied by their native dyes—the madders, indigos, &c.—and their combinations, will stand the hot and dazzling conditions of their climate. The use of these colours has therefore become such a mere habit that the reasons for their preference may be said to be forgotten. The selection of the fittest has been made for them by Nature herself; it being reserved for the Englishwoman in India, who ignores this law, to discover with dismay the dirty mixture to which her fresh Parisian dress in the last tint of the fashion is promptly reduced. Even in their fadings the dyes of India and Arabia—aided by the quality of the native wools which have an affinity for them—maintain their relative harmonies; and the painter will often prefer the worn rug, or robe, to the new one. Nor

must we overlook another reason for richness and depth of tone, equally independent of the taste of man; namely, the use of colour as an ingredient of distinctness. Seen from afar, across the neutral mass of the ocean, the brilliant hues of the ship's flag, or pennon, are no matter of mere taste or fancy, but of necessity. In the same way the robe and the turban of the traveller in the Desert, and the housings of his horse or camel, have their allotted purpose.

Thus it appears that the harmonious combinations of the Persian carpet, or Indian shawl, are hardly to be credited so much to the 'feeling for colour' of the native weaver, as to the light and heat which render all false tints fugitive, and which these combinations alone resist; the providence of Nature having also bestowed materials in which he can hardly go amiss. Not that we would deny to the Eastern weaver, who in such countries offers the only approach to the position of a painter, the exercise of taste, and that sometimes of a high kind; the result of the culture of the eye under long-continued traditional arrangements; but he moves and works, to a great extent, in a groove formed for centuries before him.

To turn now to our own land, where, far from having the light and heat and consequent neutral monotony of landscape to which we have endeavoured to trace the use of the rich colouring of the East, our native landscape presents, more or less, all the year round a mass of that colour most foreign to the Oriental eye, and most grateful to our own; namely that of a soft and refreshing verdure. We sigh for nothing better, nor for more harmonious correlatives than the time-worn hues of stone or brick—the grey church tower, and the old brick mansion—the neutral yellows and greys of the cornfield, whether in ear or stubble—and the ever-changing varieties of grey and luminous cloud; all of which receive a relative value from the surrounding green. Other forms of so-called 'colour,' such as masses of sparkling mosaic, patches of enamel, painted architecture, even precious marbles, are not what the prevalent tones of English landscape and sky really relieve. The lady's Indian shawl is known to be the true and choice thing by a limited jury, but, in her heart, the lady's maid thinks it a dull affair to have cost so much. For we have not light, and therefore neutral tint enough to set it off.

That under these differing and even unfavouring conditions, English art, from the period of its revival, should have been pre-eminent in the quality of 'colour,' may be said to be in some degree also the natural consequence of our external world. Dingy cities and gloomy skies engender the desire for mimic

scenes of greater brightness. It is characteristic that modern Italian painters frequently choose those misty effects they seldom see—we have too much of them. To anticipate, however, a fair criticism on our argument, we are perfectly ready, while contending for the nullity of instinct for colour in races, to admit it to the utmost in individuals. A delight in colour is as natural to one man as the same in music is to another. To ask why is to reason beyond our scope. It is a matter of temperament as much as sanguineness or hopelessness is. Colourists, like poets, are born, not made. But the fact remains that the East, in the modern sense, has never produced a school of colourists at all. Mr. Gladstone's arguments endeavour to show that the Greeks in Homer's time did not even possess that visual organisation necessary to distinguish the 'qualitative' character of colour. He might have added that the very exclusiveness of the devotion of the Greek artists to form, and their pre-eminence in it, point to the corresponding absence of feeling, and therefore of temptation, in the colour direction. The relics of antique pictures display a sculpturesque arrangement of fine forms, delicately tinted, but of the science of colour and chiaroscuro, as developed by Titian and Rembrandt, they would seem to have had as little idea as of the science of music as developed by Mozart. Even where Greek influence penetrated into Italy, as in Naples and in the South, no school of painting worthy the name arose. While, therefore, admitting that the French connoisseurs showed their discernment at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, by pronouncing the chief characteristic of the English pictures to be that of 'colour,' it may be safely prophesied that the supposed cultivation of this quality among us, by means of dingy paper-hangings, gaudy painted glass, the soulless routine of Schools of Design, and Doré's pictures, will never succeed in implanting or educating a *popular* taste for this 'centre jewel of the Painter's crown.'

And now for the relative causes for the Venetian pre-eminence in this quality, to which all this theorising has been tending. Venice is not hotter, if so hot, as other centres of Italian art, and has no land to be bleached into monotony by the radiance of light that pours down upon her. Other causes, however, have surrounded her with those cool and neutral tints which give value to all the warmer scale. Whoever, with 'a reasoning eye, has had the privilege of using it in Venice, is made aware how largely that glorious tide of exquisitely coloured salt water, which surges backwards and forwards through her every vein and artery, is accountable for the brilliancy and distinctness of all objects near and upon it.

The lichen-grown, time-stained, and salt-rusted palaces which sparkle as with an inner light, and throw reflections more brilliant than themselves on the quivering waters beneath, would be deprived of half their lustre did they stand on dry land. By the same rule, too, the rusty black gondola—absolutely brown, though relatively black—and all the soiled and common crafts, carrying the daily uses of a great city, that glide on the bosom of the grand canal, are tenfold more distinct to the eye than the most gorgeous of Lord Mayor's coaches that ever jolted through High Holborn.

Nowhere, in short, does the artist imbibe such direct lessons on the causes of colour and of distinctness of effect as in the salt-water streets of this unique city. As the first fruits of this teaching we may venture to point to the rich character of the Venetian glass, unrivalled already by the end of the thirteenth century; what the Republic, in point of commercial importance, called 'the pupil of her eye,' and scarcely less important in the sense of art. In the isolation and activity of the Venetian people this manufacture would seem to have partially engrossed and satisfied the native demand for richly coloured ornament. For it is remarkable how comparatively slow they were in catching the infection of that purely pictorial art which had spread like a wild flower through the chief cities of Italy. The fetters of Byzantine prescription, as regards religious art—nowhere seen in grander forms than in the mysterious temple of S. Marco—hung longer in Venice than elsewhere. In vain did Giotto reign supreme from north to south of the Peninsula; in vain were some of his finest works executed as near as Padua; no trace of his influence is found in Venice. His best pupil, and that pupil's son, Taddeo and Agnolo Gaddi, resided even in Venice for some time; but, curious to say, they ceased to be painters there, and turned into merchants. Venetian art is in this respect exceptional, that it did not pass through the usual preliminary stages of the Renaissance. No timid stirrings of spiritual feeling in tempera have remained; no grand frescoed scenes decorate the ample walls of her stately churches; but when the dawn of native art finally broke, its earliest rays woke up a paradise of colour.

To return, therefore, to the peculiar material conditions of Venice, it is to them, and not to the contact with the East, that may be attributed those features of the art which rose at once with it—richness of colour and distinctness of effect—which are traceable through the Vivarini, Carpaccio, and Giovanni Bellini, up to the perfection of their development in the person of Titian.

The life and career of this great man were essentially those of a painter only. He was not tempted from his path by other gifts of genius like the universal and fastidious Leonardo da Vinci; nor was he tortured and thwarted in it by ignorance and tyranny like the noble and unhappy Michael Angelo. Rather do we perceive in the complete working out of his powers from youth to extreme old age, the unmistakeable reflex of a Republic under which its subjects traded, wrote, and painted with a freedom then unknown elsewhere. Venice, it is true, was no Arcadia from which envy, hatred, and malice were banished; nevertheless, it is to a greater liberty and justice of government that we must ascribe the comparative absence of that '*odium pictorum*' which stains the annals of other centres of Italian art. Pictures of priceless worth perished in Venice by fire, and external frescoes by the corrosion of the salt-laden air; but no record has been left of the destruction of great works, or of the personal injury to great painters by the evil passions of rival masters. Titian had his share of the trials, and faults too, inherent in an age of baseness and insincerity, but these did not obstruct the course of his work. It may be truly said that the power of painting, as such, could no further go, than it was carried by his pencil. He discovered all her secrets, commanded all her resources, conquered all her difficulties, and practised all her subjects. His fame is almost unique of its class; for he was not only the most fashionable painter of his own day, and has remained the most popular of succeeding times, but he may also be pronounced *par excellence* the painters' painter for all times. And if, in spite of this sweeping panegyric, certain qualities, such as the highest spirituality of expression and refinement of form, are absent from his canvas, it is because they were incompatible with other qualities more proper to himself, in which he was unsurpassable.

The compilers of Titian's life have done more service to their subject by their knowledge of art, than by their historical discoveries. A painter's life, like a woman's, does not gain by being eventful. The less said of him out of his studio the better, and such incidents as his biographers have elicited are apt to be misconstrued. Titian's name is associated with that of Emperors and Princes; but the fact that this connexion is marked by few generous deeds on the one part, and by few noble motives on the other, is more his misfortune than his fault. The old Italian writers who treat of Titian dwell on the friendship of such men as Charles V. and Philip II. as the highest glory of his life. The present biographers prove in a business-

like way how frequently they cheated him. If, too, they show that Titian was no mean match for royal patrons who forgot to pay, they make it clear at the same time that his protest against these 'bad debts' was at all events conducted with more manly openness than was then customary. Instead, therefore, of charging this to the score of greed and avarice on the part of the great painter, we see only a proceeding natural to a Venetian citizen accustomed to the language of business and trade. His own government were sharp and cautious, but they paid for what they ordered, and gave what they promised. In the spirit of the age, monopolies, sinecures, and such side-wind gains, took the place of more regular contracts. As soon, for instance, as Titian began to take rank as a painter, he kept his eye on a certain '*Sanseria*,' or 'Broker's Patent,' held by Giovanni Bellini from the Signory, worth 100 ducats a year, with exemption from taxes to the amount of twenty more. This, with certain conditions of painting-work attached, he ultimately obtained, and except when absent from the State, or once, when displaced by an intrigue of Pordenone, he enjoyed it for life. But the patents and pensions awarded him by the friendship of Sovereigns had a very different result. The retrospect of these favours accorded to Titian, always for hard service done, presents something ludicrous now, though no laughing matter then. There was a pension on the Milan Treasury from Charles V., who even had the generosity to double it; a privilege for the carriage of grain from the same on the Treasury at Naples; a '*Naturalezza*' for his son in Spain from Philip II.; a right of cutting timber from a forest in the Tyrol belonging to the King of Bohemia, and Church benefices from the Duke of Mantua, and others. But the united returns from all these sources were as slender as precarious, and only obtained at all by bribes and fees, which further curtailed them. Sometimes the painter received an instalment in the form of an inconvenient commodity, such as rice. One benefice which failed to pay entailed only the gain of a loss, being saddled with an annuitant who vexed his soul with dunning letters. Further, some of his noble patrons tempted him with the bait of benefices not theirs to bestow; while Clement VII. outdid all by promising him the '*Piombo*,' or sealing of the Papal Bulls, a handsome sinecure which he had already bestowed on Sebastiano Luciano. Under all these vicissitudes Titian's letters of remonstrance to 'Cæsar,' and other potentates, though couched in the insincere phraseology of the day, show no crouching spirit. He wrote to Charles V. in terms of singular boldness, stating the unprofitable nature

of his Catholic Majesty's numerous gifts, and hoping 'that the liberal mind of the greatest Emperor that ever lived will not suffer his orders to be contemned by his ministers.' At the same time he fortified his appeal by the gift of a picture of the 'Madonna Addolorata,' still in the Madrid Gallery, 'the sorrowing expression of whose countenance will,' he hopes, by a rather profane application, 'convey to your Majesty the quality of my troubles.'

To Philip II. he is still more explicit. 'The letters' (or literally the paper money) 'with which I am favoured by your Majesty in respect of the payments due to me in Genoa, have had no effect. Whence it appears that one who is able to conquer the proudest and most powerful of enemies with his marvellous valour, is so little obeyed by his ministers as that I can ever hope to obtain the moneys assigned to me by your Grace. . . I therefore humbly beg that your Majesty will conquer the obstinate insolence of these persons, by ordering that I be at once paid.' At the expiration of another fruitless year Titian renews his entreaties, and again, as with Charles V., he bespeaks spiritual intercession. This time in the shape of a picture of the Magdalen 'who appears before you with tears, and as a suppliant in favour of your most devoted servant.'

In this way Titian was always sending good pictures after bad money. It appears that between the years 1556 and 1567 he had expedited fourteen pictures to Philip, as reminders of moneys due; some of them, such as the Venus and Adonis, Diana and Calisto, Diana and Actæon, and the Martyrdom of St. Laurence, being glorious specimens of his art. In summing these up in a letter to Philip's secretary, he adds that these fourteen had been sent 'with many others which I do not remember;' for all of which he never received a '*quattrino*.' It is true that Titian lost nothing for lack of asking, and would even feign to be poorer than he was, the better to urge his claims. But the labourer in those times could ill afford to be very scrupulous in pleading for his hire—even had that labour not been such as to throw lustre on the thrones for which it was executed, and the lands which have inherited it.

As to the stories of his jealousy of other painters—even of his mere journeyman assistant, his brother, Francesco Vecelli—these are easily cast aside when we know how fair and generous he was to artists who might be called rivals. He reminded the people at Brescia, who wanted portraits by his hand, that they had a great portrait painter of their own, by name Moretto. He refused a commission from the Chapter at Parma, saying

they could employ no better man than Correggio. From Augsburg he sends his compliments to Lorenzo Lotto, wishing that so good a painter and judge, invaluable as a critic, were with him; and when, for a picture of Philip, a design by Coello was sent him, he wrote back that with so clever a painter in Spain, His Majesty need never send for pictures from a foreign land.

To turn, however, to his own art and life. No great painter so clearly tells the place of his own birth as Titian. The landscape of Cadore, its dolomites, torrents, distant mountains, and even its castle, and the very chestnut trees in the village called 'Sotto Castello,' are repeated in his backgrounds. Titian, or, more properly, Tiziano Vecelli, was born at Pieve, in the province of Cadore, in 1477; a few months after Giorgione, and a year or two before Palma Vecchio. His biography is no exception to those of most great Italian painters, which, in point of legendary stories, rival the Roman Calendar itself. In times when no one thought of visiting localities or searching documents, biographers could indite pretty much what they pleased. It mattered little whether a picture was painted to corroborate a fable, or a fable written to identify a picture. Italian writers evidently felt that Titian's genius as a man required him, poetically speaking, to have been a prodigy in his childhood. In confirmation of this a pretty tale is told, dating from the seventeenth century, by a cousin of the master thrice removed, who relates that such was the child's instinct for art, that, with colours extracted by himself from the juice of flowers, he painted a Madonna on the wall of the house in which he lived, which was the admiration and wonder of all who beheld it. Whether the story led to the picture, or *vice versa*, matters not. Like as with a picture of the Virgin Mary, covered with Eastern inscriptions, for which she had sat to St. Luke, which had been walled up for eighteen centuries in a well at Jerusalem, and then turned out to be of the school of Correggio—this picture, by the boy Titian, which still exists on the inner wall of the house next that believed to have been his father's, is pronounced by the laconic verdict of Sir Charles Eastlake to be 'an ordinary wall-painting of later date by an unskilful hand.'*

The further tradition that Titian derived the first rudiments of art from a Friulian master—the pedigree of that master, one Antonio Rosso, being minutely made out by local antiquaries till it touches the required period—has as little foundation.

According to all trustworthy evidence the boy was taken to Venice at nine or ten years of age to learn a trade; and that in such a workshop he should be led to prefer the trade of a painter needs no explanation. But there Venetian history leaves him, as it does many others. Two masters, by that time in Venice, were especially capable of rearing the robust seedling into flower;—namely, the brothers Gentile and Giovanni Bellini,—both elderly, and both having adopted the use of the oil medium, first introduced into Venice by Antonello da Messina in 1473. This frontier period, where the refinements of the tempera method passed over into the facilities of oil, was perhaps the most favourable that ever occurred for the development of young artists. There is the less need, therefore, to unravel the further fables concerning Titian's art education; which assign his teaching first to Gentile Bellini, and then to Giovanni, with puerile reasons why the one quarrelled with him, and he with the other, and then place him in partnership with Giorgione. That he derived teaching from both the great brothers, and especially from Giovanni, is not to be doubted. The present biographers have not been able to extend our knowledge as to Titian's early works, nor as to the positive date of the greater part of his pictures. There was much to be done in painting furniture and '*cassoni*,' which probably gave occupation to the youthful hand, but have transmitted no clue to it. A fresco of the figure of Hercules on the Morosini Palace, long obliterated, is reported by Sansovino to have been the work of Titian. In truth, that demand for portable, indoors pictures, which had long prevailed among the noble and wealthy in other parts of Italy, and was destined to be developed by our master and his contemporaries, had hardly commenced in Venice. The biographers, who have collected a world of reference, with which these heavy, ill-arranged, queerly expressed, and unpicturesque volumes seem to a most creditable and incredible extent, can fix on no other example of his first efforts than the small Madonna to which his name is attached in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna. The comparison between this timid, but sympathetic work, and the splendid Holy Family with the Child giving cherries to the Madonna, in the same gallery, shows a breadth of development between the two only observable in the greatest masters. One slight clue to the chronology of his pictures, which has escaped the biographers, has been observed by a connoisseur, viz.: that in his earlier works the principal colours are the gayest a painter can use—red and green; in his later works, orange and blue. Thus the St. Mark enthroned, in the Salute at Venice,

painted in 1512, has a predominance of the red and green. The Assumption in the Belle Arti, 1518, preserves in great measure the same; while the Bacchus and Ariadne, adjudged to 1523, but possibly later, and the Pesaro altar-piece in the Frari, finished in 1526, both abound with the finest treatment of blue and yellow.

The first positive record of Titian's hand are his fresco labours under Giorgione on the 'Fondaco dei Tedeschi,' close to the Rialto. This building had been destroyed by fire in 1505. Funds from the Salt Revenue, which paid for all outlays for architecture and decoration in the Venetian public buildings, were assigned to replace it on a larger scale. By May 1507, the new 'Fondaco' was ready for roofing, and between that time and November 1508, when Giorgione's frescoes were valued, Titian and he laboured in their suspended stagings before the newly finished walls. One luminous spot, like the glow of a sunset, is now the sole remaining evidence of the original splendour. No fresco operations can permanently stand the influence, not of the damp, for Venice is singularly dry, but of her salt-laden atmosphere. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century they in great measure survived, for a print, dated 1658, gives the complete form of the 'Judith' by Titian; but a century later, in 1755, the few fragments which Zanetti engraved were all that remained. Giorgione and Titian were then each about thirty years of age, and the portions of female nude forms, of exquisite grace and roundness, which that work has preserved, with the traditions of the radiant depth of the colouring, suffice to show the greatness each master had then attained. This was a '*maniera nuova*,' however different from that of Leonardo da Vinci's *Cena*, to which the term was first applied by Vasari; and that same writer, never cordially just to Venetian merit, affected to be scandalised with compositions which illustrated no story that he could decipher. At the same time he confuses one painter with the other, and is thus the first of a line of critics who have found it difficult to distinguish between them.

Of the relations between Giorgione and Titian, then in the pride of manhood, there is also no lack of legend. Titian is represented as a youth of twenty, when thus employed on the 'Fondaco,' where he showed a superiority which the other never forgave. The truth, which is carefully elicited in this biography, is as follows. Giorgione was the painter engaged by the Signory, and the fact that he shared the commission with Titian, who was then his assistant, shows his estimate of powers not so publicly acknowledged as his own. That

Giorgione had justly acquired his title to fame is more than sufficiently proved by his Castelfranco picture, executed before 1504, while as regards his Venetian repute, he appears to have owed it to various frescoes executed on palace walls, as commemorated by contemporaries. But, like Leonardo da Vinci a few years before, he is reported to have played experiments with his grounds and mediums—those who had once tasted the fascination of oil being loth to forego it—so that Vasari, who visited Venice in 1544, found those frescoes already decaying. We may infer, therefore, that the works on the ‘Fondaco’ profited by his experience, having lasted longer. At all events it seems that Giorgione maintained a priority of fame, for Titian received no commission from the Signory till after his death in 1511.

The confusion which the history of art shows to have prevailed between the works of Titian and Giorgione warrants the attempt to define something of the diversities of their gifts. This can only be done by admitting that master, Giovanni Bellini—to whom each doubtless owed the same amount of teaching or influence—as a stand-point between them. And here there is no question as to which scholar most openly wore his colours. Giorgione, as far as he goes, is much more the continuer of Bellini than Titian is. With more than fifty years between them—Giorgione dying at thirty-four when Bellini was eighty-five—the feeling for a particular class of landscape and disposition of drapery, however further carried by the younger, is the same in both. The art of Giovanni Bellini may be said to exhibit the noblest form attainable under the so-called trammels of the fifteenth century, if not, upon the whole, the noblest form attained at any time. By him these ‘rich bounties of constraint’ were never thrown off, though relaxed in his later years to the utmost extent compatible with the expression of spiritual simplicity. In Giorgione the traces of these same Paduan fetters, which Bellini wore with such ineffable grace, are still seen in a certain classicality of form and drapery. In Titian they vanish altogether. We have said of Giorgione, ‘as far as he goes,’ for it must be remembered that of the crowd of works that have gone under his name there is but one which can be *proved* to be by him, namely, the just-mentioned altar-piece at his birthplace—Castelfranco. Comparing this with the grand altar-piece by Giovanni Bellini in S. Zaccaria at Venice, a certain similarity in arrangement, in intense depth of effect, as well as in equality of excellence, is detected, which suggests the belief that the one picture had been seen by the painter of the other. So equal is

the result in the highest qualities of art that the more than half-century between the two painters is obliterated. The youthful fire of Giorgione, curbed under the restrictions of a religious subject, and the calm wisdom of Bellini, working within the largest exercise of such limits, appear to join hands. But the logic of dates here interposes, and requires a reversal of the usual sequence of comparison. For the Castelfranco picture, executed before 1504, precedes that of S. Zaccaria, executed 1505; so that such influence of example as appears to have been subtly transmitted must have proceeded from the younger to the elder, and not *vice versâ*. Other evidence also shows that the wonderful old man, who had time and strength for two lives, physical and pictorial—one in Padua, the other in Venice—one in tempera, the other in oil—refreshed his own art at this time at the very fountain he had himself assisted to open. Exactly at what period the meridian line of North Italian art was crossed, it would be rash to pronounce, but one can but feel that the splendour of Titian and his school was illumined by a westering sun, and that in the two works above mentioned the nearest approach to the apogee is attained.

In comparing, secondly, Giorgione with Titian, it must be taken into account that the ground in any way common to both is far narrower than is usually supposed. Much of the confusion between the two has existed not between their respective authentic works, but between Titian and works attributed to Giorgione, and even in many cases the later productions of Titian's own pupils and followers. The standards by which the two can be compared are as much narrowed in works as in time, terminating as they do with Giorgione's premature death. His early labours in the form of fresco, though they go far to account for the immense imitation of him, have, as we have seen, long perished. Besides the Castelfranco picture Giorgione is chiefly known and judged by a few exquisite small works—the 'Judgment of Solomon' and 'Choice of Moses,' both in the Uffizi; the 'Astrologers' in the Belvedere; 'Giorgione's Family,' so called, once in the Manfrin Palace; and the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' belonging to Mr. Somerset Beaumont. Setting aside the fact that Titian has left no pictures of this class, these, above mentioned, which are, it is true, Giorgione's only by tradition and internal evidence, are so distinct from Titian's manner that no one could mistake them for his. In point of execution we may venture to say they show more contrast and less gradation, more force and less fusion, more heat on the surface and less below it; while in

point of character they are less dramatic and more profound, less Italian and more original, and even outlandish; indeed, in the sense attached to Titian's works, Giorgione is not even markedly Venetian. It is in these smaller specimens, accepted as by Giorgione, that we see how greatly he inclined to a class of aristocratic and graceful *genre*. When this treatment can be compared as in Giorgione's 'Concert' in the Pitti, with Titian's 'Music Party' in the National Gallery, the superiority of Giorgione is so manifest that we the more cordially endorse Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's verdict that the 'Music Party' is by an inferior imitator. The Pitti picture is one that stands alone—the climax of the highest realistic and portrait power. No grander or more individual head is seen in art than that of the Augustine monk, seated at the harpsichord, who, turning towards the bystander, sufficiently expresses the question, 'Are you ready?' We hear the query even without the help of the high-bred, wiry hands which strike the keys, and tenaciously hold a chord which seems to vibrate for ever. Master as he was of portraiture, Titian could as little have painted the reality of the 'Concert' as Giorgione could have conceived the poetry of the Bacchus and Ariadne.

And, thirdly, it is not difficult to say in what respect both pupils agreed with each other in differing from the master—a difference of the most sweeping nature, for it is nothing less than that between the spiritual and the worldly. Perfectly as the aged Bellini mastered the riper secrets of art, his spiritual feeling was never sacrificed to them. Giorgione and Titian, it is true, preserved all that decorum of religious representation which Correggio so enchantingly sported away. Giorgione's two male saints at Castelfranco, by which alone he can be judged, are grave and dignified; and Titian's numerous saints, male and female, are the same; but they are only so in the sense that first-rate actors in such scenes were bound to be. Bellini's saints are realities.

Especially do the two younger masters illustrate the point of departure from the elder one in the relation of the Madonna to the Child. With Bellini, the Child is always more or less solemn—in his earlier works sometimes almost grotesquely so—and the Madonna, his no less solemn worshipper. She either, with reverential hands, presents him straight upright to the gaze of the world he is about to redeem—or gives him the fatal apple which brought the Fall—or supports him while he bends forward to bless the kneeling donor. But no tenderer personal feeling is perceptible through the hush of her adora-

tion. She is ever the meek Handmaid of the Lord, and he, though 'veiled in clouds of infant flesh,' the long-expected Messiah. All this reverence vanishes with Giorgione and Titian. Their Madonna is no longer awed by the lovely Babe that lies in natural infantine action upon her knees; she loves him far too well! With some pretty feint of playful action she seeks to unite the Child in momentary interest with the Saints attendant; or to amuse him with bird, flower, fruit, or even rabbit. But the feeling of the Virgin is seldom more than that of young and serene maternity; and the expression of the Child that of the royalty of babyhood. The same difference distinguishes Bellini's angels from those by Titian—we remember none by Giorgione. Bellini's, with all their naïve, infantine grace, are more and other than mere earthly children with wings. Titian's milk-fed cherubs, who make a sunshine in a shady place as they go through the farce of holding up cross or crown over the martyr or worshipper below, are nothing else. Each in their turn are the triumphs of art, but Bellini's angels are the right creatures in the right place. Is it too much to aver that the taste for Bellini, which has arisen in these later times, is a proof of a spiritual capacity in our generation to which our forefathers were strangers? With all his knowledge and fine taste, Sir Joshua, in his Italian travels, never notices a Bellini; and with all their unscrupulous cupidity the French never stole one.

Till the latter years of better connoisseurship the names of a few great masters have been freely applied to their followers. One name has represented a class, and none has been more freely used in this respect than Titian's. When the Italian Parliament began to discuss questions concerning the national pictures, a well-known Deputy and connoisseur called attention to the fact that though no less than six Titians were to be found in the catalogue of the Turin Gallery, there was not one in the gallery itself. Two of the six thus ascribed were not even Venetian, but by a master so singularly subjective in character as, once known, never to be mistaken; namely, Girolamo Savoldo, the great Breseian painter. In no respect is the immense research which has compiled the *Life* before us more evident than in the list of 'uncertified Titians,' amounting to about 250, than which it would be difficult to find a more curious assemblage of random shots. Nor indeed, we may add, is it less evident in the fact, stated in the preface, that, of above one thousand pictures, to which the great name has been attached, in Italy, England, and elsewhere, the biographers have personally studied nearly all. How really to

distinguish Titian from the numerous good Venetian painters of his time is a question only answered by an experienced eye. For pictures are like brothers and sisters; however strong the family likeness between them, it vanishes when each member becomes well known; it is soon found therefore that Palma, Tintoret, and Bonifazio are really as distinct from Titian as from each other. There are works by Titian, such as his Bacchus and Ariadne, and his tragically and probably treacherously destroyed Peter Martyr, which stand alone as his. But, for purposes of comparison, we must take him in the range of subjects more common to the school. Here he may be distinguished not so exclusively by his colour, his drapery, or his modes of composition, though individual in each, as by the quality he understood to give to his surface. No one more effectually attained that concealment of his means which is the aim of every true painter. His work shows no paint. What is technically called 'the palette' is imperceptible. He perceived that, in nature, *texture* lies beneath colour, and that the one must be obtained in order to command the other. He observed that nature expresses her differences not only by contrasts of black and white, red and green, or blue and yellow, but by appositions of the transparent and the opaque, the hard and the soft, the rough and the smooth, and the dull and the sparkling; each relieving and making prominent the other. For 'things, ' save by their opposites, appear not.' The colours he used are known to have been few and common; it was the infinite changes he rang upon them, the varieties of surface he extracted from them, which produced his subtle and mysterious gradations. No one studied the chemistry of effect as he did: the superposition of one tint upon another; the blood beneath the skin, the light within the shade, the colour in the depths. No one so far carried the power which gives to the result of skill the appearance of happy accident. Titian's pictures seen in an early stage were described by a contemporary as 'gemmed all ' over ' with solid touches and masses of paint, destined to be masked and united by an overgrowth of the subtlest operations of brush and finger. Palma Giovane, who was for years in Titian's school, has described how canvases in this state would be placed aside for months; that the master would then lift them up, and examine them with a sternness of expression 'as if they were his mortal enemies,' and set to work like one possessed. Nothing can be truer to life than this description. A painter staring into his first sketch is like a seer looking into futurity—dimly seeing what is to be. Palma Giovane adds that the master kept many pictures going

at a time, turning from one to the other; laying on colour, or blending tints, with a rub of his finger; and in the last operations working far more with his fingers than with his brush. Artists and connoisseurs have in vain interrogated the pictures themselves as to the method that produced them. It is told of a Bergamasque painter that in the endeavour to discover the secret of the transparency and luminousness of the blood tints, he scraped a fine head to the canvas, and in vain. He might as well have pulled a flower to pieces to know how it grew. Had he asked Titian himself, we may be sure the painter could not have told him. Feeling gropes its way to what it seeks, but has no precise rules for the route: where these begin, nature leaves off, and mechanical mannerism takes her place. It was this pure feeling which taught him not only what to do, but when to have done. Titian touched and re-touched, glazed and scumbled, veil over veil, and film over film—but from no false fastidiousness; rather undoing in the end than overdoing the effect of finish.

Titian is usually called a great Realist; we should rather style him a great Naturalist. Realism, in its technical sense, as opposed to a poetical conception of nature, and to the antique, was certainly not his tendency. His reported caricature of the Laocoon under the figures of three apes, was doubtless in derision of some classical pedant. But though he broke entirely with the statuesque influence of the Paduan school, which had extended to the Muranese painters, yet that was no proof of any want of respect for the antique. A statuesque conception of a figure in painting is rather the imitation of the manner or letter of Greek art than of its spirit. It required nothing less than the genius of Mantegna to adhere closely to classic forms, and yet to subdue them with stupendous power to his own individuality. Even had Titian not been familiar with the antique in the studio of Gentile Bellini, known to have been full of fine specimens, who, in the Italy of that period, could have escaped its influence? The air was full of it. Instead, therefore, of taxing Titian with ignorance, and urging him, as Vasari and others did, to go to Rome and study antique sculpture, there is no painter who can be said to have given its spirit a juster place in the sister art. Of all painters that ever lived, Titian is the truest representative of the old Greek sculptor, as inspired and fed by the principles of Nature, but with no compromise of his own art. Far from borrowing any of the forms of the antique, no master, excepting always Michael Angelo, has been so entirely independent of them. Titian's draperies are full of light and motion,

but never even what is called 'historic.' He reasoned as soundly as a painter upon the appearances of Nature, as the Greeks did as sculptors : each jealously expressing their worship of the great Goddess in their own language. Nor was any change of style possible either with him or with them, from first to last, since both drew inspiration from the Immutable.

How far the combination of plastic and pictorial effects in one form is possible, no great master has attempted to solve. The late Ary Scheffer once observed that an equal balance of art qualities was only to be expected in mediocrity, and quoted Philip de Champagne as an example. In true genius, as in grand natures, one overweening power invariably exists at the expense of some minor one. They must have '*les défauts de leurs qualités*;' and it is this predominance of excellence in one direction that gives character, individuality, and charm. It is more than problematical whether the Magdalen by Mantegna in the National Gallery would gain by being coloured like the Ariadne by Titian. Garofalo, Ferrarese by nature, and Roman by education, comes closest in his art to the union of classic form with modern colour, and in this may be found the clue to the comparatively little interest his works inspire. We lack the faculty of enjoying two excellences at once, or rather the mixture of two languages debases both.

Let us now turn to some of the varieties of Titian's subjects and modes of treatment. And here again he appears as the true type of the old Hellenic feeling; turning his brush, it is true, to every subject required of it, but finding real liberty only in the deification of that human life which was the highest good of the Greek. To quote an eloquent passage: 'The Greeks defined the hopes of mere mortals to consist in the enjoyment of nature; they defined them consistently, accurately, perfectly, as addressed to the senses and the imagination. They defined too the feelings of the natural man to whom their art was addressed—his pride, his dignity, his courage, his love, his taste. But the feelings that the advent of Christianity was destined to develope—his soul-felt trust, his peace, his faith, his humility, his contrition—these they could not address, because they knew them not.' We must not say that Titian knew them not, but the inmost secret of his art was Pagan. Under his hand human creatures are grand, calm, satisfied, and benign, but the true conception of beings devoted to a religion not of this world was foreign to him. The pride of life in which his brush was, so to say, steeped, was opposed, for instance, to any high conception of that Divine countenance which has been the crucial test of art. The 'Tri-

'bute Money' in the Dresden Gallery, known to be one of his earlier works, is exquisite in colour, while the biographers trace in it already all his mysterious manipulation. But Titian here wisely chose a moment in which the more pathetic and benevolent feelings are suspended—a moment of rebuke—therefore, though the head is a vindication of the wisdom and justice of the Saviour, it fails to represent the more benign ideal. Not that he was more successful in a subject of less difficulty. For what heart was ever touched by his weeping Magdalen?—the most popular picture, he says in a letter, he ever painted—or edified by his John the Baptist? the latter especially a triumph of execution.

Again, the Entombment in the Louvre is a picture of such overpowering force and grandeur that criticism is shamed before it. But the pathos resides more in the solemn twilight tones and masses than in the figures engaged. The actions of the mourners are all that is natural, the respect of the bearers all that is decorous, though they carry their sacred burden in a grave-cloth not even tightened by its weight. Spirituality of expression is hardly missed in the perfection of the imitation; still it is but a scene acted with faultless propriety, and, in Goethe's words, 'we perceive the motive, and remain unmoved.'

It was different with the great altar-pieces, such as the Pesaro picture in the Frari at Venice—one of those curious medleys of family portraits and legendary personages which raised so many sumptuous pictorial structures. Such a subject was a convention from beginning to end—the anomaly of all unities—an artificial world, and therefore one in which the great hand could revel without danger of offending scruples or disappointing standards. Here, accordingly, the master is seen lavishing his powers with exquisite taste on forms of beauty, pomp, and of the pride that apes humility;—reconciling imagination and reality with such skill that the consent of the spectator is won as to a possible and actual scene.

Not so amenable to treatment were other subjects in the ecclesiastical repertory, though equally tamed by his genius. Few incidents, when stripped of their legendary prestige, can be conceived less favourable to art than that which goes under the name of the Assumption of the Virgin. A large woman, ascending through the air, with twelve men below her, all expressing the same commonplaces of astonishment, most of them with their arms tossed aloft, and turning their backs to the spectator. The Roman Church did its best to destroy, by flame and smoke, Titian's *chef d'œuvre* of this subject, and thus

unintentionally saved it from the grasp of the French, who never suspected that under this blackened and partially charred surface lay one of the finest monuments of difficulties overcome. Three distinct groups are here—a condition, in most hands, fatal to a composition, but the eye rests only on the one which includes the principal performer. We have said ‘a large woman,’ for no etherialisation was possible of a figure intended to be seen first and most, and dressed *de rigueur* in blue and crimson. On the contrary, the dimensions are purposely enlarged by the grand flutter of her mantle, fastened securely across her person with a gigantic knot. Nor do her feet rest on space, but on a solid mass of dark grey clouds, among which, dotted like single flowers, are beautifully coloured cherubs with the novel accessories of black wings, intended probably to give a greater appearance of stability to her airy platform. The vehement actions of the apostles have also a double purpose, for their upstretched arms unite the lines of their group with that of the Madonna, to which they also direct the more attention. But the group that would most have perplexed an ordinary artist is that of the ‘*Padre eterno*’ above, with an angel, about to crown the Virgin. This difficulty Titian has overcome by a legitimate trick. For the figure of the Almighty, though ample in effect and perfect in buoyancy, is reduced by strong perspective foreshortening to a thin line, in which all definition of feature and expression is lost. How this perspective is brought about, and where the line of the horizon, and consequently the eye of the spectator, are placed, are questions which will not be asked too curiously before such a picture.

We must not pause to analyse the ineffable magic of the master’s Holy Families, where maternity and its Idol, childhood and its playmate, with landscape, flowers, and household scenes, present pictures of purest domestic sanctity. No fitting church furniture these to crack, blacken, and moulder on altars, with candles smoking them, and vulgar artificial flowers hiding them. Rather are they the suitable accessories for happy homes of succeeding generations, which they help to link each to each both in natural piety and pure taste.

More idyllic still in the deification of Innocence, while kindred in purity of sentiment, is the picture called ‘The Three Ages.’ The youth blowing the pipe, and the sweet maiden at his side, sit there in halcyon unconsciousness of all, save the bliss of existence. Whom the sleeping *amorini*, and the little Cupid unceremoniously waking them, belong to, and why they are there except to illustrate another phase of felicity, is left to

our imagination. Death has not entered this sphere of etherial atmosphere, for the youth who seems its Adam knows not that he is naked. The old man, therefore, in the background, ruminating over a type of mortality, is a solecism, probably introduced later to give the name; for he intrudes not in Lefebvre's etching.

But Titian, equally with the Greeks, was no less at home in scenes of passion than in those of dignity and repose. The picture that has been mysteriously lost to the world, called the *Peter Martyr*—a legendary subject belonging to the Dominican order, and much in vogue in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—represented an incident in which the passion of terror received its highest modern embodiment. The figure of the attendant friar escaping for his life has been likened to Michael Angelo, but we know nothing by the great Florentine so sudden and instantaneous in action. It can better be compared to the antique—to the *Laocoon* in the intensity of the terror, and to the *Lycian marbles* in marvellous expression of movement in drapery. As to suddenness of action, disconnected from any other features, Rubens may furnish a parallel. Here also Titian shows his capacity to deal with some of the deeper conditions of the Fine Arts. So painful a sensation as that of intense fear was not to be rendered such to the spectator. The fleeing man is meant to tell the tale, not to torture our feelings at sight of a fellow-creature in a moment of supreme distress. Not by accident, therefore, was he placed at the very edge of the picture, where, in his headlong fling, he will be out of our sight and safe in a moment. Nor by accident has Titian clothed him in drapery of a higher order than his works usually show. Knowing that terror is not a subject on which the eye could happily dwell, the master puts forth all his power to sink the emotion in the art. For this end he has resorted to no indistinctness. The terrified man seen in the grandest muscular wring, arms and drapery tossed in one direction, and the head turned in another, is placed against the brightest light in the picture. Yet, however prominent, he plays but a secondary part; that of the herald announcing what is to come. For the real interest is concentrated on the tragedy about to be enacted—on the monk about to earn his martyrdom, over whom the dagger of the assassin and the palm of victory are alike suspended. And here the master contrives to extend the moment represented. The Dominican is on the ground—a strong man, still unhurt,—but his fate is sealed; for the assassin in his furious onslaught rests with his whole weight on the left foot, and that foot, whether by

accident or design, is planted on the robe of the monk. There can be no struggle, therefore, where the victim cannot rise. In this picture Titian escapes from all comparison with Bellini. Between the two versions of the same subject—we refer to the Peter Martyr by Bellini in the National Gallery—lies nothing less than the entire difference between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Where Titian soars to the highest summits of dramatic power in the telling of the tale, Bellini with his business-like murderer, his meek victim, and leisurely evading friar, scarcely rises above convention. This picture, of which numerous copies exist, constituted a class of its own; for while excelling himself in the deeper philosophy of art he maintains his wonted level in the grandeur of his solemn trees and distant landscape, all massed with the departing light which lends the horror of loneliness to the violent scene.

As another instance of passionate expression, though in gentler form, may be cited the 'Noli me tangere' in the National Gallery. The figure of the Saviour is curiously unsympathetic; but the beautiful Magdalen is a further example of Titian's power over suddenness of action, as, in a passion of surprise and ecstasy, she has flung herself on her knees. And here he again extends the story beyond the moment given—this time before it, instead of after. A woman on her knees may have been there for minutes. It rested with the painter's ingenuity to show that she has only just fallen; for the delicate white drapery of her sleeve, lifted by the sudden action, has not had time to subside, but still flutters in the air.

We have traced Titian through a variety of subjects, in all of which he is what Leonardo da Vinci said the true painter ought to be—'*padrone di tutte le cose.*' But, though master of all, all were not equally sympathetic to him. Let us turn to a specimen of that class which was most so.

The Bacchus and Ariadne in the National Gallery represents Titian in his truest character. It is the antique in a modern language. It shows how the Greeks would have painted, had their instincts led them to the cultivation of colour in lieu of that science of form with which they have underlaid the whole realm of modern art. It is a world in which the best defined principles of Nature are united with the fancy of a wild and riotous mythology. We are not strangers to this union. The drama and poetry, Shakespeare and Milton, have exemplified its true conditions; transporting us to spheres where, however extravagant the seeming discord, the allegiance to Nature preserves the keynote. 'From beyond the scope of Nature if the Poet summon possible existences, he subjugates

‘them to the law of her consistency.’* On this principle we learn to understand the Bacchus and Ariadne as we sit before it, wondering why our minds and sympathies consent to fantastic forms and combinations we should dread or loathe if real. But Fable is only Nature that has passed through a certain heat of the mind. It is as fermentation to the natural juice of the grape. The poet knows when to check it, short of injury to the noble ingredients on which it acts. In this picture, full of light and sparkle as of an intoxicating cup, it is Nature alone which supplies the substance of the draught. Though our head is in cloudland, amid visionary forms and colours, our feet are safe on Mother Earth. As in ‘The Midsummer Night’s Dream,’ the creatures of another sphere are only ourselves with a difference, and that difference only such as exists between real life and a stage play, which we know to be a fiction. Man can imagine nothing out of Nature, though he give to a human being the ears and hoofs of a fawn, or join the man and the horse, as in the ancient Centaur. But art, with its conditions of visibility, and consequently greater obligation to please the eye, can indulge in fewer freaks of fancy than poetry. The Cyclops, with one eye, and that in his forehead—a monstrous apparition to the sight—is therefore an interdicted subject. Titian had experience of the ignorance of his employers in this respect. The Palazzo della Loggia at Brescia, completed in 1560, required internal decorations, and the master was engaged to supply three large compartments. One was to represent Vulcan and the Cyclops at the forge. The committee, consisting of three Brescian gentlemen, gave their written instructions for the design.† Vulcan was to be a ‘*vecchio brutto e zoppo*,’ of thin face, and with a dirty, sooty body. The Cyclops were to have but one large round eye in the forehead. A river-god, in another compartment, was to have his face of a greenish-blue colour: ‘*con la faccia cerulea, quasi verdeggiante*.’ Titian thanked the gentlemen for their information, ‘*sul conto della poesia*,’ which he assured them he should endeavour to accommodate to the exigencies of his own art. Whether from signs of being painted in his ninety-second year, or from non-observance of these ‘*avvertimenti*,’ his pictures failed to please, and the fire which destroyed the building eight years later swept away all evidence of the real reason.

The picture before us, to return to the Bacchus and

* Essays of Elia, ‘Sanity of true Genius.’

† Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society, vol. iv.

Ariadne, is a type of the limits within which the painter may freely frolic. The figures are drunken; they are naked; they revel in wildest license; and all without shocking our proprieties. A beautiful woman striking her tambourine in such company does not offend us. The snakes wreathing round the shaggy monster who heads the rabble rout—the Silenus, all fat, tipsiness, and roguery, held on to his ass—the satyr tossing aloft his haunch of venison like an Irishman his shillelagh—the little fellow, half boy, half fawn, dragging the head of a calf after him by way of go-cart, and barked at by a real dog with a red collar, as any little pet dog would bark at an impudent urchin—all these, however untrue in a prosaic sense, commend themselves to the human taste because the generous compound of what are soundest and most precious in this life—the principles of Nature, and the genius of Man. To extol this picture for the splendour of the colouring addressed to the eye, is just, but utterly inadequate praise. So full is the scene thus depicted of air, space, sound, heat, and motion, that no one sense suffices to take it all in. We devour the colour, we breathe the atmosphere, we feel the heat, we follow the motion, and we hear the tumult.

Nor may the master's powers as a portrait painter be omitted in this brief analysis, though with Bellini in the same city, and Holbein at Basle, the assertion that he was the father of portrait painting is not tenable. But if not the first in time, he was in art. For as the greater includes the less, and no man can be a fine portrait painter unless he be much more, so this branch of excellence naturally found itself within the complete circle of the master's subjects. The portraits by a great historical and poetical painter are like the conversation of a great writer. We see him in a familiar and spontaneous form—his less deliberate thoughts enriched by the culture of previous higher aims. We may be sure, therefore, that Titian gave to every physiognomy not only its best aspect, but something more. Thus admitting the truth of the axiom that no painter can put more mind into his portraits than he himself possesses, we obtain in the grand and thoughtful character he has given to his sitters, the measure of his own mental calibre. At the same time something of the dignity which characterises his portraits must be ascribed to the habits of the day. The manners of the Italian upper classes, as described by contemporaries, were stately, formal, and sedate. The Venetians, especially, from many concurrent reasons—such as their habitual participation in state affairs, their semi-oriental costume, and their limited sphere of locomotion—were the extreme exponents of

this dignified deportment. Nor can there be any doubt that the solemnity which properly characterised those portraits of living individuals introduced into sacred pictures, contributed, even in independent portraiture, to the gravity of expression. The painter of the twelve apostles in the 'Cena'—the intensest form of individuality seen in sacred art—might be expected to break through the austerer rules in mere portraiture; and accordingly Leonardo da Vinci was the first to venture on the smile. But no sign of such innovation occurs in the Venetian school. However gay and pleasing in colour to the eye, it remains grave and tranquil in expression even in its most festive scenes. Titian's very revellers in the Bacchus and Ariadne are serious. There remain what we have called the painter's own 'reasons' to notice. For as, according to Lodovico Dolce, Titian abstained from 'vermilion cheeks and coral lips,' because they gave to faces the effect of masks, so a similar consideration doubtless influenced himself and his school in not breaking up that breadth of light which a tranquil expression preserves.

Titian's male portraits are too numerous to specify. Injured and over-painted as most of them are, there is scarcely a genuine specimen which does not read a lesson to the modern artist. As one which unites history, poetry, and individuality in a degree unattained before or since, may be cited that of Charles V. on horseback, in the Madrid Gallery. A small, insignificant, morose-tempered, ugly Spaniard, of a German type, fair and blue-eyed, with a long chin, a scrubby beard, and a red moustache, is here transformed into a grand and mournful type of Bigotry and Despotism; who rides on through life, as in this picture, fenced in armour and with couched lance, till, sated with power and disappointed with all things, he rests in a monastery, and ends in his grave.

We have mentioned male portraits; for it is significant of the trivial and almost invisible part played by Venetian women that a painter so peculiarly master of the qualities most favourable to female beauty, should have had comparatively so few female sitters. Bellini, be it remarked, had apparently none. In the character of commissions it seems that only women of the highest rank—a Duchess of Ferrara, a Duchess of Urbino, an Isabella d'Este, and the dead Empress of Charles V.—claimed his brush. In his grand picture of the Cornaro family, with nine figures of different ages, no mother, wife, or daughter appears. The same absence of any female member is seen in the Pesaro altar-piece in the Frari, where the beautiful young head, hitherto classed as a girl, is now proved to be the

portrait of a youth. It would seem, therefore, that when Titian painted a woman it was for the pure pleasure of rendering beauty. This was obviously his object with his own beautiful daughter Lavinia, so often repeated by him; now holding aloft a casket—now fruit and flowers—now, as Salome, the Baptist's head. Of his wife's features there is no record. Modern connoisseurship has even reduced the number of those graceful fancy portraits long imputed to him; the so-called '*Bella di Tiziano*,' the '*Schiava di Tiziano*,' and the '*Lady with the lute*,' being now rightly adjudged to Palma. In corroboration of the paucity of his female types, it is evident that the admiration with which his portraits inspired Vandyck is solely reflected in that painter's male sitters. Vandyck's women have no reflex from Titian.

In the universality of the great Venetian's powers it may be said that in landscape he equally takes the lead. Here again that perception of the abstract truths of nature which allies him with the art of the Greeks, is his leading principle. If asked to define what Titian most sought to express in the sky above and the earth below, we should say the respective characteristics of their *life*. The movement of the cloud—the growth of the tree;—currents of air in the one; currents of sap in the other; neither visible in themselves but seen in their effects. It mattered not how subordinate the part, he threw himself alike into all—the iris and the vine bear as much his signature as the chestnut tree and the dolomite rock. His periodical visits to his native Cadore filled his eye and his sketch-book, and brought the fresh and breezy country into the Lagoons.

The political conditions of Venice were favourable to a branch of art generally missed from other Italian centres—namely, that of historical painting as distinguished from Scripture events and legendary story. The uninterrupted sequence of the Venetian Republic—the patriotism of her citizens, and the splendour of her public buildings, gave subjects, demand, and room for a class of decorations illustrative of her history. The wall spaces in the great Council Hall, now occupied by later works, were originally filled with historical scenes by the Vivarini and the two Bellini. Titian also supplied two compartments, one of them representing the battle of Cadore, won by the Venetians over the Imperialists. All these perished in the fire which destroyed that portion of the Ducal Palace in 1577. A contemporary print from Titian's work shows his mastery of a subject in which men and horses are seen in varied forms of struggle on the banks of a torrent; the scene

being laid in the midst of mountain defiles still recognisable as those of Cadore. The sympathy of Rubens's mind for such subjects is shown by facts of curious coincidence, namely, that to copies by the great Flemish master we owe the preservation both of Titian's Battle of Cadore, and of Leonardo da Vinci's Battle of Anghiara, known under the name of 'The Battle of the Standard.'

We have endeavoured to show how the art of this great master is calculated to enchant the eye and inform the taste, as distinguished from that which touches the heart and kindles religious emotions. It may be safely said that no work by Titian ever started a tear. The more strange, therefore, the fact that a picture by him should stand almost alone in modern times as an object of adoration. The repute gained by pictures, which, like relics, have been credited with the power of working miracles, was confined, and notably in Venice, to the ancient type of Byzantine Madonnas, from which every attraction in the sense of art was absent. What circumstances led to the exception in Titian's case are now forgotten; but the splendid buildings of the Scuola di S. Rocco remain the substantial result of the offerings of popular devotion to a picture by him of Christ bearing his Cross; now a mere wreck in a left side chapel of the church of S. Rocco.

It is time, in conclusion, to turn from the artist to the man. Although it is difficult to follow the confused arrangement of this otherwise valuable biography, yet there is enough to illustrate, and curiously so, the manners of the times. The beginning of the sixteenth century was for Venice the beginning of her decadence. Commerce and freedom had engendered wealth; the pride of wealth had replaced republican equality by a numerous noblesse, and, without the restrictions of primogeniture, the pride was sure eventually to swallow up the riches. That monument of Venetian vanity, the *Libro d'Oro*, and the greatest danger that ever threatened the State, the League of Cambray, were significantly consentaneous. Given these facts, the character of the age may be inferred. Adulation of the great, greed of money, increased display, insincerity of language, and morals as loose as the manners were formal—a coincidence which will scarcely be found to fail. The profession of art did not then convey the peaceful image it does now. Where all was contention and intrigue around him, a great painter became as often the victim as the object of both. No disturbances were too highly placed to fail of disturbing him. The ambition of Emperors, the covetousness of Popes, the plots of minor potentates, all sent their entanglements even

into the sanctuary of his art, and their baser influence into the motives of his conduct. That painters should scheme and contrive as well as their betters could be no wonder. Self-respect, in the sense now attached to it, was unknown then, though every other kind of self-care flourished abundantly. Still, Titian was too great to be confounded with the crowd of mere sycophants and parasites. However disliking the servile language of some of his letters—for, as we have seen, this was far from being the character of all—we must make the deduction of phrases which were the current coin of the day. Such art as his was incompatible with a low mind, and, imperfect as are the materials of his life, there are enough to prove that he knew when to assert the supremacy of his sovereign mistress above that of all powers, spiritual or temporal.

It was at this time, 1508-10, when the wars with the Emperor Maximilian and his allies had reduced the State for a brief space to her last pawn, that painters from the ravaged Friulian provinces were compelled to seek refuge in Venice. Pellegrino di S. Daniele moved from Udine; Pordenone, from Colalto; Morto, from Feltre. Their presence, with that of others, still further narrowed the field of patronage and profit, and in turn expelled some of the chief men from Venice. Sebastian Luciano (afterwards Del Piombo) went to Rome, Lorenzo Lotto to the Romagna, and Titian repaired to Padua. Here he engaged the assistance of Domenico Campagnola, and undertook fresco works for the Scuola of the Carmine, and that of the Santo. Those in the Carmine, now in an advanced stage of decay, were evidently never worthy of him; those belonging to the Santo, representing a miracle of S. Antonio, are of a higher though still inferior grade, giving glimpses rather than proofs of his power. They are the last evidences surviving of a process which had no charms for him. Nor, considering the conditions of fresco, is it surprising that one whose peculiar excellence was the manipulation of oil colours, should have turned from a practice where all such dexterity was impossible. In 1512 Titian returned to Venice, where the death of Giorgione in 1511, and the increasing age of Bellini, gave him for the first time an open field for employment.

Meanwhile Venice herself, safe as a haven from invasion, had become the home not only of art but of printing and letters. Petrarch had bequeathed his library to the State, and Cardinal Bessarion did the same. These bequests were especially enriched with precious MSS. of classic authors: but the Aldine presses, while aiming chiefly at the reproduction of Greek works, in-

cluded all the literature of the day in their activity. It must be confessed that the time when Bembo's Asolani were thought entertaining, and Aretino and his works were called 'divine,' does not give a high impression of the taste and morals of the readers. The literary spirits, however, who assembled in the Aldine Academy were evidently no dull companions, though they affected to converse only in Greek. Titian was enrolled among them, though it is much to be doubted whether he ever spoke any but the soft Venetian dialect, which evidently eschewed all superfluous consonants as persistently then as it does still. But he was fond of society, and was as much by turns the polished courtier and the '*bon Compar*' as Michael Angelo was ever the reverse of both. His first contact with the great of the land did not begin auspiciously. The house of Este at Ferrara had distinguished themselves by the patronage of art. Alfonso, the Duke of Titian's time, was in no way behind his predecessors in this respect. He had endeavoured to purchase the drawings and MSS. of Leonardo da Vinci from his executor, Melzi; he had employed Giovanni Bellini; and he desired to possess pictures by Titian and Raphael. Of course he obtained promises from both, for no men are more driven to use the future tense than eminent artists; but the time that necessarily elapsed before such promises could be fulfilled tried that virtue of patience of which the Duke had but small share. The transition from ceremony to rudeness was rapid, and an insolent letter from Alfonso, threatening with his resentment the man who had already painted the Assumption, shows the contrast between the patrons of those days and ours. But it was not the custom for artists to take offence. Titian, like his fellows, was accustomed to paint pictures for the places they were intended to occupy. Accordingly, on more than one occasion, he and his canvases made their way by the slowly towed crafts on the Po to the dismal city of Ferrara, and found lodging in the grim castle of its sovereign. In the absence of records it is seldom possible to assign dates, but the entries of catables weekly provided in the castle show that Titian partook of 'salad, salt meat, oil, chestnuts, oranges, cheese, and wine,' by the light of 'tallow candles,' in February 1516. It was in Ferrara that he is believed to have completed Bellini's 'Feast of the Gods,' now at Alnwick Castle, and to have painted the three other Bacchanals which form a series with it (two being in the Madrid Gallery), and the Bacchus and Ariadne, already described, in the National Gallery. In the classic mania which affected all Italy at that period there could be no difficulty in

providing him with mythological subjects. At the same time the suggestion of the biographers that Ariosto was his prompter at Ferrara, is entitled to all credence. The Poet sang the Painter, and the Painter more than once portrayed the Poet—one specimen being in our National Gallery. These facts have been magnified in the exaggeration of Italian writers into a romantic friendship, but there is no reason to think that either act bespoke more than mutual recognition and courtesy.

Titian's rise in fame and position is shown now by his increasing indifference to the threats and remonstrances of his patrons. He was often between two fires; menaced by the Signory with the withdrawal of his broker's patent (once diverted from him to Pordenone, as already said), if certain works were not accomplished; and pressed by the Duke's agents not to trifle with their august master, who evidently thought pictures could be ordered to a day like any other kind of furniture. He wrote courtier letters, playing off the one against the other, and meanwhile executed private commissions. For the religious corporations in Venice had become formidable competitors for fine works. Palma Vecchio was a master who had preceded Titian in reputation, while at the same time greatly influencing his practice. The latter had sought to emulate Palma in softness, as Giorgione in richness; eventually combining and surpassing both. The time was now come when Palma and Titian entered into rivalry. The brotherhood of St. Peter Martyr, whose altar stood in the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, invited designs for a grand work to adorn it, and in 1528 Palma, Titian, and Pordenone—the last mainly formed by the two first—entered the lists. The sketches were exhibited for public approval, and the decision fell on Titian. This was the origin of the Peter Martyr we have described, which occupied him for two years; and while believed to have tasked his powers more than any other work, it certainly embodied a mighty step in his art. For during its progress he had been subjected to an influence never encountered in vain. Michael Angelo, escaping from the siege of Florence in 1529, had taken refuge in Venice, and the effect on Titian was seen in a grandeur to which he had never attained before. 'If ever a picture was uniformly grand, this is.'* Among the generations of artists who have studied before it, Rubens again appears. A large drawing from the picture is recorded among his remains, though no longer traceable.

Titian was now master of a house, and married, though

* Second series of 'Literature of the Fine Arts,' p. 49.

when, or to whom, except that the lady's name was Cecilia, is not known. But the birth of his eldest son Pomponio, who held benefices, and wore a clerical dress from his fifth year—a false position which doubtless contributed to make the little ‘Monsignorino,’ as Aretino calls him, the scapegrace he eventually became—the birth of this son in 1525 gives an approximate date. Another son, Orazio, bred up as a painter, followed, and then a daughter, Lavinia; these births being succeeded by the death of the mother in 1530, when Titian, who is described by contemporaries as overwhelmed with grief, took his sister, Orsa Vecelli, to live with him.

The intimacy of the master with Pietro Aretino, who, with Sansovino, the sculptor and architect, formed a triumvirate of friendship only interrupted by death, has been criticised as strange in a man of his standing. But if he erred, he did so in good company. A priest called Aretino ‘the fount of virtue.’ A bishop protested to long for him ‘as the Jews longed for the Messiah.’ The commonest appellations by which he was addressed were ‘*unico*,’ ‘*virtuosissimo*,’ and ‘*divinissimo*,’ and if no man has been more condemned by posterity, none was ever more courted in his time. The age was base, and society in its upper classes rotten to the core. Princes could only be approached through their vanities or their vices, and in most cases their company was a dishonour to genius, whether of poet or painter. The Medici, Lodovico Sforza, and others, had set the fashion of drawing literary men around them; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that this proceeded from any taste for letters, or desire to encourage merit. Italians could always write sonnets; the princes wanted flattery, and the parasites pay; and this exchange was an understood thing. Aretino, in these respects, was the extreme outgrowth of the age. Without even the homage of hypocrisy which vice pays to virtue, he was too openly mendacious to be called insincere. His cleverness made him master of all situations, and of most secrets; his venality and unscrupulousness rendered him a power; and all powers were propitiated then.* But it is not always just, in spite of the proverb, to judge a man by

* The following lines appended to a portrait of Aretino, engraved by Hollar, are a satire worthy of his own pen:—

‘Questo è Pietro Aretino, poeta toscò,
Chi d’ogni un disse male, eccetto che di Dio;
Scusandosi con dir, non lo conosco.’

his associates ; and for Titian's intimacy with this reprobate there were some excuses. Aretino was a great humourist, and wit is the tired painter's most congenial restorer ; he was also a lover of nature. In this he was conspicuously before his age. Where else, but in his letters, do we find the description of a sunset—palaces looking ethereal instead of solid ? Where else do we even find admiration for the peculiar conditions of Venice ? Another redeeming quality was that he used his arts—base as they were—for his friends equally as for himself. It was Aretino's management that secured the patronage of the Gonzagas for the painter. The process was not creditable to either. Titian writes an abject letter to the Duke (June 1527), comparing him to Christ, and Aretino to St. Paul, and sends therewith two portraits, one of them being of Aretino 'whom your Excellency loves for his many virtues,' and which he begs his Excellency to accept. The Duke thanks 'M. Tuciano' in return, and gives him to understand that he shall be ready to requite the obligation. Of this readiness Aretino soon reminds him as of a debt. For the acceptance of a present was then equivalent to a promise of handsome payment for it. But while he continued during his life faithfully to exercise his talent for 'touting' in favour of Titian—and there is no doubt that many commissions for portraits were owing to these means—the obligation had to be returned in higher coin ; for Aretino's letters to great personages show that pictures by the master, and gems and medals by other noted artists, were unscrupulously levied by him to push his own fortunes.

Meanwhile the star of Titian was rising in the person of the greatest sovereign of the age. Charles V., after the retreat of the Turks from Hungary, resolved to meet Clement VII. at Bologna, and for that purpose crossed the Alps (November 1532) into the Friuli, and was entertained a few days later at the Court of Mantua. Charles was an ardent collector, and seems to have had some discernment in art, a capacity probably inherited through his Burgundian descent. He had not been in the Palace of the Gonzagas an hour before he proceeded to inspect its contents, and was so struck by Titian's portrait of the Duke as to express a desire to be painted by the same hand. 'An urgent summons was immediately expedited to Venice, but Titian had some reason for preferring to meet the Emperor later at Bologna, and declined to appear. Charles V. would seem to have anticipated the French in the system of appropriating pictures. As the conqueror of a large portion of Italy he had cities and provinces to bestow, and a cession of fine

works was in part the understood price. Agents were accordingly despatched, and written lists made out wherever princes with galleries were candidates for the imperial favour. This was especially the case with the reigning family at Ferrara, who were compelled to surrender portraits and other works by Titian. The master's first presentation took place at Bologna in the spring of 1533, when the desired portrait was begun. It is related that Lombardi, the sculptor, anxious to steal a sketch of the imperial features, begged Titian to let him pass into the august presence in the character of his servant; whereupon Titian introduced him bearing his paint-box. When the sitting began Lombardi took a lump of wax from his pocket—slipping it into his sleeve whenever he thought himself observed—and so contrived to model a medallion portrait. But Charles found out the *ruse*, and, taking it graciously, ordered the work to be executed in marble. Titian's sketch was a bust size, and bareheaded, and is supposed to have been the original of the full-length in armour, and of the other in gala dress—the first lost, and the second still in the gallery at Madrid. Charles was so satisfied that he is reported to have declared his determination never to sit to another. At all events, a flowery patent, comparing himself to Alexander, and the painter to Apelles, appointed Titian his painter-in-chief. This was accompanied by unprecedented honours, intended, doubtless, to gratify the Signory as well as the artist. The title of Count Palatine was bestowed—with all attendant privileges; amongst them that of legitimising children not born in wedlock of parents below the rank of baron—also the Knighthood of the Golden Spur, with sword and chain and entry to court; and the elevation of his children as Counts of the Empire, with four generations of ancestors ready-made. Titian's cup of honour was now full. The Emperor, however he neglected his obligations afterwards, paid handsomely at first. Nor was the imperial favour ever withdrawn—nor, on the other hand, encroached upon. The painter had reception at court whenever he would, and more invitations to Madrid and elsewhere than he accepted.

The next important step in Titian's life was a visit to Rome. Pope Clement VII. was dead, but Paul III., who succeeded, and his illegitimate descendants, the Farneses, so long as they were united with Charles V. against some common prey, were worthy objects of propitiation. Titian had already ventured some speculation in that quarter in the form of three family portraits—the Pope and his son, separate and together—taken on a second visit to Bologna. Arcetino warned him that

the Farneses paid habitually only in '*carezze*;' but the insatiable greed for benefices for the graceless Pomponio,—and Cardinal Farnese had one especially tempting in his gift,—overruled all warnings. The speculation failed, for a meeting between Charles and the Pope ended in a coolness, and neither pay nor benefice was forthcoming. The inducements that tempted the painter two years later, 1545, to try his fortune at the very head-quarters of the Farneses, seem to have principally proceeded from Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino, who, as nominal commander of the Venetian forces, resided partially in Venice, whither he drew all the notabilities in letters and art around him. No great persuasion could have been needed to take a painter to Rome. It was protection and favour that were more required, and Guidobaldo, who was a friend of the Farneses, and subsequently married to the Pope's granddaughter, gave both. He carried the master off in his own suite to Pesaro, and sent him thence with a princely escort to Rome. Here Titian was lodged at the Palace of the Belvedere, entertained by the Pope and his grandson the Cardinal, welcomed by Cardinal Bembo, escorted about by Sebastian del Piombo and Vasari, and visited by Michael Angelo. Would that some journal or jottings of his impressions had been left! even as scanty as those by Albert Durer on his visit to Venice. Rome and her treasures, though only eighteen years after the siege and sack, '*descritta da Tiziano Vecelli*,' would have been a legacy to posterity worthy to rank with his pictures. It is obvious from Aretino's letters, as well as from passages in Vasari, that they expected nothing less from the influence of Rome than the conversion of Titian into that 'faultless monster' of art, which was the *beau idéal* of the Carracci school. Titian, we may be sure, said little, but appropriated all he could use, and wished, as most men of sixty-nine would wish, that he had come sooner. He executed noble works, of which the greater part have perished; and it is significant of the Vatican habits of the time that, though the Council of Trent was about to sit for the reformation of morals, the subjects painted by command of the Papal family included a Venus, a Danae, and the illegitimate offspring of Pope and Cardinal. The picture of Paul III., with his grandsons, Alessandro and Ottavio Farnese, still survives in the Naples Gallery, a monument of the master's skill. It will not do to look too curiously into the worldly results of this Roman residence. Caresses were not wanting, but it was long before anything else came. The artists who had been trembling for their own patronage were relieved by Titian's receiving no commission of public

importance, and the long-coveted benefice of 'Colle' seemed as far off as ever. That it did eventually fall to the share of Pomponio can hardly be grudged, for Titian had earned it over and over again. It is noteworthy that the same cause which brought the benefice within Titian's grasp led him to decline the sinecure of the Seals, set free by the death of Sebastian del Piombo. A letter from Titian shows indubitably that he had been willing to don the cowl of the Friar over his gold chain and sword, which was the first condition; and to exchange his residence at Venice for one at Rome, which was the second. But at this crisis arrived the first summons from Charles to attend him at Augsburg. The man whom the conqueror at Mühlberg delighted to honour rose immediately in importance. The Farneses hastened to propitiate him by the long-desired gift, and Titian, with fresh fields and pastures new in sight, elected to abide by the most powerful of his *padroni*, and let the Seals go to another.

Meanwhile, on leaving Rome, Titian had taken the route by Florence, where, by way of exception, the Duke Cosimo did not evince the usual princely desire of sitting to him; or, rather, refused to do so, leaving the master free to visit churches and palaces, then gorgeous in frescoes unwhitewashed and pictures unrestored. On returning to Venice, his Roman impressions are traceable in a large altar-piece he undertook for the church at Serravalle, with the Miraculous Draught of Fishes in the background. Here the reminiscences of Raphael's tapestry of the same subject, adapted to Titianesque ideas, with a gondolier standing instead of the seated figure rowing, appear unmistakably.

Titian's journey to Augsburg was undertaken in January 1548. The biographers dwell on the devotion to his imperial patron which could induce a man then turned seventy to cross the Alps by the steep bridle-paths then alone existing, in the heart of winter. But setting aside the fact that Titian was so strong and hale as to have nearly thirty years of active life before him, there was then, and is still, no race better able to confront cold than the Northern Italians.* It is true that Titian in one of his letters from Augsburg alludes to 'this torrid zone where we are all dying of cold;' but this is rather a playful exaggeration than a real complaint. The victory at

* This was proved by the Italian troops in the French army in the retreat from Moscow, and the evidence has been repeated of late by the superior resistance to the climate of the Italian part of the crew in the late Austrian expedition to the North Pole.

Mühlberg, and the Diet, had then assembled a motley crowd—Italian, Spanish, and German—of royal and distinguished personages, captives as well as conquerors, in Augsburg, who furnished Titian with almost as many sitters. Especially does it appear that the royal ladies, who were there in force, sat to him. It was then that the equestrian portrait of Charles was executed which we have described—almost the only surviving memento of this busy time, the rest having perished, as it is believed, in the burning of the Palace of the Pardo in 1608.

Two years later Titian was again in Augsburg by imperial command, where he found much the same company; with the addition of the Infant Philip, then twenty-four years of age—to paint whom was the chief reason for his visit. The large, full-length portrait of that ill-favoured and most unpleasant Prince, often repeated by the master, still hangs in the Madrid Gallery—a picture of ominous responsibility and consequences, which being sent to the English court decided the fate of Mary Tudor, and indited a dark page in the history of England. Among the ‘imaginary conversations’ that the pen of Savage Landor initiated, few could have better occupied him than one between Charles V. and Tiziano Vecelli; and few had such sanction in fact. The two figures suit ill on one canvas, unless in respect of contrast. Charles, morose and taciturn—‘a mummy,’ as the Protestants called him, in person, and a cynic in spirit—having tried all things and now beginning to feel the emptiness of all; and the painter with his fine person, grand manners, splendid health, and enjoyment of life, with that power in his good right hand of which no possessor ever tired. And the contrast may account for the confidence with which the Emperor treated him. Charles was peculiarly disturbed in spirit at that time. He was quarrelling with the Pope about the Council of Trent; he was contending with his brother about the succession to the Empire; he was vainly trying to force the Protestants back into the arms of Rome; he was exasperated with his royal prisoners for their very fortitude in captivity; and he had the gout! No wonder that he was tempted into more confidence than was his wont towards a man not his own vassal, but the son of a free state, to whom the very subject of a picture he desired entailed a quasi confession of his own wretchedness. For Charles commissioned him to devise a subject which should embody the perturbation of his mind and his longing for rest. Nor is it surprising that this should have further entailed the avowal that his heart was set on resigning the cares of empire for the

peace of a convent. A painter nowadays might be puzzled how to express these imperial sentiments, but the ecclesiastical repertory provided a form. Titian enlisted heavenly agency. He represented the Three Persons of the Trinity above, surrounded with the usual phalanx of patriarch, prophet, and saint. In the centre is the Virgin interceding with Christ for the imperial family, who kneel on the clouds before them—the group being headed by Charles himself. This was painted in 1550. In 1555 Charles retired to Yuste, where the picture was never out of his sight.

Here we must leave Titian where his fortunes attained their climax. It appears that he never quitted Venice again. For years after he had attained his great reputation he had inhabited a house to the north-east of Venice, overlooking Murano and the Friulian Alps, called the ‘Biri Grande,’ with a delightful garden stretching down to the water’s edge, in which grew the trees represented in the Peter Martyr; all of which, house, garden, and trees, have vanished now. The description of a supper there, given to a select few—the pictures which were enjoyed while the sun was above the horizon—the gondolas containing beautiful women accompanied by musicians, vocal and instrumental, which swarmed in the lagoon after sunset—a table covered with delicate viands and precious wines, and Titian presiding, conjures up a combination of luxurious images which Venice alone could have realised. But the cloud of human care overshadowed the father’s heart. Lavinia, his daughter, was ‘the beloved of his soul;’ Orazio, his active assistant in the studio, never gave him a sorrow; but Pomponio, his first-born, was an incorrigible profligate who wasted his father’s earnings in a disorderly life. Titian had not been sparing in remonstrance and punishment, till finally his despair of his son’s reformation went the length of refusing him one of the many benefices which had cost him such pains, and bestowing it on a nephew instead.

The activity of the painter was kept up to his latest years, and if many of the pictures then executed show a decline of power, this is owing rather to the extent to which he employed assistants, and inferior artists, than to the falling off of his own prowess. The Actæon and the Calisto in the Bridgwater Gallery, painted after he was eighty-three, still show a colourist in the most enchanting sense of the word. Nor did his cunning ever quite forsake him. A picture executed for Philip II. in 1574–5—the painter then ninety-six to ninety-seven years of age—in commemoration of the battle of Lepanto, now in

the Madrid Gallery, may read as a moral on the decline of all human power, and yet in the armour and purple lake drapery some of the wonted fire still survives.

Titian's first and last illness was short and terrible. The plague—the too familiar scourge of Venice—ragcd there in 1576 as it had never done before, carrying off 50,000 out of a population of 190,000. It spared not the beautiful house at the Biri Grande. Titian succumbed to it on August 27, and his son Orazio soon after him. Laws had been passed to forbid the interment of plague patients in any church within the city, but Titian's greatness overrode all law. The highest dignitaries of S. Marco conveyed him to his grave in the Church of S. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari, where he reposes near one of his grandest creations, the 'Madonna di Casa Pesaro.'

ART. VI.—*The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* By THEODORE MARTIN. Vol. III. 1877.

THIS third volume of the 'Life of the Prince Consort' by Mr. Theodore Martin is really a very valuable contribution to the history of Her Majesty's reign, and we might add to the contemporary history of Europe. Nay more, its publication is a political event. For it contains in the most explicit and authentic form a full account of the relations of the British Court with the sovereigns of foreign states, whether at variance or in strict alliance with ourselves, during a most eventful period, and very clear judgments of the policy and character of those personages. It records, in colours that will not fade away, the services and the shortcomings of the ministers, statesmen, and officers, who had the honour of serving the Queen and the country during the Crimean War; and whilst it rewards with discriminating praise the majority of those on whom the confidence of the Crown was justly bestowed, it does not hesitate to censure those who shrank in the hour of difficulty and danger from the cause they had once undertaken to advocate and defend. In that great conflict with the Russian Empire, which is here so vividly described that all its past emotions are rekindled in the memory as we read, whoever else may have faltered and shrunk back, the Queen and the Prince Consort never for one instant wavered. They were ardently convinced that the cause which had roused this nation to arms was the cause of justice, honesty, and peace. They knew, better than the country knew, the servility of Prussia, the

vacillation of Austria, the lukewarmness of France, and that England must in the main rely on her own strong arm and stern resolution to carry on the war to a successful end; and it is scarcely too much to say that, at the very time when the Prince was falsely suspected of a leaning to the policy of the continental states, he was in truth the very soul of the war, more determined than anyone else to oppose and subdue the aggressive policy of Russia, and to establish, if possible, permanent guarantees for the peace of Eastern Europe. These things being now published to the world, with the authority of the Queen, it is impossible not to regard this book as a direct and avowed declaration of Her Majesty's own views and opinions on the great questions which again agitate the world.

In the following passage the language is that of Mr. T. Martin, but it cannot be forgotten that it is published under the immediate sanction of Queen Victoria:—

‘In those days the great body of Englishmen had not ceased to believe that Russia had designs upon Constantinople; and to these designs they would not suffer themselves to be blinded by mere protestations that the policy of Peter the Great and Catherine was not the policy of their successors, or that the “long-cherished ambition of the “nation,” as it was designated by Lord John Russell, would be surrendered even at the bidding of its ruler.

‘Common men might not be able to estimate all the dangers to Europe which lurked in any disturbance of its territorial divisions, but there were few who could not appreciate how important it was to England that the entrance to the Black Sea should continue in the hands of a neutral and friendly Power, and that it should not pass into the possession of one by whom it might be used with formidable effect for the purposes of a boundless and unscrupulous ambition. Even Austria and Prussia, subservient as they were known to be to Russian influence, had concurred with the Western Powers in declaring that the maintenance of “the state of possession in the East was necessary “for the tranquillity of all the other Powers,” and that “the existence “of Turkey within the limits assigned to her by treaty” was one of the necessary conditions of the balance of power in Europe; but, notwithstanding this clear expression of the views of united Europe, Russia continued to maintain a position that was wholly incompatible with them. The Emperor Nicholas might disclaim, as he did, any intention to assail the integrity of the Ottoman Empire; but who could credit this assurance when in the same breath he declared that his armies, which had invaded Turkish territory, were there, and would remain there, to extort concessions which would transfer from the Sultan to himself the allegiance of twelve millions of Turkish subjects, and place at his mercy the future independence of the Ottoman Empire? The peace of Europe had been lawlessly broken; an immense army set in motion, which, whatever pretext might be put

forward, could only have conquest for its object. But if Turkey were struck down now, who could foretell what part of Europe might next be singled out for assault? Too long had the Russian autocrat been accustomed to "bestride the narrow world like a Colossus," and throughout England an all but universal feeling had grown up that the time had come, in our own immediate interests, no less than for the sake of the future welfare of the world, to let it be seen that we at least were not content to

"Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves,"

but were determined to resist the further usurpations of an imperious will, and to vindicate the cause of right against might, although in doing so we had to fight for a dynasty which we know to be corrupt, and all but despaired of seeing reformed.

There is scarcely a page in this volume on the transactions which preceded the war of 1854 that does not contain some passage exactly parallel to the transactions of 1876 and 1877. The same arts have been used by Russia, and with success, because England and France no longer stand in their united strength to oppose her. The very men who, in this country, have lent themselves to the encouragement of this fresh aggression, are the same who turned their arms in 1855 against the Cabinet to which they had belonged, and made the Parliament of that day ring with their Russian speeches, even when a British army was in the field. Their conduct has not been forgotten, and the readers of this remarkable volume will know as much about it, or more, than we who have in remembrance those eventful times. For here all reticence is thrown aside. Men and events are described in the very language of the day, and, perhaps for the first time, the large and active controlling and directing power retained by the sovereign, and exercised by Her Majesty in conjunction with the Prince, is made clearly perceptible.

As is natural in a work which is essentially biographical, the largest share in this influence is here attributed to the Prince himself, and he undoubtedly stands forth in these pages as a politician of a very high order indeed. We are of those who think that in the earlier years of the Prince's connexion with this country, which are recorded by Mr. Theodore Martin in the two preceding volumes, the strong German prepossessions of his birth and education, perpetuated by his closest friendships and most confidential advisers, clung to him more closely than was desirable for his popularity and success in England. A great writer of fiction has recently attempted to portray a faultless character, animated by an intense desire

to benefit his fellow-creatures, acting up to the loftiest moral standard, ready for any amount of self-sacrifice, eager to take part in the cares and affairs of others, more mindful of them than of himself, sometimes a little dreamy and chimerical, but withal dominated by the strongest conceivable passion and love for his own peculiar race. There are many traits in this imaginary personage which might, without disrespect, have been copied from the illustrious subject of this memoir. To the outer world the result might seem rather tame; but within there lay an incessant and eager energy capable of great enterprises. The German character was as indelibly stamped upon Prince Albert as the Hebrew nature was impressed on Daniel Deronda; and we may say with perfect truth and sincerity that no nobler example of German culture, principle, and conduct has ever existed in the world than that which was exhibited in the person of the Prince Consort.

But this intense nationality rendered it difficult to him, for a considerable space of time, to amalgamate with the society and the people amongst whom he was destined to live. Baron Stockmar, with all his devotion to the royal family, his experience of the world, his genuine love for the Prince, and his honesty of purpose, was a German of the stiffest school—a strange Mordecai for a young man who was aspiring to take a part in the government of England. We are content, from regard to the memory of the worthy old man, to pass over in silence the lucubrations on the British Constitution which he addressed to his pupil, who fortunately had the sense to forget them. But, speaking with some personal experience, we entertain a much lower opinion of the Baron's political tact and judgment than he had imparted to his friends, and there is nothing in these volumes to alter that impression. Unluckily some of the events which occurred soon after the Prince began to take an active part in politics, contributed to strengthen his German habits and predilections. The affair of the Spanish marriages had interrupted our good understanding with France. The Revolution of 1848 overthrew the throne of Louis-Philippe, and occasioned popular movements in Germany from which the Prince's chief friends and advisers anticipated the rise of a new epoch in German history. In the Danish War the Prince took, as was natural, a very strong interest on the German side, at a time when the invasion of Schleswig-Holstein was condemned with unanimity by every British statesman. On this point he was entirely at variance with the policy and convictions of this country, and his extreme views alienated from him many of those who entertained a

great respect for his talents and character. Even Lord Aberdeen used to say that it was impossible to converse with the Prince on that subject. Up to this point, then, it may be said that the Prince was scarcely living in harmony with his adopted country, and this fact suffices to account for the great and unmerited injustice done him by the public, for his extreme unpopularity when he was ready to make any sacrifice for the public good, and for the ridiculous credulity with which the most absurd stories were swallowed and circulated to his disadvantage. Even these hard misrepresentations and calumnies he bore with matchless temper and without resentment. He knew he should live them down, and that the truth would prevail. The Great Exhibition of 1851 contributed to make known his remarkable administrative abilities; but it was the Eastern Question in 1853 and the Crimean War that called forth all his powers and proved that he had unalterably adopted the spirit and the policy of Great Britain as his own. From that time forward there was not in England a more high-spirited Englishman than the Prince. His political views were absolutely identified with the interests and the objects of this country, and he renounced some of the ties of early association which till then had sat most closely upon him.

The faithlessness and ambition of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, as manifested in the spring of 1853, were revolting to the sense of justice and honour of the British Court. They had themselves received personal assurances from the Czar, when he visited England, entirely at variance with these acts. The well-known conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour took place at the very time when Prince Menschikoff was starting on his mission; but it was not till long afterwards that the British Government learned, that before those discreditable proposals for the partition of the Ottoman Empire had been made to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, similar proposals had been made by Russia to the Court of Vienna and rejected there. This important fact is, we believe, entirely new, and disclosed for the first time.

It was at once apparent that the only effectual mode of arresting the impending war was the joint action of the four Powers, which had previously agreed in condemning the policy of Russia. But this hope was extinguished by the known subserviency of the King of Prussia to the Court of St. Petersburg, and by the concurrent hesitation of Austria to act without her federal ally. In answer to the language used by the King of Prussia in a letter addressed to the Queen, Her Majesty replied in terms of great force and dignity that the

demands of the Emperor of Russia were incompatible with the independence of the Porte and the equilibrium of Europe; that to take shelter in a complete neutrality where such interests were at stake was to renounce the duties incumbent on the Great Powers as the guarantors of treaties, the guardians of civilisation, and the ultimate arbitrators of nations, and that if 'the example should find imitators, European civilisation is abandoned as a plaything to the winds, right will no longer find a champion, nor the oppressed an umpire to appeal to.' With withering scorn the King was reminded that no attempt could be made to bribe him by the prospect of certain advantages, an allusion apparently to an insinuation which had been thrown out that the sacrifice of Schleswig-Holstein might perhaps induce His Majesty to act with the Western Powers; and the letter concludes with the assurance that the words of Shakespeare—

‘ Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee ’—

had sunk deeply into every Englishman's heart.

It must have cost the Prince a pang to write this memorable letter, for, though signed by the Queen, we presume that he was the author of it. A close alliance with Germany had been the dearest object of his political hopes and labours. Even later in the day he says: ‘ If there were a *Germany* and a *German* sovereign at Berlin, it could never have happened.’ But in this he was again deceived. There is now a Germany and a German sovereign at Berlin, but the result is the same. The language of that Court and the language of the Anglo-Russian party at home are, at this hour, identical with the language of Frederic William IV. in 1853.

The Prince then was gradually led to the unwelcome admission that it is not by the aid of Germany that any of the great interests of England in European affairs are likely to be supported and upheld; and that whether we look to the progress of free institutions, to the independence of the minor states, or to the defence of treaties, far more was to be obtained by a close and intimate alliance with France. It was by the French alliance that the kingdom of Belgium had been founded. It was by the French alliance that Russian aggression was to be resisted. It was by France, at a later date, that the independence and unity of Italy were to be established. A large portion of this volume is devoted to the means by which this alliance between the Courts of England and France was happily established and maintained, and nothing more honourable can be recorded of

the Emperor Napoleon III. and of his friends in this country. The essential difference between the policy of Northern Germany and the policy of this country is that Prussia never cordially renounced her old hostility to France: England had already done so.

But this was not a leaf out of Baron Stockmar's book. That ancient German, who had begun life in the campaign of 1813, hated the French with a genuine Teutonic hatred. It has been said of him by a contemporary critic that he looked at German interests with British eyes; we say, on the contrary, that he looked at British interests with German eyes. Nothing to our mind so clearly shows the innate strength and independence of the Prince's own character as the fact that when he discovered, in the hour of trial, that no reliance whatever could be placed on the German Courts, which were bound together by secret treaties, and manifestly subservient to Russian policy, he threw himself heart and soul into the French alliance, and greatly contributed to maintain it by the confidential relations he established with the Emperor Napoleon. From that moment it would be highly unjust to accuse the Prince of German proclivities. He was English to the core. The Crimean war called forth all his political energy and perfected his military sagacity, for no man had more completely mastered the true theory of military power; and throughout the contest he displayed a degree of firmness, patriotic courage, and judgment which was alike valuable to the civil and to the military servants of the Crown.

It deserves especial observation that almost all the reforms which have been introduced within the last twenty years in our military system originated with the Prince. He was the first to perceive that our military forces were composed of a certain number of gallant regiments, or rather battalions, without the organisation of an army. He suggested the camps at Chobham and Aldershot—the latter site was chosen by himself. He introduced the system of daily states or returns of the condition of the forces from the seat of war, and drew up the necessary forms with his own hand. He proposed a broad scheme of military education, which has in one generation given us a body of officers inferior to none in Europe in professional knowledge. He insisted on putting the militia in a complete state of efficiency; and the ideas on which the British army has since been reorganised were all present to his mind.* On this subject we

* See especially the admirable paper on Army Organisation circulated to the Cabinet in January 1856, and printed p. 185 of this volume.

observe that the following note has been appended, not, as we conjecture, by Mr. Theodore Martin; it bears traces of a weightier hand, and of greater experience of empire :—

‘Do not our public men, in a competition, not unnatural, to outvie their rivals in reducing our military expenditure, still foster too much the prevailing disposition to rely for security on our insular position and naval supremacy? If we are to command the respect of other countries, and to retain a firm hold of those vast colonial and foreign possessions which go so far to make the greatness and to justify the influence of England, we cannot hope to escape the expense of maintaining an army which shall be something more than merely sufficient for purposes of national police or for the wants of the colonies and our Indian Empire. We may not always be able to count on the friendliness of other States: in prudence we ought not to leave ourselves at their mercy.’

Nothing is more curious and interesting in this volume than the record of the growing intimacy between the British Court and the daring adventurer who had recently restored the French Empire, from the first interview of the Prince and Louis Napoleon at Boulogne to the Queen’s triumphal reception in Paris, which Her Majesty has recorded in the most glowing language. Everything militated against such an alliance. The means by which the Empire had been restored were abhorrent to a people and a sovereign profoundly attached to constitutional rights and parliamentary government.* The man who had made himself the autocrat of France represented the family if not the traditions of the bitterest enemy of England. In some respects he had shown himself to be treacherous, in others chimerical. The Emperor Nicholas believed that no such alliance between England and France with a Bonaparte on the throne was possible. But the Prince was actuated by

* The Queen had certainly no prepossessions in Napoleon’s favour, and in no degree shared the feelings expressed by Lord Palmerston on the occasion of the *coup d’état*. If we are not misinformed, it must have been immediately after the proclamation of the Second Empire in December 1852 that Louis Napoleon made a proposal of marriage to a German Princess very nearly connected by blood with Her Majesty, and who was then staying at Windsor. The Princess herself, we believe, was not altogether averse to the marriage; but the Queen very wisely and firmly negatived the proposal and put an end to the affair. Louis Napoleon instantly proposed to the Countess Téba, whom he married shortly afterwards. This anecdote, which we believe to be true, is not alluded to by Mr. Martin. But if the refusal threw some personal coldness into the relations of the two courts, it was effectually dispelled by the visit of the Prince to meet the Emperor at Boulogne in August 1854.

higher considerations than these. He saw that there existed in Northern Europe a confederacy of sovereigns capable of crushing the liberal spirit of Germany, of dragging Austria at their heels, as they had done in the partition of Poland, and of sacrificing not only the independence of the Ottoman Porte, but the liberties of Europe. Perhaps the first occurrence which awakened all the suspicions of His Royal Highness was the seizure of Cracow in 1846, which he regarded as an ominous violation of public law, and on which he did us the honour to communicate an article, written under his directions, to this Journal. The only effectual counterpoise to this disastrous and unscrupulous conspiracy, in which the Emperor Nicholas was the ruling spirit, lay in the Western alliance. With singular tact the Prince discovered and worked upon all that was best in the character of our powerful neighbour and ally. The Emperor was struck by the political knowledge and judgment of his guest, which he perceived to be far beyond his own. He declared that never in his life had he learned so much in a short time as he did in the course of a six hours' drive *tête-à-tête* from Boulogne to St. Omer. And it was impossible to know the Emperor without doing justice to the dignified courtesy of his manners and the kindness of his disposition. England had certainly no reason to complain of him in his relations to this country, and this volume perhaps contains the most genial tribute that has ever been paid to his memory.

The Queen herself embodied her views of these personal relations with the Imperial Court of France in a memorandum drawn up on May 2, 1855, after the first visit of the Emperor to Windsor, from which Mr. Martin has been permitted to extract the following pertinent yet simple remarks:—

‘The great advantage to be derived for the permanent alliance of England and France, which is of such vital importance to both countries, from the Emperor's recent visit, I take to be this: that with his peculiar character and views, which are very personal, a kind, unaffected, and hearty reception by us personally in our own family will make a lasting impression on his mind. He will see that he can rely upon our friendship and honesty towards him and his country, so long as he remains faithful towards us. Naturally frank, he will see the advantage to be derived from continuing so; and if he reflects upon the downfall of the former dynasty, he will see that it arose chiefly from a breach of pledges and ambiguous conduct towards this country and its sovereign, and will be sure, if I be not very much mistaken in his character, to avoid such a course.

It must likewise not be overlooked that this kindly feeling towards us, and consequently towards England (the interests of which are

inseparable from us), must be increased when it is remembered that we are almost the only people in his own position with whom he has been able to be on terms of intimacy, consequently almost the only ones to whom he could talk easily and unreservedly. . . . It is, therefore, natural to believe that he will not willingly separate from those who, like us, do not scruple to put him in possession of the real facts, and whose conduct is guided by justice and honesty. . . . I would go still further: I think that it is in our power to keep him in the right course. . . . We should never lose the opportunity of checking in the bud any attempt on the part of his agents or ministers to play us false, frankly informing him of the facts, and encouraging him to bring forward in an equally frank manner whatever he has to complain of. This is the course which we have hitherto pursued, and, as he is France in his own sole person, it becomes of the utmost importance to encourage by every means in our power that very open intercourse which I must say has existed between him and Lord Cowley for the last year and a half, and now, since our personal intercourse, with ourselves . . .

Meanwhile the war went on, and the King of Prussia continued his dishonest game of secretly backing the aggressor, whilst he pretended to blame the aggression; he even went so far as to fortify Dantzic and to beg to be informed where the allied fleets were to winter in the autumn of 1854. To this the Prince replied in a letter of uncommon severity.

‘Your Majesty’s letter of the 16th inst. reached me safely, and I shall do my best to give Your Majesty the explanations you desire; although I fear they will be found unsatisfactory by you.

‘No decision has yet been come to about the winter quarters of the fleet, and the recent occupation of the Aland Islands introduces a new element into the calculation, which will have to be dealt with, before a decision can be come to. This much, however, is certain, that the object of our operations in the Baltic is, to shut up the Russian fleet in harbour, or to annihilate it if it ventures out. So long as there is a possibility of its venturing out, our fleet is sure to be on the look-out for it. The circumstances—bad weather or ice—which would drive our ships away, would make it equally impossible for the Russian fleet to move. I see, therefore, no peril for Your Majesty’s seaboard, even should Russia show any special inclination to assail Prussia. So little able are England and France up to this moment to conceive the possibility of such a danger, that they could only regard Your Majesty’s orders for the fortification of Dantzic seaward as an act of hostility towards themselves. It appears that this is the impression which the measure has produced upon the people of Germany. Under these circumstances I am glad, for Your Majesty’s sake, that you did not make an official appeal to the Queen’s Government, which very possibly would have replied, “Prussia has no right to claim protection for her harbours from us, so long as she is not our ally against Russia;” nay, while on the contrary she makes use of her neutrality to give

“Russia the means of pushing her trade through these ports, and so thwarting us in one of our chief measures for carrying on the war.”

‘In this Your Majesty will no doubt find an outburst of the unfortunate animosity of English diplomacy to your person, of which you complain. I should not be dealing with you as a true friend, were I not frankly to avow that this animosity does in fact exist, not merely, however, in English diplomacy, but also in the English nation, the French nation, and also, unless I am mistaken, in a considerable section of the Germans. And Your Majesty will scarcely say that it is wholly unjustifiable if you recall the events of the last few months.

‘The four Powers acted in perfect harmony up to last March, when Prussia rejected the Quadruple Treaty which Austria, with the wisest intentions, had proposed. To satisfy Prussia, the much less binding Protocol of the 9th of April was substituted for it; and simultaneously with the closing of the Chambers, all Your Majesty’s servants were dismissed, who were well affected to the Western Powers and who stood in the bad graces of the Emperor of Russia. Since that time Prussia has been the chief drawback to the energetic adhesion of Austria to the Western Powers, and the cause why it has been to a certain degree possible for Russia to thwart the policy of Austria. The Prussian ambassador was forbidden to take part in the Conferences at Vienna in July, whereby the three Powers felt themselves almost compelled to act alone; besides which, at the most critical moment, and at the most favourable season of the year, three weeks were lost before the Ultimatum could reach St. Petersburg, which could not be despatched from Vienna till the 10th inst. In short Russia obtained from Prussia that *neutralité bienveillante* which it had desired from the outset, but which, in the same degree in which it is *bienveillante* to Russia, could not but be regarded by the Western Powers as hostile to them. I am quite aware that you do all this in order to secure for Prussia the blessings of peace, but you must not be surprised if the West shows displeasure towards a Government whose policy is directed solely to protracting the state of war, to throwing obstacles in the way of peace, and flinging wide the entrance for the spirit of revolution; which proffers Russia the most important services, by keeping Germany divided, by crippling Austria, by fostering Russian commerce; and in this way prevents the European Question, which has been raised by the misdeeds of Russia, from being settled in the *interest* of Europe, and by an *united* Europe.

‘Whether the Emperor of Russia will be permanently benefited by this, I must leave to time to show. For the longer the war continues, the heavier will be the conditions which the Western Powers will feel themselves justified in exacting. And the longer Russia is misled into relying upon the support of Prussia, the more grievous will be her disappointment—for of these in this imbroglio she has already had so many—when Prussia is brought to the point where she must act up to her assurances. The animosity of Russia, of which Your Majesty is already apprehensive, will then fall exclusively upon Prussia, and I tremble at the thought that she shall be held responsible both by Austria and the West for all the suffering and loss, which a well-timed

combined action of all the Powers would have averted. The angry feeling which now prevails is an indication not to be mistaken of what may be expected. May the Almighty direct all for the best !

‘With Victoria’s warmest greetings, I remain, Your Majesty’s most faithful servant and kinsman,

‘ALBERT.

‘Osborne, August 28, 1854.’

After such a letter as this it would be preposterous to accuse the Prince of undue forbearance towards his German friends, and perhaps he resented their desertion the more keenly from the reliance he had formerly been disposed to place upon it.

We are compelled to pass over the incidents of the war, the trying events of the winter of 1854–5, and the causes which led to the dissolution of Lord Aberdeen’s administration. On this last point the details contained in the present volume are of peculiar interest, and we must say they reflect the deepest discredit on the Peelite section of that Cabinet, and on those who, in a moment of despondency and real danger, thought proper to aggravate the difficulties of the Queen’s Government by a ministerial crisis. Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, and some of their friends had been foremost in the promotion of the war. Some of them had boasted overmuch beforehand of the great exploits of our arms. But when difficulties arose they adopted a tone of excessive depreciation. They asserted that neither the fleet nor the army could do anything. They contended for peace at any price with Russia. Even Lord Aberdeen, to whom the Prince was personally so much attached, drew down upon himself a fiery rebuke for the position he had assumed towards the government of his successors. We say it with pride, it was by the Whig members of the Cabinet of which Lord Palmerston was the head—by Lord Clarendon, by Lord Panmure, Lord Lansdowne, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and Sir George Grey—that the war and the difficult negotiations for the peace were carried to a successful termination. The Prince wrote in the midst of this crisis:—

‘Things have gone mad here, the political world is quite crazy, and the Court is the only institution which does not lose its tranquil bearing. Nevertheless, the people will soon come to their senses again. The press, which for its own ends exaggerates the sufferings of our troops in the Crimea, has made the nation quite furious. It is bent upon punishing all and sundry, but cannot find the right person, because he does not exist.’

It was somewhat later (in June 1855) that the Prince delivered a speech at a Trinity House dinner in which he said

that 'constitutional government was under a heavy trial.' These words were much commented on at the time, as if they were intended to imply the relative superiority of autocratic government. It now appears that a sentence in the speech by which the Prince had intended to qualify this remark and obviate this inference, escaped his memory, and was accidentally omitted. It was impossible to deny, after what had recently occurred in the House of Commons, that the difficulties of carrying on wars and negotiations are increased by the debates and divisions of a public assembly; but no man was more convinced than the Prince that these evils were more than counterbalanced by the energy with which a free people throws its whole heart into the cause. The war was undoubtedly in the highest degree popular. The only dissatisfaction expressed was caused by the belief that it had not been carried on with sufficient energy and foresight, and that it was brought to a 'premature' termination. The Queen herself used that expression in writing to the Emperor Napoleon on the conclusion of the peace.

Court ceremonies, royal progresses, and even the appropriate interchange of congratulations and condolences between members of the Royal Family, call for no remark from us, and are not a fit subject for criticism. But the visit of the Queen and the Prince to Paris in August 1855, immediately after the battle of the Tchernaja, but before the fall of Sebastopol, assumed a high degree of political importance, and it is described in these pages with extreme animation in a series of extracts from the Queen's journal. Since the reign of Henry VI. no English sovereign had set foot in Paris. For the first time in history the two countries were cordially united in a great military enterprise; and the brilliant reception offered to the British Queen at the court of her ally was ratified by the enthusiasm of the people. The most remarkable scene described by the Queen in this succession of moving pageants is the following:—

'We drove straight to the Hôtel des Invalides, under the dome of which Napoleon lies, late as it was, because we were most anxious not to miss this, perhaps the most important, act of all in this very interesting and eventful time. It was nearly seven when we arrived. All the Invalides—chiefly of the former, but some of the present war—were drawn up on either side of the court into which we drove. It seems we had not been expected, there having been some mistake on account of the change of hour for the review, which was to have been in the morning, but, in consequence of the fearful heat, had been put off by the Emperor to five o'clock. . . . The Governor, Count d'Ornano, was terribly put out at not having been *prévenu*. How-

ever, it all did very well. There were four torches which lit us along, and added to the solemnity of the scene, which was striking in every way. The church is fine and lofty. We went to look from above into the open vault, the effect of which the Emperor does not like, as he says it looks like "*un grand bassin.*" "*On arrive,*" he said, "*et on se demande ce qui est dans le tombeau de l'Empereur ; on s'attend à y voir de l'eau.*" The work and interior designs are, however, very fine. The coffin is not yet there, but in a small side chapel de St. Jérôme. Into this the Emperor led me, and there I stood, at the arm of Napoleon III., his nephew, before the coffin of England's bitterest foe ; I, the granddaughter of that King who hated him most, and who most vigorously opposed him, and this very nephew, who bears his name, being my nearest and dearest ally ! The organ of the church was playing "God save the Queen" at the time, and this solemn scene took place by torchlight, and during a thunderstorm. Strange and wonderful indeed. It seems as if, in this tribute of respect to a departed and dead foe, old enmities and rivalries were wiped out, and the seal of Heaven placed upon that bond of unity which is now happily established between two great and powerful nations. May Heaven bless and prosper it !

To destroy this alliance had been throughout the object which the Russian Government had most at heart. It had successively offered a separate alliance, with special advantages, to Austria and to England. In November 1853 a similar attempt was made to induce France to come to a separate understanding with Russia for the settlement of the Eastern Question. Prince Gortschakoff, then Minister at Stutgard, had been instructed to sound Count Béarn, the French Minister at that court, and to declare that he knew England would throw over the Eastern Question as soon as she had got France fairly committed. '*Elle vous aura tout simplement aidé à vous compromettre et vous laissera tous les embarras d'une position fausse et difficile. Nous avons tous à nous plaindre de cette Puissance. Quel bon tour que de nous arranger sans elle !* Croyez-moi ; méfiez-vous de la perfide Albion.'

The French Government indignantly rejected the overture, and communicated the details of it to England. But the man who held this language is now Chancellor of the Russian Empire and the director of its foreign policy if not of its armies. It is with him the British Government has at this moment to deal. This disclosure of his real views towards us is not made at an inappropriate moment.

Shortly after the Crimean War, in October 1856, Prince Gortschakoff thought proper to read us a lesson on the respect due to independent sovereign states. France and England, disgusted by the systematic misgovernment of the King of

Naples, had taken the strong measure of withdrawing their Ministers from that Court, seeing that all other forms of remonstrance had proved vain. Upon this Prince Gortschakoff remarked in a note addressed to his agents at foreign courts in the following terms :—

‘ We could understand that, as a consequence of friendly forethought, one Government should give advice to another in a benevolent spirit; that such advice might even assume the form of exhortation; *but we believe that is the furthest* limit allowable. Less than ever can it now be allowed in Europe to forget that sovereigns are equal among themselves, and that it is not the extent of territory, but the sacred character of the rights of each, that regulates the relations that exist between them. To endeavour to obtain from the King of Naples concessions as regards the internal government of his States by threats, or by a menacing demonstration, is a violent usurpation of his authority, an attempt to govern in his stead: it is an open declaration of the right of the strong over the weak.’

We cordially concur in these excellent principles, and we rejoice that Mr. Theodore Martin has been permitted to give them to the world. But it might be suggested that these are the rules of conduct which ought to have guided the late Conference, and certainly might with advantage be applied by Russia herself—to Turkey.

As long as the siege of Sebastopol lasted the honour of the allied empires was engaged to bring that enterprise to a successful termination; but when that great operation had been accomplished, the Russian fleet being sunk, the Russian arsenal destroyed, and the Russian army (as was afterwards ascertained) almost exhausted, France became less disposed than England to prolong a war from which she had already solemnly renounced any territorial advantage. England, on the contrary, regretted that the allies had not followed up the Russian defeat with greater vigour. Austria began fresh negotiations for peace, and no doubt a considerable weight of opinion even in this country inclined in that direction. Even King Leopold, the man in all the world to whom the Prince looked up with the greatest personal affection and political respect, seems to have been anxious to assist the Czar in obtaining peace on easy terms, and to have reproached England with her persistency in the war. But the Prince opposed the views of his uncle, and defended the policy of this country against him with as much energy as he had thrown into his correspondence with Frederic William IV. When the relative positions of the writer and receiver of the following letter are borne in mind, it is certainly a very extraordinary document.

‘Dearest Uncle,—It is only to-day that I am able to reply to your kind letter of the 16th, sent by the courier, as our removal from Osborne has somewhat disordered our daily routine; but I now send you my warmest thanks for it.

‘It is always of the highest importance to me to learn your views, especially at critical moments like the present. Still I regret to find, running through what you say, a certain bitterness against England, which it has deserved neither by its attitude towards Belgium or yourself, nor by the position which it has taken up in regard to the Eastern Question, a bitterness of which I am at a loss even to divine the cause. No one knows better than yourself how the whole dispute arose; how forbearing we were towards the Emperor Nicholas, how reluctantly we were driven to extreme measures, with what domineering insolence Russia repelled every effort on our part to avoid the conflict; how zealously we laboured to maintain in all good faith the *commun accord* of the European Powers, who had pronounced against Russia as in the wrong, and not to be driven into an isolated alliance with France; how Prussia first, then Austria, left us in the lurch; how Russia found friends in every quarter of the Continent (Belgium not excepted); what sacrifices we made in men, money, commercial relations, &c.; how from every side nothing but prophecies of disaster has reached us; how, finally, Russia herself rejected the proposals at the Vienna Conference, always building on the belief that the sacrifices we had to make, and the difficulties we had to encounter, would ultimately break down the Franco-English alliance, and how she worked for that end through every possible organ, on one hand trying to scare us and the world by talking of the ambitious designs of Louis Napoleon, of his invasion of England, and his raid across the Rhine; on the other, seeking to irritate the French public against us by insinuating that we were prosecuting purely English interests (because of India), and were making use of France as our tool, whose interests the Emperor was sacrificing to us for personal and dynastic purposes of his own!

‘We are now engaged in the struggle, and up to this point, despite the numberless disadvantages to which our press has exposed us, we have held our ground in the face of the enemy, who has been beaten at all points, and, having begun the campaign with 24,000 men and 36 guns, and lost in it somewhere about 20,000 men, we are now in Sebastopol with 52,000 men and 96 guns; we have on the Bosphorus 6,000 men of the Foreign Legion, a Turkish contingent of 18,000 men at Kertch, and 15,000 men of our Sardinian Allies ready to act as part of our army; and thus we are in a position to take the field with 80,000 men independently of the French. England entertains neither an invincible hatred to Russia, nor a childish ambition of military glory. If, therefore, the war is continued, the reason must be sought in the circumstance, that, being a practical country, it aims at a practical result, for which it is fighting, and, until that result is attained, will persist through good and evil report in valiantly making further sacrifices to carry on the war. . . . Russia will have to see and feel the nature of her present position, before we can hope she will con-

cede a peace commensurate with the objects of the war. That she has not done so up to this time is shown by the fact that she has put the question plumply in Paris through Herr von Seebach, whether the Western Powers are ready to conclude peace on the basis of the neutralisation of the Black Sea? this neutralisation being, as Russia understands it, "that the Dardanelles shall be closed, and that no ships of war shall henceforth enter the Black Sea, except those of Russia and Turkey (!), which shall be maintained there in such numbers as the two neighbours shall agree between themselves, without a voice on the part of the other Powers." A very pretty outcome this would make to a two years' bloody war! It explains why Russian diplomacy just at present professes to have a preference for the principle of neutralisation to that of limitation.

'You put much the same question as Herr von Seebach, "Will England make peace on the footing of neutralisation?" To this it would be difficult for me to give a satisfactory answer, as what I have just told you shows how *elastic* such general expressions are. The fact, however, is, that Austria has laid before us a carefully formulated basis for peace, and although it did not come up to our wishes, and was proposed by a Power which of late has been at pains to earn for itself our utter distrust, we have accepted it after long and patient deliberation and discussion with our allies. It has now gone as an Austrian ultimatum to St. Petersburg. Russia, therefore, has it in her power to conclude a peace which is regarded by Austria (as by ourselves) as most equitable. We will now see what she will do, and what amount of truth there is in all that she has been saying. The transaction may be concluded in a few days, and Europe has an interest in its being brought to a settlement. I hope it may now rouse itself and try to work upon that section of the European world which has done the wrong, which began the war, and brought about such an amount of misery.

'So long as Europe does not do this, and Russia goes on flattering herself with the hope that she can undermine the Franco-English alliance, and make the two Powers jealous of each other by dividing their views as to the conditions to be insisted on, so long will that peace which you most naturally desire be out of the question. Were this alliance to be broken up, I need not say to you that there would be no longer any security for Europe, and for Belgium even less than for any other part of Europe.

'I know not whether I have succeeded in placing our position in a clear light before you. At any rate, my object has been to explain it so fully that you might thoroughly see it, as it seemed to me to be the object of your letter that I should do so as far as possible.

'Windsor Castle, 24th December, 1855.'

This brings us into the very heart of the discussion, and it so happens that the considerations which were so forcibly urged by the Prince are as applicable to the present state of affairs in the East as they were to the negotiations for peace two-and-twenty years ago. The question, momentous as it is

for this country, turns in reality on the Black Sea. The conditions which are to regulate the navigation of those waters by the maritime powers are to us *all-embracing*.

When the Emperor Nicholas seized the Principalities as what he termed a 'material guarantee' for the submission of the Porte, the answer he got from the Allied Powers (after the outrage of Sinope) was that they also felt bound to hold, and should hold, the Black Sea as a material guarantee against himself, and that when he desisted from his attack they would retire within the limits of the Convention of 1841. Practically they remained, until the peace, in the exclusive possession of the Euxine.

When Austria put forward the celebrated Four Points, which ultimately became the foundation of the Treaty of Paris, the third and by far the most important of these articles was in these words: 'The treaty of July 13, 1841, to be revised by all the high contracting parties in the interest of the balance of power in Europe, and *so as to put an end to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea.*' These terms were accepted and agreed to by Russia, and although there was subsequently a great deal of diplomatic fencing as to the best mode in which this proposition was to be carried into effect, there was no difference of opinion at all as to the fundamental principle that an end was to be put to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea. That end might have been accomplished in two ways, either by rescinding the Convention of 1841 and opening the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus to the military flag of all nations and to the fleets of the world, just as the Mediterranean Sea is opened to them; or, on the contrary, by closing the sea absolutely to the military flag of all the powers, Russia, Turkey, ourselves, and all other nations. Any middle course, for the admission of a limited number of ships, was puerile, and though contemplated for a moment at Vienna, it was rejected with indignation in London and in Paris. The latter alternative was eventually adopted by the Treaty of Paris; and this was the main result to us, as a maritime nation, of the Crimean War. Lord Carnarvon says that few persons look back with satisfaction to that war. We are among those persons, because we hold that the destruction of the arsenal of Sebastopol and of the Russian fleet did put an end to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea for twenty years, and thereby rendered an immense service to the liberties of Europe. On this point the Prince made at the time some most just and pertinent remarks, even before the fall of Sebastopol. They were addressed to the present Emperor

of Germany, who had suggested that Russia might be held in check by the presence of English and French squadrons in the Black Sea.

‘The creation of war harbours and establishments in the Black Sea is not such a simple and practicable task as it may look. Except Sebastopol, there is no *natural* harbour in all the Black Sea. They must therefore be constructed artificially, and this alone is an undertaking which cannot be carried out under from twenty to thirty years. . . . After the harbours are built, great dockyards would be essential; Russia has for fifty years been hard at work preparing hers in Sebastopol (this, too, within her own territory); then the whole would have to be protected by extensive sea and land fortifications; and these again would create the necessity for a garrison of from five to ten thousand men, and when all is done, we should only have built a mousetrap for ourselves, for without the possession of the Dardanelles we might at any moment be cut off from everything we had constructed, and starved out. In the same way it would puzzle us to hold Malta without Gibraltar, island though it be.

‘Well, you say, whoever wants to be secure must not shrink from making sacrifices. Most just; but we *have* made the sacrifices of the war—sacrifices which for us alone already amount to forty-seven millions sterling—sacrifices which, very naturally, Austria, Prussia, and Germany, have shrunk from making. The nation has willingly made these *temporary* sacrifices, but it has not paid that price in order to purchase *permanent* sacrifices. It expects, and justly, a peace in return, which will lay the foundations of lasting security and concord, not an armed truce, the maintenance of which is based upon the constant presence of all the antagonistic elements of strife.

‘The reduction of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, which is indicated as the sacrifice on the other side, is no sacrifice at all, but an actual boon to the Russian State. But to a limitation of this kind we are told Russian honour can never assent! I should accept the argument as unanswerable if it were the Baltic fleet whose limitation was demanded, or a fleet organised for the protection of the Russian coasts and of Russian commerce; but the fleet here is one whose very existence can be regarded only as a means of aggression against the Porte; a fleet which has no enemy to repel from its commerce or its coasts; which cannot venture on the high seas, but is built solely for a land-locked sea; whose existence therefore is in no sense necessary for the welfare of Russia, although it menaces the destruction of the Porte. The only argument which Prince Gortschakoff could adduce for its being necessary was, that it was required to protect Constantinople against the ambitious designs of the Western Powers.

‘Let me put aside all diplomatic considerations, and deal with the question of peace upon the basis of the actual *status quo*, as mere soldiers would be justified in doing. We are now in possession of Eupatoria and Balaklava, the Black Sea and the Baltic. If we evacuate all these positions, what is to be our consideration for doing so? Permission to have a small number of ships in the Black Sea,

which are to observe how Russia goes on restoring her naval power there, of which we have for the moment made an end. Is that an *equitable* proposal? The following illustration would fairly represent what is proposed. Two people spring upon a third and take from him a pistol, with which he threatens to assassinate their friend; after a long struggle the third man says, "Let me go!"—"On what condition?"—"That I get back my pistol, and that you also have pistols with which you may stand sentry over your friend."

For all purposes of defence of the Russian coasts against the possibility of a hostile attack, the neutralisation of the Black Sea was an absolute protection. It was therefore, as the Prince said, a great boon to Russia; and as to the alleged slur upon her honour, it affected Turkey in the same degree; it excluded all the maritime powers; and we ourselves have established the very same principle of limitation and exclusion between Canada and the United States on the great American lakes, which are inland seas. The obligation only becomes onerous to a power meditating aggression. When therefore, in 1871, by the connivance of Germany and the weakness of Austria and England, Russia was allowed to denounce and violate this fundamental condition, that act was the certain precursor of the present war. It was as a guarantee of peace that the condition was valuable. To a state of war it was inapplicable. We expressed at the time our opinion of this transaction, which was due mainly to the inconceivable declaration made some time before by Austria. Mr. Gladstone is entitled on this question to the merit of entire consistency, for he attacked the stipulation at the time the Treaty of Paris was discussed in Parliament, he would have concluded a peace without this condition, and he abrogated it when in power. But the author of these letters would probably not have agreed with him.

It was manifest, as we have said, to the clear apprehension of Prince Albert and of the Whig Ministers of the Crown, in 1856, that the preponderance or limitation of the power of Russia in the Black Sea embraced the whole Eastern Question. The same truth is equally manifest at the present hour, for the following reasons:—The possession by Russia of an exclusive right to navigate the Black Sea with her fleet (the commercial freedom of navigation in time of peace is not in question) gives her, far more than her enormous armies, the command of its coasts. It is by this power that the tribes of the Caucasus, still burning to revenge the numberless outrages they have received from their new masters, are cut off from the world and held in subjection. It is by this that Russia has the power to

attack and conquer the whole of Asia Minor, by landing and supplying armies at Batoum, Trebizond, or Sinope, without the possibility of their being attacked in the rear. It is by this that she would command the mouths of the Danube, and thereby reduce any principalities or powers which may be raised to nominal independence on its banks, to the condition of protected States, entirely subject to her will, as Roumania and Servia are already. It is by this that she perpetually threatens the seat of empire at Constantinople, and may seize, if she pleases, the straits that form the only means of access to the inland waters. Were the Turks driven from Europe, as some of our modern politicians desire, and the throne of Othman removed to Broussa, Turkey itself would cease to exist as an independent State, as long as Russia holds uncontrolled possession of the sea that bathes the whole coast of Asia Minor; and these Asiatic provinces, from the head waters of the Euphrates to the harbours of Smyrna and Marmorice, would become a satrapy of the Russian Empire. We do not want to deal with remote or imaginary dangers. We do not believe that Russia will be in a condition even in the next century to march to India or to cut off our own communications with that great dependency; and, in our opinion, far too much has been said of that distant and doubtful contingency. Nor is it for us to dwell upon the effect which the active presence of Russia in the Mediterranean might have on the security and independence of the Mediterranean States; they must look to their own interests. But the facts we have pointed out are the immediate, direct, and certain consequences of the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea; and it is by reason of these facts that all Europe agreed in 1856 to put an end to it. They affect not only the maritime rights and interests of this country, but a great principle of international law common to all the nations of the earth. Hitherto fortunately the *de facto* naval superiority in the Black Sea has been on the side of Turkey, and Russia has gained nothing by her breach of treaty.

If the opposite alternative were adopted and the waters of the Black Sea thrown open to the fleets of all nations, we should have no especial reason to object to such an arrangement, provided we had some effective guarantee that the passage of the Straits could never be closed, either to prevent our access or our communications. That in itself, however, is a difficult problem, and by far the best solution of it for England and the other maritime States is, that the custody of the Straits should remain in the hands of a friendly power, from which no one of them

has anything to fear. The freedom of the navigation of the Black Sea by ships of war would also entail upon us and other countries a considerable permanent addition to our naval forces, as the Prince pointed out in the last letter we have cited, because it would be necessary for the Powers of Europe to mount guard to protect the freedom of the Danube, the coast of Asia, and Constantinople itself. Such an obligation would be onerous, costly, and inconvenient. But we should prefer even that, an hundredfold, to the intolerable evil and danger of allowing the Black Sea to fall into the undisputed possession of Russia as a portion of her own dominions. No such territorial rights can be recognised over any sea at all. They are as extinct as the ancient claims of the British Crown, long since abandoned, to the sovereignty of the Channel and the Straits of Dover. Wherever an expanse of salt water flows, territorial dominion ceases; and though the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus are clearly Turkish territory, and give Turkey the same right over the passage that we have over the Solent or the Menai Strait, whatever lies beyond can only be regulated by European agreement or by public law—never appropriated by a single power. Upon this point, unless the present Ministers of the Crown prove utterly false to the interests and traditions of their country, they must, at any cost, stand firm.

It is a fortunate coincidence that a subject, which is at this moment of the utmost interest and importance, should have been elucidated by the masterly papers and patriotic vigour of the Prince Consort. We now know beyond all doubt what his opinion would have been upon it, in the shape it has now assumed; and we doubt not that Her Majesty, the faithful guardian of his works and of his blameless memory, has caused these opinions to be published to the world at this time, in order that they may have their due weight on public opinion and aid in directing the policy of the nation to wise ends. This third volume of Mr. Martin's Memoir unquestionably raises the character of the Prince as a statesman, and as the nearest adviser of the Crown of England, far higher than the volumes which preceded it, or than any previous publication, had done. Of his amiable disposition and strong sense of duty nothing remained to be said. The country is every year more sensible of the enormous loss we sustained in the premature death of so accomplished and virtuous a personage, and the Court has been clouded ever since that deplorable event.

We ventured some years ago to point out that the best memorial of the Prince's talents and virtues would be the publica-

tion of the papers drawn up by himself on various matters of public interest. The selection from these papers and the letters of the Prince forms by far the most interesting and important part of the present work, and we shall be glad if this portion of it can hereafter be extended. In other respects this biography would gain by abridgment; and it is also to be regretted that the very high price of these volumes places them altogether out of the reach of the people. A cheap edition of the book, which might be sold at cost price, since profit can be no object, reduced to about half its present size, but retaining all that came from the Prince's own pen, would be the most acceptable gift Queen Victoria could make to her people, and perhaps the most enduring monument of her Consort's fame.

ART. VII.—*Letters of Henry Stanley from Equatorial Africa to the 'Daily Telegraph.'* London: 1877.

THE exploration of Africa has been conducted of late on a new system. The routes of the earlier travellers passed either through parts of the continent where the population is sparse, as in Caffre land or in the Sahara, or in those where it is organised into large kingdoms, such as lie between Ashanti and Wadai, and which are much too powerful to admit of any traveller forcing his way against the will of their rulers. The older explorers were therefore content to travel with small retinues, conciliating the natives of the larger kingdoms by patient persistence and feeling their way. But of recent years all this has been changed. The progress of discovery has transferred the outposts of knowledge and the starting-points of exploration to places where the population is far more abundant than that which is met with in either the northern or the southern portions of Africa, yet where it is, for the most part, divided into tribes. Hence modern explorers have found the necessity of travelling with large and strongly armed retinues. This new method has been frequently adopted in the upper basin of the White Nile, which has also been the scene of many military expeditions sent by the Egyptian government to force a way into the Soudan, including that commanded by Sir Samuel Baker. So, in the south, Livingstone's comparatively small band of determined Caffres, placed at his disposal by a chief whose confidence he had gained, enabled him to cross the continent in the latitude of the Zambesi. Subsequently other travellers, like Burton, Speke, Grant, and Cameron, starting from Zanzibar, have adopted a similar plan. Their forces

were large enough to enable them to pass as they pleased through regions where the tribes were small, they were sufficiently powerful to make larger tribes fear to attack them, and as they invariably adopted a conciliatory policy with the latter, they never came into serious collision with the natives. Mr. Stanley has adopted the plan of travelling with an armed retinue on a much larger scale than any of those whom we have named, and he has certainly carried, by these means, a great expedition successfully through Africa. Thus he states, 'I led 2,280 men across hostile Unyoro,' on an expedition intended to cross the Albert Nyanza. Again, when he leaves Nyangwe on his final expedition down the Lualaba, he starts with a body of 500 fighting men. Thus with a larger military force than hitherto employed, and making a determined use of it, Mr. Stanley has conducted a geographical raid across the middle of Africa, which has led him into scenes of bloodshed and slaughter, beginning at the Victoria Nyanza, and not ending until he arrived in the neighbourhood of the Western Coast. This achievement undoubtedly places Mr. Stanley in the foremost rank of African discoverers, and ensures to him a hardly-earned and lasting fame.

The question will no doubt be hotly discussed how far a private individual, travelling as a newspaper correspondent, has a right to assume such a warlike attitude, and to force his way through native tribes regardless of their rights, whatever those may be. A man who does so acts in defiance of the laws that are supposed to bind private individuals. He assumes sovereign privileges, and punishes with death the natives who oppose his way. He voluntarily puts himself into a position from which there is no escape, except by battle and bloodshed; and it is a question which we shall not argue here, whether such conduct does not come under the head of filibustering. Nations are above laws, and may do and decide what expeditions they may care to launch, but the assumption of such a right by private individuals is certainly open to abuse, and seems hard to defend. It is impossible to speak of Mr. Stanley's journey without noticing this exceptional characteristic of it. At the same time it is not our present object to discuss the morality of his proceedings, but to occupy ourselves with his discoveries, which are unquestionably of the highest geographical importance, and may lead to consequences in comparison with which the death of a few hundred barbarians, ever ready to fight and kill, and many of whom are professed cannibals, will perhaps be regarded as a small matter.

The results of Mr. Stanley's journey at the moment of

writing these remarks are very imperfectly before us; but we already know enough to see that he finds the course of the Congo to form a great arc, as was rudely laid down in the well-known map of Duarte Lopez, published by Pigafetta at Rome in 1591, and that his route brings him into *quasi* connexion with the two furthest points reached in that part of the continent by explorers from the north, namely, that reached by Schweinfurth, who received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society in 1874 'for his discovery of the Uelle River, beyond the south-western limits of the Nile basin,' and that other point reached by the literary informant of Dr. Barth, who, travelling southwards from Darfúr, came to the great river of Kubanda, flowing to the west.

The Uelle was reached by Schweinfurth* in April, the time when its waters were at their lowest level, yet it was then 800 feet across, with a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet; its volume of outflow was estimated by him at 10,000 cubic feet per second. All the Monbuttoo and the Niam-niam people agreed in telling him that the Uelle held on its course, as far as they could follow it, for days and days together, till it widened so vastly that the trees on its banks ceased to be visible. Schweinfurth speaks with admiration of the peculiar shape and size of the canoes that he saw on the Uelle, which curiously correspond with those seen by Stanley on the Aruwimi. Schweinfurth says:—

'They were hewn out of a single trunk of a tree, and, alike in shape and solidity, were superior to what we had hitherto seen. Some of them were not less than thirty feet long and four feet broad, and sufficiently spacious to convey both horses and bullocks. So ample are their dimensions that there is no risk of their being upset, nor did they lurch in the least degree as we got into them. They were made with both ends running horizontally out into a beak, and the border lines were ornamented with carved figures.

'I had seen the teak canoes of the Red Sea, which are called "Hoory" in Arabic, and are of a build imported from India, and many of the canoes which are in use at Saakim and Djidda; but none of these were comparable, either with respect to size or elegance, with the canoes of the Monbuttoo.'

Mr. Stanley speaks of similar canoes at the mouth of the Aruwimi, which he places some 250 miles to the SW. of Schweinfurth's position, the river itself being obviously either the Uelle or a larger stream to which the latter is an affluent, or at least a river draining the same country and having

* Schweinfurth, 'The West of Africa,' vol. i. p. 553, English translation.

similar characteristics to those which Schweinfurth has so ably described. Mr. Stanley's words are as follows:—

'Down the natives came, fast and finious, but in magnificent style. Everything about them was superb. Their canoes were enormous things, one especially, a monster of eighty paddlers, forty on a side, with paddles eight feet long, spear-headed, and really pointed with iron blades for close quarters, I presume. The top of each paddle shaft was adorned with an ivory ball. The chiefs pranced up and down a plank-ing that ran from stem to stern. On a platform near the bow were ten choice young fellows swaying their long spears at the ready. In the stern of this great war canoe stood eight steersmen, guiding her towards us. There were about twenty—three-fourths of her size—also fine-looking; but none made quite such an imposing show. At a rough guess there must have been from 1,500 to 2,000 savages within these fifty-four canoes.'

Another point of resemblance between the characteristics of Schweinfurth's country and those at the mouth of the Aruwini are the dwarf inhabitants. We find the words 'Region of dwarfs' near that place in Mr. Stanley's map that is published by the 'Daily Telegraph,' and we are all familiar with Schweinfurth's description of the diminutive race that fell under his own notice. When fuller reports reach us, we shall no doubt hear much of extreme interest on this subject, which throws important light on the nature of the aboriginal inhabitants of Africa, or at least of those who preceded the negro.

The point of contact between Stanley and Barth's informant is at the northernmost part of the great arc of the Congo, where muskets were seen and robes were worn by the chiefs of crimson blanket cloth, bearing witness to the existence of a native trade with the north. Barth himself was never within 600 miles of this spot, but he was a great collector of itineraries, and there was one in particular upon which he laid the greatest stress. He did so with such good reason, that the river of Kubanda, of which we are about to speak, has ever since been regarded by geographers as a fact to be accounted for in whatever theory might on other grounds be advanced as to the hydrography of Central Africa. This river, as laid down by Barth in his map, coincides very fairly with the part of the Congo above mentioned. Such distrust attaches itself to all native information that it is well to explain at some length the qualifications of Barth's informant; and in doing so a double purpose will be served, for we shall have further on to lay much stress on the merits of the Arab civilisation in Africa, of which the man in question is an exceptionally high

example. He was * the Fáki Sámbo, a person of the Fellatah race, and of wide-spread reputation, with whom Barth spent many hours of conversation at Másseña, about 100 miles to the SE. of Lake Tchad. He says:—

‘I could hardly have expected to find in this out-of-the way place a man not only versed in all the branches of Arabic literature, but who had even read (nay, possessed a manuscript of) those portions of Aristotle and Plato which had been translated into, or rather Moham-medanised in, Arabic, and who possessed the most intimate knowledge of the countries he had visited. . . . When he was a young man, his father, who himself possessed a good deal of learning, and who had written a work on Háusa, sent him to Egypt, where he had studied many years in the mosque of El Azhar. It had been his intention to go to the town of Zebid in Yemen, which is famous among the Arabs on account of the science of logarithms, or *el hésab*; but when he had reached Gumfúda, the war which was raging between the Turks and the Wahabiye had thwarted his projects, and he had returned to Darfur, where he had settled down some time, and had accompanied a memorable expedition to the south-west, as far as the borders of a large river, of which I shall have another occasion to speak.’

A short account of the expedition that he accompanied is given in the ‘Journal of the Royal Geographical Society.’† They passed through Bimberri, a pagan country, to Kubanda, a large place extending ten or twelve miles along the banks of a river, so large that they could with difficulty make out people standing on the southern bank, and which was not fordable. This river ran straight from east to west. In a second expedition a little to the west of this, they reached a pagan country Andoma, inhabited by a very warlike race, who had oxen and sheep. Their country was covered with a great profusion of trees of which the native names are given. The king sat on a throne constructed of elephants’ tusks laid one above the other. This latter statement corresponds with Stanley’s account of the ivory structure of solid tusks surrounding an idol; and as to the former Schweinfurth remarks that among the trees mentioned by the Fáki Sámbo is the ‘Kumba’—the Kumba being the name in the Niam-niam language for the abundant Malaghetta pepper (*Xylopia æthiopica*), which has communicated its name to the ‘Pepper Coast’ of Western Africa. This gives some grounds for supposing that the river of Kubanda debouches on the coast of Western Africa.

“Mr. Stanley’s discoveries come therefore most opportunely in the present state of geographical science. They supply

* Barth’s Travels in Central Africa, vol. iii. p. 373.

† Journal of R. Geogr. Soc., 1853, p. 120.

central threads in the network of routes by which, through his efforts, Africa is now finally covered. As it is perhaps the greatest of the first-class exploratory achievements in Africa, so it is the last of those which the world now admits other than in the barren regions of either pole. It has dissected and laid bare the very heart of the great continent of Africa.

It is not proposed in the following remarks to trace the steps or to epitomise the discoveries of Mr. Stanley. The materials are not before us, as we pen these lines, for doing so with any approach to completeness or justice. But the occasion is a good one to make some general remarks on the proximate future of Africa, based on the experiences of many previous travellers, and confirmed by the geographical facts in their broad outlines as now made known to us.

What is the extent and value of the territory that has been discovered in Equatorial Africa by Mr. Stanley and his immediate predecessors, and what action should be taken by ourselves or others to turn these discoveries to the best advantage to themselves and to the world at large? In short, what do we find in Central Africa, and what should we do with it?

The first consideration is that of mere size of territory, comparing the area of the regions in question with those situated between the same latitudes in other parts of the world. They are essentially equatorial regions, as distinguished from tropical ones; that is to say, they lie within some twelve and a half degrees north and south of the equator, where the climate tends to be more hot and damp than under the tropics, and where the vegetation is peculiarly luxuriant and rank in regions little elevated above the sea level. There cannot be a greater contrast between adjacent districts than that which, on the whole, subsists between the equatorial and tropical regions. We find in the latter the burning deserts and the arid plains of the Sahara and Arabia, of those near the Indus, of Utah and Colorado, in the Northern Hemisphere, and those of Kalahari, Central Australia, and Atacama in the Southern. We must therefore carefully distinguish between equatorial and tropical lands, in making comparison between the area with which we are now concerned in Africa and that of similar districts in other parts of the globe. If we turn to a map of the world, and reckon the amount of equatorial land in Africa as five, we shall find the amount of equatorial land in South and Central America to be as four, and the aggregate of the remainder, elsewhere on the globe, to be as one. The latter is scattered in numerous fragments over all parts of the huge equatorial zone that encircles the world—the most

important of these being the southernmost horn of India, Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, New Guinea, the northern shoulder of Australia, and a multitude of islands in the Pacific, including our new colony of Fiji. But the combined area of all this is only about a fourth part of the area of the corresponding regions of South America, and adding all together we obtain a grand total of equatorial land that is just equivalent in size to that in Africa. The discoveries of Livingstone, Burton and Speke, Cameron, and other recent travellers in addition to those of Stanley have made us acquainted with a region that is as large as the whole of the equatorial lands that exist elsewhere in the world.

So much for mere size; next as regards elevation above the sea level. The equatorial low lands are on the whole little suited to support a large population. They are mostly choked with rank vegetation, they are damp and reeking with miasma. But a large part of Central Africa is much more favourably situated. It consists of elevated basins, one containing the upper waters of the Congo, another those of the Nile, another that of Lake Tchad, a fourth that of the Benué and Niger, and all are flanked by broad ridges near and parallel to either coast. The floors of these basins are more, sometimes much more than one thousand feet above the sea level, and, in consequence of this exceptional altitude, they are subjected to a climate far drier and lighter than that which characterises the larger part of the equatorial land that exists elsewhere in the world. A considerable part of Central Africa maintains a teeming population, contrasting strongly with the sparse inhabitants of South America, and the capabilities of the country generally appear to be such as would enable it, so far as they alone are concerned, to be as populous as any part of the world.

The very causes that conduce to the comparative salubrity and to the fertility of Central Africa militate against its easy commercial intercourse with other countries. Its rivers, in traversing the mountain ridges that confine its elevated interior basins, descend to the lower lands near the sea shore through a succession of falls or rapids, and are therefore impracticable as continuous water-ways leading from the interior to the ocean. The Congo is undoubtedly the most marked of all these instances, being at the same time the river that gives the principal outlet to the waters that fall in the equatorial lands. The rapids begin within a very few miles of the head of its magnificent estuary, and are totally insurmountable by ship, boat, or canoe. The river passes through

gorges, of the lowermost of which Tuckey has given us a minute description. Ascending the river still higher, those falls and rapids are reached, down which Stanley's party drifted in continual danger, and in one of which Francis Pocock was drowned. Such is the narrowness and depth of the rift through which the Congo passes, in the neighbourhood of the Yellala Falls, that, when looked down upon from above, the mighty river seemed to Tuckey's party as if it had shrunk to the size of a Scottish burn. It was strangely contracted in width, and even in that reduced water-way its course was further constricted and choked by masses of rock. It was difficult to believe that the mighty volume of the river could find its passage through so narrow a channel, and the hypothesis was freely entertained by members of the party that the bulk of the river must have found a subterranean course. They supposed that the greater part of its waters disappeared at the point where the narrows began, and rose again to the surface after their termination. Here a succession of violent whirlpools and upheavals disturb the current of the river; they are so turbulent that no vessel can venture to approach them, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the boats of Captain Tuckey's party were extricated even from their eddies.* Stanley's route struck overland at the point where these narrows began, and therefore he had not the opportunity of seeing this part of the river; but he gives a graphic description of the gorges higher upstream, through which he and his party struggled for nearly half a year.

'While we were fighting our tragical way over the long series of falls along a distance of more than 180 miles, which occupied us five months, we lived as though we were in a tunnel, subject at intervals to the thunderous crash of passing trains. Ah! so different it was from that soft, glassy flow of the river by the black forests of Uregga and Korurn, where a single tremulous wave was a rarity, when we glided day after day through the eerie wilds, in sweet, delicious musings, when our souls were thrilled at sight of the apparently impenetrable forests on either hand, when at misty morn, or humid eve, or fervid noon, wild nature breathes over a soft stillness. . . . But there is no fear of any other explorer attempting to imitate our work here. Nor would we have ventured upon this terrible task had we the slightest idea that such fearful impediments were before us.' †

None of the other rivers of Equatorial Africa give commercial access to the interior. Thus the Ogowai, though pursued far upstream by recent explorers, is hardly practicable for small

* Tuckey's Congo, p. 340, &c.

† Daily Telegraph, Nov. 22, 1877.

vessels even up to its falls, some 250 miles from the sea. The navigation of the Coanza is interrupted by falls one hundred and forty miles from its mouth.

On the eastern coast the rivers are small, excepting the Zambesi, whose channel is full of shifting sandbanks, and whose mouth is closed by a dangerous bar. Moreover, its upper course is broken by the cataracts of Kebra-bassa and Mosio-tunya. Its tributary, the Shiré, up which small vessels might otherwise pass from the sea to Lake Nyassa, is blocked by thirty miles of rapids. The other rivers on the same coast have their sources on the seaward side of the ridge that confines the central basins, and therefore cannot give access to them. Moreover, they are but narrow streams, little fitted even for steamers of the smallest size. The Juba has a long course, but it does not come from the central equatorial regions.

Two rivers of equatorial origin remain, that require a fuller description, namely, the Niger and the Nile. The course of the former is such as to give it but little commercial value, as has been proved only too clearly by the slender results of very considerable efforts to utilise it. It does not flow from the interior, but rises so near the west coast that its sources are only some two hundred and fifty miles from Sierra Leone; it then makes a vast semicircular arc, cutting a huge slice out of the Sahara, and returns to the west coast in a not very different latitude from that in which it started. The sea coast running almost east and west, and forming the lower side of the great western protuberance of Africa, which is known by the name of the Gold Coast, is the diameter of a circle of which the great arc of the Niger forms the northern semicircumference. On the uppermost convexity of the Niger is situated Timbuctoo, whose name is well known, though it has no commercial importance beyond that of being the emporium of the desert Sahara; consequently, the main stream of the Niger does not pass through productive lands, neither does it drain any considerable portion of the central equatorial districts. Moreover, above the confluence of its little-known affluent, the Benué, its water-way is impeded by rapids. The Nile, and that river alone, affords in some sense a direct means of access to the interior. By waiting for the season of its flood, and by tugging and hauling up seething waters and amid rocks, a small sea-going ship of strong build could, by a *tour de force*, be transferred from the Mediterranean to the waters of the Albert Nyanza. But this long navigation of upwards of two thousand miles, interrupted by six rapids between Assouan and Khartum, and by another serious one above Gondokoro,

and impeded by the difficulty of forcing a passage through the rafts of floating papyrus that choke the upper White Nile, cannot be a useful commercial water-way. It requires the assistance of railways, such as that now contemplated in the Soudan, by which its cataracts may be avoided. So far as physical difficulties are concerned, and without reference to political ones, the easiest line from the Albert Nyanza to the ocean would not be by the Nile, but overland to the coast opposite the island of Zanzibar.

The difficulties that beset the approach to the interior of Equatorial Africa by means of its rivers, contrast most remarkably with the ease with which the almost equally large equatorial regions of South America are reached by the Amazon and the Orinoco. The natural internal navigation of that continent is magnificent, and such as is to be met with in no other part of the world. South America may be traversed almost to the Andes and in all other directions by a system of rivers, whose main streams are capable of bearing large sea-going vessels for hundreds of miles from their mouths.

The interior of the several equatorial lands that are dispersed in fragments elsewhere over the globe, is necessarily more accessible, so far as physical difficulties of distance are alone concerned, on account of their small size. They lie on the ocean highways, and whatever produce they may yield that is worth exporting can be easily made into an article of commerce. But Africa is comparatively self-contained and secluded; a vast population may thrive in its interior upon the produce of its soil; the means they have of internal communication by lake and river are excellent, but they are to an unusual degree shut out from foreign trade. The easiest of all forms of communication with the outside world is denied them by the physical structure of their continent; they are geographically doomed to commercial isolation as regards the more bulky articles of traffic.

What does the interior of Africa produce that would make it worth the trader's while to fetch from so great a distance? A long list of equatorial products has often been suggested as the subjects of a future commerce; but the objection against most of them is, that the same products can be grown with equal ease in other countries much easier of access, or on the seaboard of Africa itself. There is far more equatorial land in the world than suffices for the commercial wants of non-equatorial countries. We have so great a glut of it that an enormously large proportion of the long-known parts remains unutilised. The new discovery of an additional amount of similar

country in Africa is of no importance to us as regards the products of which we have just been speaking. It is, of course, impossible to say but that further exploration may discover articles of commerce that Africa alone can afford, and of which we have as yet no knowledge. We have seen that its elevated basins under an equatorial sun are a peculiar geographical feature; therefore we may indulge in such hopes, though we do not venture to build upon them.

The mineral wealth of Africa in iron, copper, and other metals has been often spoken of, and is no doubt of great importance to its inhabitants. It cannot, however, be seriously proposed to export these heavy articles from the far interior to the coast. It so happens that ores of malachite do exist in large quantities in Benguela, at not more than 140 miles from the sea, and that their export has been attempted by English companies. But though the mines were rich the cost of production and carriage exceeded the value of the ore; they therefore failed to repay the adventurers. If it did not pay to work these mines, so favourably situated for the purpose in many respects, how can it be reasonably hoped that foreigners will be able to work mines situated in the far interior to an advantage?

There is certainly one peculiar product of Africa, namely ivory, which has had, and which will long have, a large influence in promoting its commerce and consequent civilisation. It is gratifying to learn from Mr. Stanley that ivory abounds on the Upper Congo. Near the confluence of the Aruwimi, he saw a village where the quantity of ivory lying useless about astonished him.

'There was an ivory "temple"—a structure of solid tusks surrounding an idol; ivory logs, which, by the marks of hatchets visible on them, must have been used to chop wood upon; ivory war-horns, some of them three feet long; ivory mallets, ivory wedges to split wood, ivory pestles to grind their cassava, and before the chief's house was a verandah, or burzah, the posts of which were long tusks of ivory. We picked up 133 pieces of ivory which, according to rough calculation, would realise, or ought to realise, about 18,000 dollars.'

Unfortunately, so soon as an ivory traffic is established, and as a consequence of it, guns are freely purchased, and the export of the ivory thenceforward proceeds far more rapidly than the ivory can be reproduced. Such stores of it as may exist are soon made away with, while the elephants are shot down in such large numbers that they become rapidly exterminated. When the ivory trade shall have died away through exhaustion of these animals, one of the agents that are best suited

to promote the civilisation of Africa will have disappeared. Leaving aside philanthropic considerations for the moment, and looking at Africa from the point of view of our own ancestors, and of the modern Arab, and of a very large portion of the remainder of the human race, there was a singular congruity between the old-fashioned ivory and slave traffic and the physical as well as the social conditions of the continent. Enslavement of a weaker neighbour has ever been the recognised custom of the country; and it was a charmingly *naïve* device of turning their superfluous slaves and their collections of ivory to commercial account, to put a tusk on the back of each slave and march him with his burden to the coast, selling both the porter and the ivory on their arrival there. But we may, fortunately for Africa, with much commercial advantage, substitute the labour of cattle for that of human porters. The tsetse fly is not so widely spread as had been feared. The Cape wagon with its yokes of oxen has already been driven inland from the coast opposite Zanzibar, and one wagon will carry the loads of sixty men. Looked at merely as beasts of burden, negro porters, even if bought for nothing, and sold at some few pounds a head on reaching the coast, are not so cheap and effective on an established route as a wagon and its team of oxen.

There is one mineral product which may possibly be destined to transfigure Africa, and that is gold. We know that it is found in many parts of the boundary ridge of the central basin. There is the gold of Abyssinia and Sennaar, and on the opposite side of the continent, gold is collected from all parts of the high land parallel to the coast between the mouths of the Senegal and the Niger. It has given its name to the Gold Coast, and our name of the guinea is derived from the Gulf of Guinea. Moreover, a steady export of gold has existed from apparently the most ancient historical times, by routes leading from the landward side of the districts in which it is found, across the Sahara to the Mediterranean. But above all in present productiveness are the recently discovered gold-fields in South-Eastern Africa. Its export from Sofala and the Zambesi district is of ancient date, but within the last few years a vast extent of country to the southward of this has been found to be auriferous. Should further discoveries of gold be made, they may supply the inducement that at present is needed for men of other races than the negro, such as the Chinese coolie, to emigrate, and, by occupying parts of the continent, to introduce a civilisation superior to that which at present exists.

Africa affords a motive for settlements of a few white men in a line down the middle of its interior for the establishment of an overland telegraph between Alexandria and the Cape, instead of, or in addition to, the costly and precarious alternative of an ocean cable. At first sight, nothing can seem more absurd than the serious proposal to carry so modern and refined an appliance of European civilisation as the electric telegraph through the heart of so savage a region as that which intervenes between Gondokoro and the Transvaal. But the subject has been much discussed by African experts, and the more it is considered the more feasible does it appear. Much experience already exists in respect to the establishment of telegraph wires through savage or lawless countries, and the result is entirely favourable to the possibility of their maintenance in Africa. Savages do not appear to take alarm at the first sight of the pole and wires, and they become both accustomed to their presence and to comprehend and appreciate their object as the line is progressively laid down. The savage soon learns that any injury to the line is at once found out, and its locality known, in a way that is mysterious to him, so that he acquires a superstitious respect for the wire. Again, as small subsidies are given to the chiefs through whose territories it passes, to insure its security, its presence is acceptable to them, and felt to be advantageous; moreover, it is often of local service between neighbouring stations. We can have little doubt that the establishment of a line of telegraphic depôts, with their European residents, from north to south in Africa, would have considerable effect in maintaining order among the tribes through which it passed.

Africa is destitute of capitalised wealth. No rich and luxurious civilisation has existed in its equatorial regions, like that of Peru or of India, to tempt commercial adventurers. Excepting in the Arab kingdoms to the north, it is a land of hovels, or, at the best, of thatched houses, and of a hand-to-mouth existence. The negro has no instinct to build solidly and for perpetuity; he therefore wants the most important of the elements that conduce to civilisation, for without a material nucleus of solid buildings no respectable civilisation can exist.

All the circumstances we have adduced point to the general conclusion, that the existing produce of Equatorial Africa is insufficient to form the basis of a really large commercial traffic. We must not allow ourselves to be over-sanguine, and fall into the often-repeated error of those who have interested themselves philanthropically in Africa, by yielding to an unjustifiable

enthusiasm and placing too much confidence in the speedy development of a great commerce with that continent.

How does the negro rank as a labourer? There is great diversity witnessed in Africa, partly dependent on race and partly on the temporary national mood, which may at one time be inclined to peaceful pursuits and at another time to war, and which also may be inspired by a hopeful sense of success in life, or by that of despondency. It will, however, be of much use to us, in endeavouring to answer the question as fairly as possible, to consider the opinions formed of the negro when he is working side by side with men of other races. Very useful testimony upon this is given in the 'Report on the Treatment of Immigrants in British Guiana,' where Africans, East Indians, and Chinese are all to be found as coolies, and where their respective national characteristics have been the subject of direct enquiry. They work in gangs; the negro gang has almost always a negro for a driver, though sometimes the driver is a Portuguese; the East Indian coolie has commonly a negro driver, and the Chinaman has always a Chinese. The African can do the best day's work at field labour of all, and he despises the East Indian for his want of strength. The East Indian cannot earn half as much as the African in the same number of hours, but he despises him for his uncivilised ways. The Chinese is the most intelligent of the three, and is more independent than the East Indian, but he is always ready to leave field work for any other occupation. If there were no compulsion, the negro would have idled more than the other two, his tale of work would probably have fallen below theirs, and he would have become a sturdy pauper. Such, for the most part, is the condition of the free negro in Africa.

The African is much inferior to the European, and especially to the East Indian, in his handicraft; the only manual work in which negroes show fair dexterity in their native land being that of blacksmiths. Their forge and tools are curiously rude, but as their iron is pure owing to the use of charcoal fuel, and as they take much pleasure in working it, the results are very creditable. Their spearheads are frequently shaped with elegance, and they are light and strong—indeed they are such as a second-rate country blacksmith in England would find difficulty in rivalling.

The negro, taken generally, is idle and clumsy, but we must not allow ourselves to speak of him in terms of universal dispraise. The fact is, that while his average pleasure in work and his average manual dexterity are low when measured by a European standard, it is by no means so low as to make it

impossible for a few exceptional individuals and even communities to rise to an equality with average Europeans. By picking and choosing the best individuals out of a multitude of negroes, we could obtain a very decent body of labourers and artisans; but if we took the same number of them just as they came, without any process of selection, their productive power, whether as regards the results of toilsome labour or of manual dexterity, would be very small.

The indolence of the African is partly constitutional and partly due to the paucity of his wants, which can be satisfied in his own country with so little effort that the stimulus to exertion is wanting. Leaving for the moment out of consideration the combative, marauding, cruel, and superstitious parts of his nature, and all that is connected with the satisfaction of his grosser bodily needs, his supreme happiness consists in idling and in gossip, in palavers and in petty markets. He has no high aspirations. Nothing that the produce of his labour can purchase for him, in addition to the supply of primary necessities, equals in his estimation those pleasures of idleness that he must perforce forego by the very act of labouring. His natural instincts are such, that the practice of hard daily labour is really bad political economy on his part. He loses more of that which is of value to him in consequence of his labour than he gains by what his labour produces. He has little care for those objects of luxury or for that æsthetic life which men of a more highly endowed race labour hard to attain. His coarse pleasures, vigorous physique, and indolent moods, as compared with those of Europeans, bear some analogy to the corresponding qualities in the African buffalo, long since acclimatised in Italy, as compared with those of the cattle of Europe. Most of us have observed in the Campagna of Rome the ways of that ferocious, powerful, and yet indolent brute. We may have seen him plunged stationary for hours in mud and marsh, in gross contentment under a blazing sun; at other times we may have noticed some outbreak of stupid, stubborn ferocity; at others we may have seen him firmly yoked to the rudest of carts, doing powerful service under the persistent goad of his driver. The buffalo is of value for coarse, heavy, and occasional work, being of strong constitution, and thriving on the rankest herbage; else he would not still be preserved and bred in Italy. But he must be treated in a determined sort of way, by herdsmen who understand his disposition, or no work will be got out of him; and besides that, he is ferocious and sufficiently powerful to do a great deal of mischief.

The capacity of the negro to form kingdoms is an important

factor in our estimate of the future development of Africa. the numerous tribes by which a great part of the continent is at present occupied being a great hindrance to the maintenance of safe thoroughfares and to the inexpensive transit of produce. As a matter of fact, considerable kingdoms do exist in Equatorial Africa, though a notable proportion of them are ruled by sovereigns who are not of pure negro blood. It is well worth while to collate the accounts written by various travellers on the social and political life in the more typical of these kingdoms. Thus the following extracts relating to Kano and Uganda will show, the first the effect of Arab culture and a Hausa race, and the second will show the much lower civilisation under the influence of Galla sovereigns, which nevertheless is less coarse than that of Dahomey or Cazembe.

The annexed extract is from Dr. Barth. It gives an interesting picture of the every-day life in Kano, the great commercial centre of northern Equatorial Africa:—

‘ It was the most animated picture of a little world in itself, so different in external form from all that is seen in European towns, yet so similar in its internal principles. Here a row of shops filled with articles of native and foreign produce, with buyers and sellers in every variety of figure, complexion, and dress, yet, all intent upon their little gain, endeavouring to cheat each other; there a large shed, like a hurdle, full of half-naked half-starved slaves torn from their native homes, from their wives or husbands, from their children or parents, arranged in rows like cattle, and staring desperately upon the buyers, anxiously watching into whose hands it should be their destiny to fall. In another part were to be seen all the necessaries of life; the wealthy buying the most palatable things for their table, the poor stopping and looking eagerly upon a handful of grain; here a rich governor dressed in silk and gaudy clothes, mounted upon a spirited and richly caparisoned horse, and followed by a host of idle insolent slaves; there a poor blind man groping his way through the multitude, and fearing at every step to be trodden down; here a yard neatly fenced with mats of reed, and provided with all the comforts which the country affords—a clean snug-looking cottage, the clay walls nicely polished, a shutter of reeds placed against the low well-rounded door, and forbidding intrusion on the privacy of life, a cool shed for the daily household work, a fine spreading alléluba-tree affording a pleasant shade during the hottest hours of the day, or a beautiful góna or papaya, unfolding its large feather-like leaves above a slender, smooth, and undivided stem, or the tall date-tree waving over the whole scene; the matron in a clean black cotton gown wound round her waist, her hair neatly dressed in “chókoli” or “bejáji,” busy preparing the meal for her absent husband, or spinning cotton, and at the same time urging the female slaves to pound the corn; the children naked and merry, playing about in the sand at the “urgi-n-dáwaki,” or the “da-n-chácha,” or chasing a straggling stubborn goat; earthenware pots and wooden bowls, all

cleanly washed, standing in order. Further on a dashing Cyprian, homeless, comfortless, and childless, but affecting merriment or forcing a wanton laugh, gaudily ornamented with numerous strings of beads round her neck, her hair fancifully dressed and bound with a diadem, her gown of various colours loosely fastened under her luxuriant breast, and trailing behind in the sand; near her a diseased wretch covered with ulcers or with elephantiasis.*

Speke has described in a graphic manner the life at the court of Uganda, where he resided for many months. Here the ruling caste are Gallas, or some cognate tribe, totally different in race from the people whom they govern. The moment when he first came into the presence of persons of this caste, he says that he felt and saw he was in the company of men who were as unlike as they could be to the common order of natives in the surrounding districts. 'They had fine oval faces, large eyes, and high noses, and in their deportment and intelligence showed themselves to be far the superiors of the negro. Under the rule of a man, Kiméra by name, of this caste who established himself in the country, the kingdom of Uganda was formed out of an outlying portion of a much larger negro state, and it was organised in the following fashion. Kiméra formed a strong clan, apparently of his immigrant countrymen around him, whom he appointed to be his immediate officers; he rewarded well, punished severely, and soon became magnificent.'

'Nothing short of the grandest palace, a throne to sit upon, the largest harem, the smartest officers, the best dressed people, even a menagerie for pleasure—in fact only the best of everything—would content him. . . . The system of government, according to barbarous ideas, was perfect. Highways were cut from one extremity of the country to the other, and all rivers bridged. No house could be built without its necessary appendages for cleanliness; no person, however poor, could expose his person, and to disobey these laws was death.†

It must, however, be understood that the grand palace is only a structure of palisading and thatch, and that the costume of the best-dressed people is only a piece of bark cloth.

The customs of Uganda as established by their founder continued in full force at the time of the visit of Speke. He describes how persons at court are on the watch for men who may commit some indiscretion, to confiscate their lands, wives, children, and property.

—'An officer observed to salute informally is ordered for execution, when everybody near him rises in an instant; the drums beat, drown-

* Barth's *Travels in Central Africa*, vol. ii. p. 108.

† Speke, '*The Source of the Nile*,' p. 253.

ing his cries, and the victim of carelessness is dragged off, bound by cords, by a dozen men at once. Another man, perhaps, exposes an inch of naked leg whilst squatting, or has his mbugu (bark cloth) tied contrary to regulations, and is condemned to the same fate.'

In short, the discipline in Uganda is much sharper and quite as prompt as that in a kennel of foxhounds; and such is the character of the negro that he likes the treatment and thrives under it, as is shown by the smartness and strong national feelings of the people, who contrast very favourably with their more barbarous neighbours.

We will now consider the influence that has been exerted by white men in Africa. Of the Portuguese there is nothing good to say, and the least said the soonest mended. Their rule in Africa is effete, and we shall not further allude to it. But what of the effect of the English and American philanthropists who have formed stations and settlements to reclaim the negro from his barbarism?

The republic of Liberia was established on African soil, with more than 500 miles of sea-board, to serve as a home in Africa for such of the freed negroes of the United States as might choose to emigrate there, and to constitute an independent negro community whence civilising influences might spread to the interior. It has been in existence, either as a colony or as a free state, for fifty-seven years, and has received altogether upwards of 20,000 negro emigrants, whom the Commissioner of the Freedman's Bureau in the United States describes, in metaphorical terms that are not altogether happy, as 'the *cream* of the coloured population of the South.' Since the war the emigrants have generally been quite poor, but they are spoken of as an intelligent, active, industrious, and enterprising set of men. There appear to be far more applicants than the philanthropists who keep the undertaking going, are able with their funds to convey across the Atlantic. Thus in 1872 there were upwards of 3,000 applicants; but, as only about 400 can be despatched annually, we may believe that there has been much careful selection, whereby the purport of the phrase just quoted may be justified. Notwithstanding this, Liberia cannot be called a success. Its promoters, no doubt, take an enthusiastic view of its affairs, but there seems to be internal evidence in the official publications of the colony to warrant a dispassionate bystander in sharing the opposite opinion, which is much the more widely prevalent. Thus the governor, in 1872, says: 'The present condition of our national affairs is most unsatisfactory and perplexing;' and he speaks of 'shameful peculations and misapplications.' These

strong words seem justified by a recent transaction that shows the corrupt political life of Liberia. In 1871 a shameful loan was negotiated in England in the time of the then governor, Mr. Royce. The sum nominally borrowed was 100,000*l.*, at 7 per cent. interest, but issued at 30 per cent. below par, and with an additional deduction of three years' interest (or 21*l.*). That is to say, he and a few others who acted with him agreed to give 7,000*l.* annually for a sum of only 49,000*l.*; in other words, they borrowed at upwards of 14 per cent., but, owing to their own malversations, they do not seem to have netted much more than half of even that reduced sum. Governor Royce was arrested, tried, and found guilty. He, however, escaped out of prison, found his way to the sea-shore, and, seeing a boat at anchor, plunged into the water and swam to it, to get safe away out of the country. There was no one on board; he ineffectually endeavoured to climb into it, and, after swimming round it more than once, was drowned, being hampered in his efforts by the weight of a bag of money he had tied round his waist. This episode in the political life of the state is all the more disgraceful, as the emigrants pose themselves in virtuous attitudes. Thus upwards of a third of the adult emigrants are described as 'professors of religion.'

The experience of Liberia appears strongly to show that the negro is little capable of forming a state similarly organised to those of civilised nations. If a band of selected negroes fail, what can be expected from a miscellaneous multitude of them?

There exists a belief among us that the superiority of Western ideas and civilisation is so unquestionable and absolute that we have only to educate the negro in our ways, and he will adopt them gladly. We have such confidence in our own social ideas that we are apt to think that a few hundreds of intelligent Britons are sufficient to set an example capable of spreading among millions in Africa, that by these means a widely spread industry will prevail, and lines of peaceful commerce will open, and a negro Arcadia will easily be made to flourish in that benighted continent. Past experience does not warrant the conclusion that the immediate influence of the white man can so prevail upon the black. What it does show cannot be more clearly and justly stated than it has been in a remarkable article written in 'Fraser's Magazine,' Nov. 1875, by a negro of pure African extraction, Mr. Blyden, who was then the principal of the Presbyterian High School in Liberia, and is at this moment the Minister of Liberia in England. It is entitled 'Mohammedanism and the Negro Race,' and shows forcibly, on the one hand, the civilising influence of the

Arab upon the negro, and, on the other, the harmful influence of the white man, even as a philanthropist. Mr. Blyden says:—

‘West Africa has been in contact with Christianity for three hundred years, and not one single tribe, *as a tribe*, has become Christian. Nor has any influential chief yet adopted the religion brought by the European missionary. From Gambia to Gaboon, the native rulers, in constant intercourse with Christians, and in the vicinity of Christian settlements, still conduct their government according to the customs of their fathers, where those customs have not been altered or modified by Mohammedan influence. The Alkali of Port Loko, and the chief of Bullom, under the shadow of Sierra Leone, are *quasi* Mohammedan. The native chiefs of Cape Coast and Lagos are pagans. So in the territory ruled by Liberia the native chiefs in the four counties—Mensurado, Bassa, Sinou, and Cape Palmas—are pagans. There is not a single spot along the whole coast, except, perhaps, the little island of Corisco, where Christianity has taken any hold among large numbers of the indigenous tribes.’

Christianity, often of a very emotional and of a debased kind, has had great hold on the black population of the Southern States of America; but it has not increased their manliness and self-respect, either there or elsewhere. On the contrary, as Mr. Blyden shows, it was conveyed to them by whites who socially and otherwise made it at the same time very clear to them that they were a hopelessly inferior and subordinate race. They therefore accepted Christianity as a religion suitable to men living in a servile condition, since it did not prompt them to assert themselves, but told them to acquiesce in their yoke, and to bear their present abject state with meekness and in the hope of happiness in a future life. He remarks:—

‘Wherever the negro is found in Christian lands, his leading trait is not docility, as has been often alleged, but servility. He is slow and unprogressive. Individuals here and there may be found of extraordinary intelligence, enterprise, and energy, but there is no Christian community of negroes anywhere which is self-reliant and independent. Haïti and Liberia, so-called Negro Republics, are merely struggling for existence, and hold their own by the tolerance of the civilised powers.’

As regards the æsthetic side of the influence of the white races, Mr. Blyden lays much stress on the incongruity of the recognised forms of Caucasian beauty with those of the negro features. He speaks of the masterpieces of Italian art, and says that—

‘To the negro all these exquisite representations exhibited only the physical characteristics of a foreign race; and, while they tended to quicken the tastes and refine the sensibilities of that race, they had only a depressing influence upon the negro, who felt that he had neither

part nor lot, so far as his physical character was concerned, in those splendid representations. . . . To him the painting and sculpture of Europe, as instruments of education, have been worse than failures. They have really raised barriers in the way of his normal development. They have set before him models for imitation; and his very effort to conform to the canons of taste thus practically suggested has impaired, if not destroyed, his self-respect.'

He quotes the prayer of a negro preacher to God to extend 'his lily-white hands' over the congregation, and the sermon of another, who, speaking of heaven, said: 'Brethren, imagine 'a beautiful white man, with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and 'flaxen hair,—and *we shall be like him.*' The negro, when Christianised by white men, is educated falsely to his nature, and any such education must prove an ultimate failure.

On the other hand, the Arab influence in the northern parts of Equatorial Africa, whatever evil it may have wrought there, and still more in the South, has had remarkable influence in elevating the negro. Mr. Blyden says:—

'Mohammedanism in Africa counts in its ranks the most energetic and enterprising tribes. It claims as adherents the only people who have any form of civil polity or bond of social organisation. It has built and occupies the largest cities in the heart of the continent. Its laws regulate the most powerful kingdoms—Futah, Masina, Hausa: Bornou, Waday, Darfur, Kordofan, Senaar, &c. It produces and controls the most valuable commerce between Africa and foreign countries, it is daily gathering converts from the ranks of paganism; and it commands respect among all Africans wherever it is known, even where the people have not submitted to the sway of the Koran.

'No one can travel any distance in the interior of West Africa without being struck by the different aspects of society in different localities, according as the population is pagan or Mohammedan. Not only is there a difference in the methods of government, but in the general regulations of society, and even in the amusements of the people.'

He adds:—

'In traversing the region of country between Sierra Leone and Futah Jallo in 1873, we passed through populous pagan towns, but the transition from these to Mohammedan districts was striking. When we left a pagan and entered a Mohammedan community, we at once noticed that we had entered a moral atmosphere widely separated from, and loftier far than, the one we had left. We discovered that the character, feelings, and conditions of the people were profoundly altered and improved.'

'The Arabs coalesce with the natives, they intermarry and trade in large numbers, and they do not look upon a converted negro as an inferior. They are zealous propagators of their faith, and, as Mr. Pope Hennessy pointed out in a remarkable

report, they promote with much success numerous schools for elementary education. Mr. Blyden says:—

‘ In Sierra Leone, the Mohammedans, without any aid from Government—Imperial or local—or any contributions from Mecca or Constantinople, erect their mosques, keep up their religious services, conduct their schools, and contribute to the support of missionaries from Arabia, Morocco, or Futa when they visit them. The same compliment cannot be paid to the negro Christians of that settlement.’

Of Mohammedanism and Christianity—we do not speak here or elsewhere as to their essential doctrines, but as they are practically conveyed by example and precept to the negro—the former has the advantage in simplicity. It exacts a decorous and cleanly ritual that pervades the daily life, frequent prayers, ablutions and abstinence, reverence towards an awful name, and pilgrimage to a holy shrine, while the combative instincts of the negro's nature are allowed free play in warring against the paganism and idolatry he has learned to loathe and hate. The whole of this code is easily intelligible, and is obviously self-consistent. It is not so with Christianity, as practised by white men and taught by example and precept to the negro. The most prominent of its aggressions against his everyday customs are those against polygamy and slavery. The negro, on referring to the sacred book of the European, to which appeal is made for the truth of all doctrine, finds no edict against either the one or the other, but he reads that the wisest of men had a larger harem than any modern African potentate, and that slave-holding was the established custom in the ancient world. The next most prominent of its doctrines are social equality, submission to injury, disregard of wealth, and the propriety of taking no thought for the morrow. He, however, finds the practice of the white race from whom his instructions come, to be exceedingly different from this. He discovers very soon that they absolutely refuse to consider him as their equal; that they are by no means tame under insult, but very much the reverse of it; that the chief aim of their lives is to acquire wealth; and that one of the most despised characteristics among them is that of heedlessness and want of thrift. Far be it from us to say that the modern practice in these matters may not be justified, but it appears to require more subtlety of reasoning than the negro can comprehend, or perhaps even than the missionary can command, to show their conformity with Bible teaching.

The influence of the English in Africa is barely felt beyond the boundaries of their colonies. We have held Sierra Leone, and many points of vantage on the West African coast, for

two generations. The philanthropists and the merchants have both been busily engaged there in immediate relations with the negro, but the result is that, at the back of our settlements, paganism begins and our influence ceases. We cannot even keep open the roads of communication with the neighbouring interior. They are closed by force, by passive obstruction, or by prohibitive dues. The weight of barbarism is far too great for the efforts of our few travellers to remove. We might go into lengthy details in evidence of this; two or three will suffice. First as regards land travel: it is now only eight years ago that an Englishman, Mr. Winwood Reade, succeeded in penetrating 250 miles inland from Sierra Leone, and reaching the sources of the Niger. Another fact is the savagery among the people about the mouths of that same river, notwithstanding the persistent and costly efforts that have been made to turn its stream into a frequented and commercial water-way. For a third fact in evidence of the flourishing barbarism in the neighbourhood of our settlements, we may point to the existence of such a kingdom as Ashanti.

The failure of our influence in opening safe lines of commerce to the interior is due to three causes. In the first place we do not travel in sufficient numbers or with sufficient frequency to maintain communications; we shall probably never do so, because the commercial gains promise to be very slight, the country is unhealthy, and the number of men who care to risk the fatigues and expense of such journeys is small. In the second place our free trade in rum and muskets demoralises the people. In the third place, a large part of the bulky produce shipped for us by negroes from the coast is reared and gathered in the immediate neighbourhood by slave labour, belonging to the chief who sells it; it is therefore an advantage to him to possess many slaves, so he acquires through our free trade the necessary guns and ammunition to make raids upon his neighbours to catch as many slaves as he requires. The consequence is, that adjacent to his frontiers are lands whose inhabitants are in enmity with him, and through traffic becomes impossible.

The Arabs, on the other hand, prohibit all forms of alcohol; they are easily acclimatised, and they settle and travel in multitudes; they have been great openers of routes, being urged not only by the commercial stimulus, but also by the religious one of making the pilgrimage to Mecca. Routes have been established by them across the broadest parts of the continent of Africa. In the South, the Arabs had penetrated to Nyangwe,

from either coast, earlier than our explorers. We have already shown that in the heart of Africa, in that part of the Congo most removed from Nyangwe in the East, and the Yellala Falls on the West, which had been the previous outposts of exploration by the white man, Mr. Stanley appears to have passed by that very riverbank on which Barth's literary friend stood some thirty years ago, with, so to speak, his Arabic translations from Plato in the one pocket and those from Aristotle in the other.

The Arab traders from Zanzibar are unquestionably the apostles of a lower civilisation than their fellows in Northern Africa, being apparently more demoralised by the larger proportions of the horrible slave trade prevailing there. Nevertheless, there are many men among them capable of better things, and their race is probably destined to play an increasingly important part in the whole of Equatorial Africa. The ideal of the Arab is far lower than that of the white man, but, being as he is in more complete sympathy with the negro, he has succeeded where we have failed in materially raising him in personal dignity and in general civilisation.

Africa is not wholly destitute of means of self-amelioration. There is perhaps no part of the world in which greater differences are to be seen among the inhabitants than are to be found there among the negroes, and it has occurred to every traveller to occasionally witness specimens of black humanity that have struck him with some admiration. By perpetual war and struggling such as have gone on from time immemorial, the tendency of the ablest to prevail will necessarily advance the average of the negro race. Already those who appear to have been the aborigines of the land, namely, the dwarf tribes of whom Schweinfurth writes, and their congeners the Bushinen, have been ousted by the negro. Again, the negro in historical times inhabited the Sahara to the North, whence he has been driven back by the Tuarek; he inhabited districts in the South, whence he has been driven back by the Caffre; and we have seen how a Galla stock has obtained the ruling power in certain of the north-east parts of Equatorial Africa. The negro may himself disappear before alien races, just as his predecessors disappeared before him; or the better negro races may prevail and form nations and exclude the rest. It certainly appears thus far that those races who accept the Arab are more likely to succeed in the struggle for supremacy and existence than the others, and it would follow that our wisest course is to give the Arab a judicious and discriminating support.

At the present moment three Englishmen are appointed

viceregerents of Arab influence in the equatorial dominions of the Khedive of Egypt. First and foremost among men, in his power of quelling disorder without the use of violent means, stands Gordon Pasha, a real hero in his unswerving and determined pursuit of the path of duty, who is the Governor-General of the Soudan, or country inhabited by the black races of Egypt. The second is Burton, the well-known traveller in many lands, and an expert in all that relates to Mohammedanism, who has been recently appointed Governor of Darfur; and the third is Sir Frederick Goldsmith, an able Indian officer, newly appointed Governor of Massowah on the Red Sea. The influence of the British race can hardly be exerted in a more appropriate way than this: that is to say, through men who have the sentiment and practice of statesmanship, knowing what are the traditions, the instincts, and the capabilities of the races over whom they are called to rule, exacting from them that which they are confident of being able to obtain, and not wrecking their venture by attempting more. An extension of some such method of governing as this, in the regions over which the Sultan of Zanzibar has more or less sovereign control, is urgently needed. The foreign export of slaves has to be absolutely stopped to put an end to the desolating raids and horrible cruelties practised in the interior, and a legitimate Arab commerce and influence has to be legalised and furthered. Thus much, we may perhaps have strength and influence to effect, but the white man can never himself become the itinerant trader in Africa. The climate is unsuitable, the gains too small, the difference of race and civilisation between the negro and himself is too great. The Arabs are needed as intelligent, numerous, and enterprising intermediaries, and they are the best at present to be obtained; so we must accept them with all their faults.

The remaining duty of the white man is to explore the land, partly to show what produce worthy of exportation it can yield, and partly to find out the best routes by which it can be conveyed to the coast. Let the white man originate, let him conduct the larger commerce from the sea coast, let him crush the external slave trade, and let him take such part in the higher politics of the continent as he can reasonably hope to exert; but let him, if possible, abandon all thoughts of annexing large districts in Eastern Africa, which, according to the experience of the West, will exercise no influence commensurate to the cost in lives and money of maintaining them, while they would impose upon England the uncongenial duty of miserable wars like that of Ashanti, and of continual petty

onslaughts like those we continually hear of, upon the pirates at the mouths of West African rivers. Let the missionaries go where they will and do what good they can, but let them take the risks on their own heads, be respectful to the good points of Mohammedan precept and example, and not entangle us in a system of national interference. Equatorial Africa is never likely to become a home for large numbers of white men, certainly not for men of the Anglo-Saxon race. Let us then, whether as a nation or as individuals, whether as cosmopolitan philanthropists or as men of commerce, confine our efforts to the more feasible task of controlling and aiding the one intelligent race, who already permeate it, by our action on the sea-coast, and by our political influence at the head-quarters of the Arab—Egypt and Zanzibar.* The opinion that the interior of Africa has been thrown open to civilisation and trade by Mr. Stanley's daring navigation and descent of the Congo river, is one which requires to be supported by much stronger evidence than we at present possess before it can be adopted.

ART. VIII.—*The Duties of the General Staff.* By Major-General BROUSART VON SCHELLENDORF. Translated from the German by W. A. H. HARE, Lieutenant Royal Engineers. London: 1877.

IN the number of this Journal which appeared in July 1871, we published an article on the military policy of Russia, from the pen of one of the most eminent and most lamented of our contributors, the late Lord Sandhurst. At that time a complete reorganisation of the Russian army had been just sketched out; since then it has been embodied in a law and various supplementary decrees, and, as far as time permitted, carried into execution. Unfortunately for Russia it had not come into full operation—nay, even the new machinery was not in complete working order—when the Turkish war commenced. Our object at the present time is to trace the progress of Russian military reform during the last six years, and to measure by the ascertained facts of the current campaign the actual power of Russian arms.

On November 16, 1870, the Emperor issued an ukase proclaiming the liability of every Russian to military service. The next step was to appoint a Commission, of which the Minister of War, General Milutine, was the head, to devise a scheme for carrying this law into effect. The difficulties were very great on account of the number of races and religions comprised

in the empire, the sparse populations of many portions of the latter, political considerations, and want of money. Another great obstacle in the way of prompt mobilisation—the very essence of a good military system—was, and is, the absence of a sufficient supply of well-constructed and judiciously-planned railways. For want of railways concentration and conveyance to the theatre of war are a long process in Russia. Evidently it is very desirable that corps and their reserves should be in close communication, and it is plain that a regiment made up to a war strength by men who have previously served in it is more homogeneous, and therefore more effective, than one whose reserves are utter strangers to the officers and men with the colours. As we have said, however, political considerations intervened. For this reason Russian regiments are not attached to any particular district or permanently quartered in it. Hence a localisation after the German fashion is impossible, and the reserves are, on a mobilisation, poured into the nearest regiments. Thus, though one year's recruits from a particular district may join a given regiment, twelve months later the corps obtains its contingent from another part of the country.

The Commission, following the example of Germany, recommended that many exemptions should be allowed. Some of these are exemptions for family reasons, such, for instance, as the only son fit for work of a father who is incapacitated, or of a widow. Others are exempted for social reasons. Students in educational establishments are allowed to defer their entry into the service for from two to eight years, when they join as 'enlisted volunteers.' Those who have passed certain examinations have their active service reduced to from six months to four years. Whatever is cut off from the active service is added to the reserve. The ordinary periods of service are—with the colours six years; in the 1st reserve two years; the 1st class of the 2nd reserve, four years; the 2nd class of the 2nd reserve, three years. Though the period with the colours is nominally six years, practically it is only four, the fifth and sixth years being spent on furlough. How large a power of exemption is granted to the authorities may be gathered from the following passage in the regulations:—'Those who are employed by the state or by any corporate body, and whose names are on a special list which has received the sanction of the authorities, are exempt from being called upon to serve in the active army.' It is obvious that this provision opens the door to great abuses and favouritism.

Substitutes are not permitted save that one brother in a family may serve for another in the regular army, the other

passing into the militia. In the event of a family losing the only member fit for work, the oldest member of that family may select one of the relatives serving in the army, and that relative will be discharged, remaining only liable for service in case of war, and during the ordinary drills. The Russian Government is anxious that military requirements shall not interfere with education, commerce, and family considerations, and seeks, by the institution of regimental schools, to make the army a means of diffusing education throughout the civil population.

Notwithstanding the numerous and elastic exemptions from and alleviation of the burden of military service, it is calculated that, making a liberal allowance for those physically unfit, a force of four millions of men will eventually be the result of the new system. Such a gigantic army, however, would exhaust both the finances and productive power of any nation. It would, moreover, be in excess of the requirements of the empire, which it is computed would be met by an army, including reserves, of two millions of men. At the annual drawing, therefore, of all males of twenty not exempted from various causes, only about 25 per cent. are to be taken, the remainder being enrolled in the militia until the completion of the fortieth year. The militia includes not only those who do not form part of the standing army or navy, but also those who have completed their service in the army and navy, and have not attained their fortieth year. Men above forty are allowed, if they wish it, to be enrolled in the militia. It is estimated that about 250,000 of the militia will be men who have served in the army. The first ban of the militia are not only to undertake local defence, but may be mobilised for the reinforcement of the standing army. The second ban, which consists of men performing their last four years' service, is termed the *Reichswehr*, and cannot be called out at all during peace. The first ban is only liable in peace to occasional training in their own districts. There are special arrangements with respect to the Cossacks, some of whom are now formed into regular regiments on the outbreak of war, and receive a certain amount of pay, allowances, and subsistence.

The new system did not come into actual operation till January 1, 1875; consequently the maximum of men will not be attained for many years to come. Neither is the organisation by any means completed. As regards numbers, Major Frank Russell, writing in the spring of 1877, quotes the estimate of a writer in the '*Times*' as to the present available strength of the Russian army in Europe. The writer in question is of

opinion that we shall not be far wrong if we estimate the present strength of Russia in Europe at 755,000 field troops, with a reserve of 250,000. As we shall presently show, there is some reason to believe that this calculation is approximately correct. As to organisation the largest military unit was, till lately, the division; but during the last two years *corps d'armée* have been formed. Very little progress had, however, been made up to the autumn of 1876, when, although it was intended to adopt the *corps d'armée* system, only one or two corps had been actually organised. It is probably owing to this fact that mobilisation in the early part of 1877 was so slow and imperfect. Much of this result must also be attributed to the vast area, the sparse population, and the bad railway system of Russia. The point of concentration was at the southern extremity of the Empire, and the distances to be traversed, first by the reserves joining their regiments, and secondly by the regiments themselves, were enormous. The railway lines in Roumania are four in number, but are badly constructed and poorly provided with rolling stock. Further, their gauge is 4 feet 8½ inches, the same as in Turkey; while Russia, to prevent these from being used against her, gave her railways a gauge of 5 feet. The consequence is that Russian rolling stock cannot without alteration be used on the Roumanian railways. Without a good network of well-constructed railways, neither prompt mobilisation nor rapid concentration is feasible. To strike swiftly and heavily is the foremost duty of a commander; and this the Russians could not do. They had large resources, but the measure of a nation's military strength for aggression is the amount of resources which can quickly and simultaneously be made available. Herein lies, we conceive, the cause of the undue exaggeration which till lately prevailed with respect to the military power of Russia for aggressive purposes. All Europe knows how painfully, slowly, and imperfectly mobilisation was carried out, how defective was the railway transport, how great the sufferings of the troops when proceeding to the frontier.

The strongest possible proof of incapacity to put into line on an enemy's territory within a reasonable time any large proportion of the supposed strength of the Russian army is afforded by the numbers who actually crossed the Danube. It is said that in the war of 1828-9 Russia greatly underestimated the strength required. May it not have been that then, as now, for all purposes of aggressive warfare Russia was, and is, comparatively weak? Mr. Archibald Forbes is in possession of perhaps more trustworthy information about the

war than any other person not a Russian, and in his lecture at the Royal United Service Institution he discussed, at some length, the question of numbers :—

‘Russia had put forth her yet unstrained strength in the equipment of the appliances of an army of invasion. There was no shortcoming in the quota of field batteries; there were siege cannon enough and to spare; the outfit of ambulance trains and their belongings seemed actually superfluous in the wealth of their completeness. But all these things do not achieve the efficiency of an army. What avail cannon, transport, and hospitals, if the number of actual fighting men be insufficient? On paper, in this respect, there existed indeed no insufficiency. It was said that the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Commander-in-Chief, had demanded of the War Minister an army of 500,000 men if the prompt success of the enterprise were to be achieved; and that Milutine, telling him this was impossible, had pledged himself to put at the disposal of His Highness a thoroughly equipped and serviceable force of actually, not nominally, 250,000 men.’

Even this number, however, was not supplied. According to Mr. Forbes’s statement in his lecture at the Royal United Service Institution, seven corps were detailed for the invasion of Bulgaria. The war strength of a corps is 36,000 men; consequently, seven corps ought to give a total of 252,000 men. To these must be added ten regiments of Cossacks, 4,000 men; a rifle brigade, 3,000 men; sappers, pontoniers, marines, mountain batteries, &c., 6,000 men. This gives a total of 265,000 men. Further, there was ‘the army of Odessa,’ consisting of two corps, numbering 72,000 men, or, with its extras, 75,000 men. The ‘army of Odessa’ was ordered for the time to stand fast in order to guard against the contingency of a Turkish descent. Still, as soon as it became evident that no such peril was to be apprehended, or as soon as other troops which were in process of mobilisation could be brought up, ‘the army of Odessa’ would become disposable for duty with the army of operation. Thus the Grand Duke Nicholas would have had at his disposal a force of 340,000 men. This calculation was, however, erroneous. All military men are aware how great is the difference between the paper returns and the real strength of an army. In Russia the amount of this difference almost surpasses belief, and whether the deficiency of men proceeded from the dishonesty of colonels, from an inefficient system of mobilisation, or from both causes combined, it is an undoubted fact that the real strength of the regiments assembled for the invasion of Bulgaria was much below the regulated war establishment. The infantry of a Russian *corps d’armée* ought to number about 32,000 men; but even the Russian staff did not estimate the marching-out infantry strength of each corps,

when the army started on the campaign, at more than 28,000 men. Mr. Forbes is of opinion that less than 170,000 men crossed the Pruth in April, May, and June, and that, till reinforcements began to arrive about the middle of August, there were never more than 145,000 Russian soldiers under arms in Bulgaria at any one time. This estimate does not differ materially from figures which we have obtained from a thoroughly trustworthy source. We are informed that the total number of Russians who crossed the Danube at Sinnitza in June was 139,000, in addition to about 40,000 men, which is the highest strength which Zimmermann's army in the Dobrudscha ever attained. Up to the beginning of December the reinforcements amounted to 60,000 men, and the loss in action and by disease to upwards of 100,000. In the month of November they were sending back across the Danube about 500 men per day, victims to typhus, dysentery, and frostbite. If we add to these 500 an equal number who perish of disease in Bulgaria, or fall in the daily actions with the Turks, the total loss of the Russians in men unable to take further part in the war will have been by the 1st of January about 100,000 men. Thus, estimating the Roumanian contingent at 20,000 effectives, and presuming that no further reinforcements of importance arrive, there would be available for active operations at the beginning of the year about 159,000 men, or less than the number which stood on Bulgarian soil at the beginning of July by some 20,000 men.

The plan of the campaign, based upon the assumption that 250,000 men were available, was simple, but not wanting in skill. It was arranged that General Zimmermann, a very capable officer, should with two corps cross the lower Danube, traverse the Dobrudscha, occupy Kustendjie, threaten the main Turkish supply line, i.e. the Varna-Rustchuk railway, and possibly either besiege Varna, or mask Schumla, or both. The Turkish field army, thus menaced on its right flank and rear, would, it was thought, be chained to the Quadrilateral, and be powerless to make a vigorous attempt to arrest the progress of the main army of invasion. The latter was to guard its own communications. For this purpose two corps on each flank would have been sufficient, and if the army of Odessa had been employed in the invasion of the Dobrudscha, the balance, i.e. three corps with Cossacks and the rifle brigade, or, with liberal deductions for casualties and 'wanting to complete,' upwards of 100,000 men would have been available for the passage of the Balkans. As we have shown, however, the corps were so weak that the original plan became impracticable. The

resistance of the enemy was far more formidable than had been anticipated. The Russian staff, however, persisted in adhering to the programme, and seemed to be incapable of devising another plan. Indeed, much of the ill success of the campaign may be attributed to the inferior quality of 'the brains' of the Russian army. Throughout it has shown itself wanting in power of adaptation, energy, foresight, and supervision.

It may be interesting to give a brief account taken from General von Schellendorf's 'Duties of the General Staff—on 'the Russian Staff.' It would appear that, as in Germany, there are two categories of staff officers, one consisting of regularly trained staff officers, who constitute the general staff, the other of adjutants, who are appointed by interest or the personal selection of general officers'. In 1874 the number of general staff officers actually holding appointments with the troops was 275, while in the Prussian army, with its fourteen army corps, the number is only seventy-two. Every one of the latter would, however, in case of war, accompany their respective corps to the field; while in Russia, on mobilisation, a large proportion of general staff officers would be retained in their districts. The general staff in Russia is supposed to be supplied exclusively by the Nicholas Academy. This institution was established in 1832, and reorganised during the early years of the present Emperor. All candidates must have served four years in the rank of officer, and an entrance examination is exacted. The course lasts two and a half years, the last half-year being devoted to practical instruction. But it appears that the number of candidates is extremely small; only sixteen passed on the last examination for admission, and the whole number of students is only seventy-three.

It may be mentioned that from time to time general staff officers take a turn of regimental duty. In theory this system is good, but there would appear to be a want of practical training after the Nicholas Academy is quitted, and we hear nothing of those staff tours and working out of projects which in Prussia have produced such excellent results. At all events facts have shown that the Russian staff, as a whole, is inefficient, and the general voice of the army does not hesitate to attribute most of the failures which have occurred during the present campaign to this important branch of an organised military force. Colonel Vincent, in a lecture at the Royal United Service Institution in 1872, stated: 'The supposition that every Russian officer is a good linguist is entirely erroneous. In the cavalry of the Guard nearly all know French colloquially, many

‘speak German, but few can write grammatically in either language. In the infantry of the Guard, such knowledge exists in a smaller proportion, and in the troops of the line it is a very great exception to meet an officer conversant with a foreign language.’ This is an important fact; for most of the best military literature is only accessible to Russians through the medium of a foreign language, and if the large majority of Russian officers are so uneducated as to be ignorant even of French, the proportion of officers able and willing to profit by a staff training must be very small. Indeed, Colonel Vincent, speaking of the Nicholas Academy, says: ‘The number who offer themselves is so comparatively small, that many staff officers have to be appointed directly from their regiments. It is in the numerical and intellectual deficiency of staff officers that one of the weakest points of the Russian army lies.’

To the want of energy and knowledge of their work shown by the staff must be attributed the slow movements of the invaders after the passage of the Danube had been effected. Two months elapsed after the outbreak of hostilities before the main army had commenced its passage at Simnitzer, whereas Prussia in 1870, within two months after the first cloud of war appeared above the horizon, had virtually disposed of the whole regular army of France. Evidently the mobilisation arrangements of Russia, even after making every allowance for an imperfect railway system, were very defective, and the responsibility for this must rest with the Russian staff. Another cause of delay was the supposed necessity of passing Zimmerman across the lower Danube before the main army could attempt a passage at Simnitzer. The point selected for Zimmerman was the Braila-Galatza bend. The river itself is not difficult at that point, but to reach the left bank it was necessary to construct a road on piles over the marshes and lagoons, an operation which demanded much labour and time. In this instance the precedent of 1828—and Russian commanders are slavishly mindful of precedents—was followed.

On June 27 the Russian advanced guard crossed at Simnitzer, but the bridge over the Danube was not completed till July 2. It would have been thought that as soon as a strong body of infantry and artillery had been firmly established on the south bank, a force of cavalry would have been ferried over, and at once despatched to feel for the enemy and ascertain his whereabouts and numbers. Nothing of the sort was done. The bridge, as we have said, was finished on July 2, and not till then did the cavalry cross in any force. Biela and Tir-

nova are respectively five and ten hours' easy ride from Sistova. It was not till July 5 that Arnoldi's brigade of cavalry occupied the heights above Biela, and till the evening of July 6 that Gourklo's horsemen were—to use Mr. Forbes's expression—within striking distance of Tirnova.

We have heard much of the traditional activity and audacity as scouts of the Cossacks. They have indeed been spoken of as the finest light cavalry in the world. In that capacity they have, during the present campaign, strangely belied their ancient reputation. A correspondent of the 'Standard' with the Russian army, in one of his letters, gave us some insight into the real value and nature of these wild horsemen, the Cossacks of the Don. He says:—

'The whole Russian administration, civil or military, appears to be based upon him. "Cossack" has ousted the word, if ever one there was, for messenger, orderly, or officer's servant . . . they are seen everywhere, filling every subordinate position, always busy and intelligent.' On the other hand, there is 'a dreadful secret whispered through the Asian army for some years past, discredited as a monstrous fable, fanatically denied, kept from public knowledge so closely that even a watchful attaché had not heard of it. Instead of doing away with regular cavalry, those acquainted with the secret, which is now common report, would do away with the Cossacks—that is, those of the Don. They will neither fight nor scout before danger. At plundering they have not a bit degenerated from their forefathers' skill, but plundering is not the whole duty of an irregular. The Don Cossacks are now too rich, too cultivated, for the pursuit to which they were born. . . . The percentage of those who can read and write is said to be eight times that ruling in the line. They have property and freedom in their villages. They ride their own horses to war, supply their own accoutrements except the lance and carbine. And these sacred objects they will not risk, if they can help it, in fight with an enemy whom they no longer hate, in a cause which they do not understand, at bidding of an authority about which they are just beginning to ask questions.'

The worthlessness of these Cossacks may partially explain the little use made of them for reconnaissance duty immediately after the passage of the Danube. We cannot, however, on this account, exonerate the staff for neglecting to obtain early information. In each *corps d'armée* there is a division of regular cavalry; and it is to be noted that Russian dragoons are really what their name originally imported, i.e. men trained to fight both on foot and on horseback. Now true dragoons, being independent of infantry, are specially adapted for distant expeditions. The Russian staff, therefore, possessed ample means for obtaining intelligence of the enemy and screening the

movements of the main body. Yet, according to Mr. Forbes, their resources were not utilised. When the cavalry did move, instead of being employed to feel the enemy, it was only used to constitute the heads of columns. In fact, throughout the campaign reconnaissances seem to have been few and imperfectly carried out. For another deficiency the Russian staff must be held to be in great measure accountable—that is the great neglect of outposts and guards. Mr. Forbes probably traversed the Russian camps and bivouacs more frequently than any other foreigner present with the army, and his testimony is conclusive on the subject. He says that on the night of July 4 he entered the bivouac of a Cossack regiment, riding right into the heart of it without being questioned or challenged. The colonel told him that the only troops between him and the enemy were one of his own squadrons, a few hundred yards to his left front. He had neither night guard, pickets, nor patrols. Mr. Forbes says that on the same day he passed through the camp of an infantry division which was totally unguarded. Some divisions have a cordon of sentries posted at a distance of from 100 to 300 yards, which, as he justly observes, is too close to prevent surprise or baffle spies. Neither at the entry to nor exit from villages are there any guards, and Mr. Forbes also asserts that he has ‘crossed the Simnitsa bridge in the dead of night without being challenged—without indeed even seeing a sentry. Except by the sentries of the cordon drawn athwart the front of the Imperial head-quarters next to the enemy, I never in all my experience was asked by a man on guard to show my papers. I have had in broad daylight to verify myself in this way three times in entering a village occupied by the Emperor, and I have left the same village in the dead of the following night with seeing but one sentry, and he lying sound asleep.’ Another instance of the incapacity of the Russian staff is afforded by their neglect to reconnoitre positions before attacking them. At Zewin, in Armenia, for example, a naturally formidable and strongly fortified position was attacked by the Russians without any previous examination by the Russian staff. Again, when Schilder-Schuldner’s brigade was almost annihilated in its attempt early in July to occupy Plevna, it is said that the presence of the enemy was not even guessed till the main body of infantry was actually in the town. He had been somewhat tardily sent by Krudener after the capture of Nicopolis to reoccupy Plevna, from which a detachment of cavalry had been driven out by the Turks. His force consisted of three regiments of infantry

with guns, and a few Cossacks. After a sharp engagement Schilder-Schuldner forced the Turks to give way, and entered Plevna. It was therefore known that the enemy were not far off, and it was quite possible that being reinforced they might make an offensive return. Yet in the face of these obvious facts, and with an almost incredible neglect of the most ordinary precautions, no cavalry patrols were sent out, no outposts were placed, no guards were mounted, and the town was not even explored. So secure did the troops feel, so careless were the staff, that the men were allowed to fall out, take off their packs, and straggle about. All on a sudden from every house came a perfect hail of bullets. Taken by surprise, the Russians were soon driven out of the place in such hurry and confusion that one regiment left all their packs behind. Another regiment was almost destroyed, losing 2,000 men, and the total number of casualties out of less than 9,000 men amounted to 2,900.

One of the fundamental axioms of war is that troops should be dispersed for subsistence, concentrated for fighting. With hostile troops on each flank and in front it was evident that the invaders must be prepared at any moment to give battle, and therefore should be kept concentrated. Hence the difficulty of feeding the army was great; for though the district occupied by the Russians was full of supplies it was no easy matter to distribute them. Again, owing to their position, the Russians might at any moment be compelled to carry reinforcements rapidly from one point to another. Lastly, a modern army requires enormous stores of ammunition. Hence it was of the utmost importance that the interior communications should be good, and that the injury done to them by the constant heavy traffic should be promptly repaired. It was especially the duty of the staff to pay attention to this point; yet all the letters from the seat of war abound with complaints as to the state of the roads, especially after rain, and the neglect to repair bridges or increase the means of crossing the different streams.

Not less essential was it, both for supply purposes and strategical reasons, that there should be abundant means of crossing the Danube. Without such means, however well stored the depôts in Roumania, they could only filter slowly into Bulgaria, and in case of a crushing defeat the whole army would be in danger of capture or destruction. We have shown how slowly the first bridge at Sinnitza was constructed. When it was finished, the performance, considering the practically unlimited resources at the disposal of the Russian engineers, was anything but satisfactory. Several times within the first fortnight storms and floods temporarily

interrupted the communication. But even when the latter was intact it provided but poor means of crossing. The bridge, including the roadway to the actual edge of the northern bank, was a mile long and 7 feet broad, just allowing the passage of infantry four abreast, cavalry in file, or one ordinary cart. For some time no attempt was made to improve the track—for it was nothing better—down the steep bluff, over a single pontoon, and along a tortuous sandy path through swamps and shallow patches of inundation. For weeks this was the only means of crossing the Danube. At length a second, and afterwards a third, bridge was thrown across; but it was not till August 14 that the last was finished. Of late some attention has been paid to the improvement of this essential link in the line of communication; but the storms and frosts of the Danube may, very possibly, render the maintenance of floating bridges during the winter impossible.

Wherever large masses of troops are assembled, especially in Bulgaria, disease is apt to play havoc. The natural unhealthiness of the climate, of which the Russians had had bitter experience in former wars, would inevitably be aggravated by the neglect of sanitary precautions; yet, apparently, none were taken by the Russians. At first the health of the army, inspired by their early successes, excited by the hopes of a rapid conquest, and only required to perform short marches with frequent but not long intervals of perfect rest, was good. By the middle of August, however, it became evident that a triumphal march on Constantinople was, to say the least, not imminent. Several checks had been received. A good deal of hard marching, and not a little apparently purposeless countermarching involving much fatigue, had taken place. The spirits of the men consequently sank, and this fact, joined to occasional irregularity in the distribution of rations and the intense heat, predisposed the troops to disease. The main cause was, however, the utter neglect of the most ordinary sanitary precautions. No attempt was made to keep the drinking water undefiled; latrine arrangements were unknown; offal and the dead bodies of animals were left lying unburied close to the camps, cantonments, and bivouacs. Even in the immediate vicinity of the Imperial head-quarters at Biela, the stench and dirt are described as awful. So great was the sickness from this cause, that about the middle of August four out of five of the general adjutants in attendance on the Emperor were down with severe attacks of fever. Nor do matters seem to have improved much since, when increased care was rendered necessary by the wet and cold; and the sufferings of the troops during the present season must be incredibly great.

The arrangements for forcing the passage of the Danube were well conceived. The idea was to make feints at several points, to be converted into realities should opportunity offer, but to pass the principal part of the army over the Danube at Galatz and Simnitsa. The secret was well kept; even astute special correspondents were deceived. The execution of the plan as regards Simnitsa was less perfect than its conception. The troops about to cross were needlessly exposed on the flat northern bank to the artillery fire of the Turks. This certainly arose from want of good arrangements by the staff. Then, when the boats began to cross, there was no attempt to distract the enemy's attention by sending boats to different points, but all converged to the same landing point. The Russians once firmly established on the southern bank, and a rapid advance on Constantinople being an essential part of their plan, evidently there were two immediate steps to be taken. One was to pass over as quickly as possible a large body of horsemen and send them ranging over the country to obtain intelligence of the distribution and strength of the enemy. This, we have seen, was not done. The other was to ward off any attack on their flanks and communications. The army of Rustchuk, though it moved slowly, did guard the left flank, but the most pressing danger did not threaten from that quarter. Indeed, it would not have been altogether undesirable that the Turkish forces in the Quadrilateral, chiefly massed about Schumla, should have advanced towards the Lom; for thus an opening would have been afforded to Zimmerman to cut the Varna-Rustchuk railway—an opportunity which that able officer would not, we may be sure, have neglected. The great mistake was not to protect the right flank. It must have been, or ought to have been, known that Osman Pasha was advancing from Widdin at the head of a considerable force. At all events, it was on the cards that he would do so. The German staff, under such circumstances, would have prepared for the contingency. One of their first steps after the passage of the river had been effected would have been to send cavalry well ahead on the Sophia and Widdin roads to gather information and to give early notice of the approach of a hostile force. In the meantime they would have held disposable a force of all three arms to keep such a foe in check. The Russian staff did nothing of the sort, or, if they gave any orders on the subject, they did not enquire whether those orders had been carried out.

Krudener, with his corps, had at Turn Severin, opposite to Nicopolis, made vigorous demonstrations of forcing a passage, which demonstrations were to have been converted into a

reality if any reasonable chance of success presented itself. The success at Simnitsa rendered Krudener's longer presence at Turn Severin useless, and he was ordered, while leaving a small portion of his corps to continue the demonstrations on the left bank, to march to Simnitsa with the remainder, and cross the river at that point. It is said that he was ordered at the same time to give an eye to Plevna. The bridge at Simnitsa was finished on July 2. Krudener had to descend the river to that point, and then ascend it to Nicopolis, a distance altogether of sixty miles, or five not long days' marching. As soon as an entire corps had crossed at Simnitsa and the bridge been completed, it would have been safe to have moved Krudener. The orders to march might therefore have reached him on the evening of July 1; on the 2nd he might have started; and on the 7th or 8th, at the latest, he might have been in front of Nicopolis. In the meanwhile no time would have been lost by sending a combined division to occupy Plevna, for the preparations for an advance on the Balkans were by no means completed. What actually happened was this: On July 4 one cavalry division was despatched from Sistova towards Nicopolis. On the 14th Krudener, with three of his four infantry brigades, reached that town, and on the following day he captured the place after hard fighting by a *coup de main*. He lost many men in the fight, having had to defend the place with only about 15,000 effective men at its close against Osman Pasha, who was approaching, and moreover to guard 5,000 prisoners. Under these circumstances Krudener shrank from weakening his weak corps by sending a strong detachment to occupy Plevna, and contented himself with despatching a small body of cavalry to hold it. The rest of his cavalry division he distributed along the Vid. Krudener was not, therefore, to blame for not having occupied Plevna in strength either before or immediately after the capture of Nicopolis, for he had not the means of doing so. The real blame rests with the head-quarter staff and the Grand Duke Nicholas. Excluding Krudener's corps and the three divisions under Zimmerman, the Russian commander-in-chief had four and a half corps at or about Sistova. Of these two were sent towards Rustchuk under the Czarewitch. There remained two and a half corps, and surely for a temporary purpose he might have detached at least one division of infantry, with a due proportion of cavalry and artillery, to occupy Plevna till Krudener could take their place. Plevna is thirty miles from Sistova, and the division in question could have been despatched on the 2nd at latest, arriving at Plevna

on the 3rd, cavalry and horse artillery being sent on in advance. It is evident, however, that the Russian staff were careless about their right flank, and did not appreciate the strategic importance of Plevna.

On June 30 intelligence reached the Russian head-quarters that a detachment of Turkish infantry had approached to within six versts of Plevna and entrenched themselves. The intelligence was probably false, but it should have served as a warning. It was, however, treated with contempt as a ruse of the garrison of Nicopolis to mask their intention of marching by a circuitous route to Rustchuk. Osman Pasha, with from 20,000 to 30,000 men, had marched from Widdin to save Nicopolis. Finding that he was too late, he, with a fine strategic instinct, resolved to establish himself at Plevna. Sending on in front a strong advanced guard to occupy that place, he followed more slowly with his main body. His advanced guard easily drove out the Russian cavalry. On this Krudener sent all the troops he could for the moment spare—viz., three regiments of infantry, a few Cossacks, and some guns, under General Schilder-Schuldner—to retake the place, and we know the result. Soon after this Osman Pasha arrived with his main body, and at once began to entrench himself. The Russians were alarmed at this demonstration. They at length realised the importance of Plevna, and resolved to recapture it at any cost. They, however, underrated its strength, the engineering industry of Osman Pasha, and the fighting qualities of the Turks. The force destined for the enterprise was only 30,000 strong, and consisted of the bulk of Krudener's corps (the 9th), together with the 30th division of the 4th Corps, one brigade of infantry, and another of cavalry from Schakoffskoy's corps (the 11th), and a brigade of Cossacks. Altogether the force numbered six brigades of infantry, four of cavalry, and 160 guns. Krudener commanded his own corps, and Schakoffskoy the remainder, part of which had been hurried by forced marches from the opposite side of the theatre of war, near Osman Bazar. Krudener was to attack the north-east angle of Osman Pasha's position, Schakoffskoy the south-east. Schakoffskoy, though junior, was not placed under Krudener's orders, and the evil of divided command was soon apparent. Krudener, delayed by the slow arrival of part of his force and the difficulties of the ground, was not ready to assault as soon as Schakoffskoy; so the latter attacked, without waiting for him, as soon as his guns had made, as he thought, sufficient impression. Both generals failed, Schakoffskoy's force being almost annihilated and driven from the field in utter rout. The loss was esti-

mated at the time by Mr. Forbes at from 10,000 to 12,000 men. The Russian official figures were 5,500; but Russian official statistics are, to say the least, open to grave suspicion. The original idea was faulty in every respect; for this the Russian Commander-in-Chief and his staff must be held responsible. The execution was equally faulty, and for this the two corps generals and their staff are to blame. Krudener, when, at a sort of council of war held at head-quarters, the enterprise was resolved on, protested strongly against it. One of the Grand Dukes, it is said, brutally accused the veteran of cowardice, on which Krudener replied that were not his insulter a Grand Duke he would show him that he was not afraid. This story may or may not be true, but it is certain that Krudener despaired of success with the means to be used, and said so. He was, however, overruled.

When Osman Pasha sent the Russians reeling back in blood and panic from Plevna, a feeling of despondency fell upon the Russian commanders—a feeling soon intensified by the defeat, at the beginning of August, of a Russian division which had been pushed forward from Tirnova to Eski-Djuma. They had good reason for alarm. The strength of Osman Pasha's army was unknown, and he might any day assume the offensive. Part of the Russian army was in the Balkans; the two corps of the army of Rusteluk, with the detachments on their right, occupied a line fifty miles in length; while Mehemet Ali, with six mobile divisions based on the Quadrilateral, was concentrated on a line only fifteen miles long. It was felt, therefore, that before anything serious in the shape of a march to Constantinople could be attempted, Plevna must be taken. Reinforcements were therefore hurried to the front, and a large portion of the guard was mobilised and ordered to the seat of war. There have not been wanting critics who maintain that the Russians ought to have masked Plevna, and pushed on with a portion of their army to Adrianople. We cannot admit that this suggestion was sound, unless the plan of the campaign had been altogether changed. If we assume that, with the Roumanians and Zimmerman's force, the Grand Duke Nicholas had 165,000 men at his disposal, it is not easy to see how the troops requisite were to be obtained. It would have been imprudent to leave to the north of the Balkans less than 100,000 men, including the garrisons of Nicopolis and Sistova. This would have allowed only 65,000 men, at the most liberal estimate, for operations in Roumelia. It may fairly be assumed that had the Grand Duke Nicholas marched from Sistova in the beginning of August with 65,000

men—and to do that much he must have transferred Zimmerman's army to the central theatre of war—he could not have reached Adrianople with more than 40,000 men, the other 25,000 being absorbed by posts on the line of communication, or placed *hors de combat* by disease or in battle. The audacity of the movement might have secured its success, but the risk was great, and failure would have been utter destruction.

Passing on to Zimmerman's army, we find in its employment a strong indication of the want of strategical skill on the part of the Grand Duke Nicholas and his staff. In sending a force into the Dobrudscha the precedent of 1829 was followed, but, the Russians having no longer the command of the sea, circumstances were altogether changed. Had, however, as it was first intended, two corps fully up to the war establishment been placed under Zimmerman's orders, he would have had about 72,000 men, and would have been strong enough for independent operations of a vigorous nature. As it was, he never had more than 40,000 men, and these numbers were soon reduced by disease. Too strong for a mere demonstration, too weak for any real action, this army was almost ignored by the Turks, and has not had the slightest influence on the campaign. Indeed, the Russian commander himself looked for little co-operation from it, taking no pains to secure its supplies, and leaving Zimmerman no discretionary power at all. In short, it was useless, and for all practical purposes might as well have been at Odessa. Nor was the Rustchuk army turned to much account. At first heaped up round Rustchuk, and afterwards stretched out along the valley of the Lom, the siege of which was impossible without a covering army, it performed the purely passive service of a living palisade. The disadvantage of the Russians was that they were compressed into a narrow wedge, and a determined advance of the Turks from either the eastward or the westward would have exposed them to the danger of being cut off from, or driven into, the Danube. On the other hand they had the advantage of a central position and interior lines of communication, and could temporarily reinforce one army at the expense of the other without great peril. Instead of doing so, however, they spread their forces in such a manner that they were weak everywhere, and when any point was attacked in force they, in a hand-to-mouth sort of way, sent as reinforcements any troops which were temporarily available. So little method was there in the proceedings of the Russian staff, that all organisation was broken up, and regiments, brigades, and divisions were lent or borrowed, till scarcely a corps remained after a few weeks as it was at the

commencement of the campaign. There is also reason to believe that much unnecessary marching and countermarching were imposed on the troops.

To return to Plevna. The Russians determined to virtually suspend all other operations till the Turks had been driven out of it, and to concentrate all their energies on its capture. Having assembled a large body of troops, erected batteries, and bombarded the position for five days, they, on September 11, delivered assaults on three sides. The fighting was severe, the loss of the stormers fearful, but at the end of the day the Russians, or rather the Roumanians, had captured and established themselves in the Gravitza redoubt. From that time forth the Roumanians began to make regular siege approaches towards the nearest Turkish redoubt, and some sharp fighting took place at this point. Not to travel over ground which is familiar to our readers, we shall content ourselves with saying that, the attempt to capture Plevna by force having been found hopeless, General Todleben was sent for, and arrived in the last week of September. It is somewhat singular that whereas, during the Crimean war, he was called upon to defend an entrenched position, he has, in this campaign, been required to reverse the process. There is, however, this difference between Plevna and Sebastopol. At Sebastopol the defenders were little inferior in numbers to the enemy, and a complete investment, or indeed an investment of any sort, was impossible. The nucleus of the defence was a large arsenal with abundance of ammunition and stores, and a practically safe place of refuge on the north side of the harbour, from whence a retreat was perfectly practicable. Plevna, on the contrary, was a roughly extemporised position, possessing no other stores and ammunition save such as Osman Pasha had brought with him. At first the Russians did not largely outnumber the garrison, but before the end of September they possessed a considerable numerical superiority. Feeble attempts were for some time made to invest the place by means of cavalry detachments, but as reinforcements arrived infantry became available for that purpose. Todleben at once appreciated the position, and at his suggestion Plevna was soon environed by a chain of redoubts with shelter trenches in front. Before, however, the place could be hermetically sealed, Chefket Pasha, despite the attempts of flying columns, chiefly composed of cavalry and horse artillery, to arrest his progress, contrived to throw in about 10,000 men and a convoy of provisions from Sofia. Returning to that place to organise further succour, he left troops echeloned in various fortified

posts on the road to Orhanie. This was at the end of September. In the course of October the Russians were able to send several strong columns of all arms to the westward of Plevna, and one by one all the posts of communication fell. The attempts made by Mchemet Ali and Sulciman Pasha to relieve the place by a diversion failed. The stores were exhausted, and nothing remained for Osman Pasha, on December 10, but to make a desperate effort to force his way through the Russian lines. We believe that Osman Pasha never had in Plevna much more than 40,000 men. With that force he contrived to hold in check the whole invading army of Russia for the whole autumn, and at last the position was reduced by simple investment, as Metz had been; it was not taken by force of arms. A more gallant and skilful defence, a more heroic attempt to save his army for the service of his sovereign, history does not record, and Osman Pasha has well justified the title of Ghazi conferred on him after his earlier triumphs.

More than one important lesson is to be gathered from the Plevna episode in the late campaign. First, that artillery fire, unless extraordinarily concentrated, is of little use in preparing the way for an infantry assault of earthworks, provided that the defenders possess underground shelter for themselves. Indeed, both at Plevna and every other engagement, the amount of damage inflicted by the artillery on either side was utterly out of proportion to the quantity of ammunition expended. The Franco-German war, in which, notwithstanding the free use of artillery, the casualties from cannon-shot and shell were rather less than one-tenth of the casualties from lead and steel, caused many thoughtful soldiers to suspect that the effect of artillery had been somewhat overrated. This suspicion has been confirmed by more recent experience. The moral effect of artillery fire on raw troops is no doubt great, but after a while it passes away, and the veteran soon learns to dread infinitely more the sharp ping of the bullet than the loud harsh scream of the shell. In truth, within effective range, breech-loading rifles are infinitely more destructive than artillery. The chief cause of the diminished effect of artillery is that grape was formerly formidable at 400 yards, a distance at which the gunners were almost safe from musketry fire, which was, in addition to being short ranging, slow and inaccurate. Now artillerymen even at 1,000 yards are exposed to an accurate and rapid fire from the enemy's infantry, to which the only answer possible is shell. Another and equally powerful cause is to be found in the substitution of lines of skirmishers for the columns or serried lines which till recently were employed. Of

course, when infantry are behind parapets, their superiority over artillery, fired either through embrasures or *en barbette*, is even more marked than when the duel takes place in the open. As regards infantry against infantry, it has been proved over and over again during the last few months that the attack has no chance over the defence, *ceteris paribus*, when the defence is strengthened by entrenchments. Only at a fearful cost of life was the Gravitza redoubt won by more highly trained troops from men equally brave, but less finished and less well officered soldiers. As long as Osman Pasha stood on the defensive, he was, with few exceptions, successful. As soon as he in his turn became the assailant, as in the attempt to recapture the Gravitza redoubt, and on the occasion of his attempt to cut his way through on December 10, fortune changed sides. The inference is that if a body of men have time to entrench themselves they cannot be turned out of their position by a frontal attack, however gallantly conducted. Hence the necessity of striking promptly before the enemy can construct shelter trenches. Taken as a whole, we consider that the defensive has, for the time at least, established its superiority over the offensive—that is to say, tactically speaking. Plevna was inexpugnable from a tactical point of view; but the shrewd and experienced Todleben perceived at once that, owing to the numerical superiority of the Russians, it might be made to fall by strategical means. He determined to place himself on Osman Pasha's lines of communication and supply, and thus compel by hunger a capitulation; at the same time, in order to watch him narrowly so as to profit promptly by every chance of attacking a temporarily weakened portion of the defences, and to succour rapidly any segment of the investing cordon, he traced a circle of works within striking distance of the enemy. This circle he garnished everywhere with tiers of works, thus turning Osman's weapons against himself. The event proved how skilful were his arrangements.

We are now naturally led to consider what light the siege and capture of Plevna throw on the value of large entrenched camps. The Franco-German war confirmed the opinion which had been formed after the series of wars which ended in 1815, that fortresses were much weaker obstacles to an invader than had been previously thought. Eminent authorities, however, still believed in large entrenched camps. The fate of Paris and Metz tended to modify this opinion, and the capitulation of Plevna will no doubt be adduced as a further argument by those who have little faith in them. We are, however, of opinion

that more than ever these have their value; but at the same time we would earnestly protest against the abuse of them. We say they are more than ever useful, because in the defence of a country the movements of an invader are now extremely rapid, and large bodies of imperfectly trained troops are employed by the invader. Now an entrenched camp, placed on a decisive strategical point, gains time and gives temporary shelter till raw troops can be organised, or a routed army can refit and recover its *morale*. By promptly occupying Plevna and converting it into an entrenched camp, Osman Pasha checked the advance of the Russians, and gained time for the Porte to organise its means of defence. From the moment, however, that the Russians could dispose of sufficient troops to render the position strategically untenable, Osman did wrong to cling to his post. He ought, the instant he perceived preparations being made for cutting off his communications, to have fallen back on Orhanie; and this he could have done, at comparatively little cost, as late as the last week in September. Plevna had served its purpose, and it was the safety of his army, not the retention of the earthworks, which without that army were useless, to which he should have directed his attention. Like many another commander, however, he sacrificed the end to the means. The spade is a valuable auxiliary to the rifle, but it is very apt to obscure the judgment of, and lead into temptation, those who do not reflect that fortification is only intended to enable troops to act with greater effect than if destitute of such means of cover. It also frequently induces generals to abstain from profiting by opportunities for assuming the offensive. Osman erred in this particular. When, on July 30, the columns of Krudener and Schakoffskoy recoiled shattered and disheartened from the assault of Plevna, Osman Pasha should at once have assumed the offensive, thereby retaining his entrenched camp as a secondary base. At that time the army of the quadrilateral was preparing to take the offensive, a large portion of the Russian troops were in the Balkans, the Russian forces on the Sistova-Tirnova road were weak and scattered. Had Osman followed up his baffled and demoralised assailant, we believe that a temporary collapse of the Russians would probably have ensued. All Turkish armies, however, seem to be as wanting in mobility as their leaders are in promptness and audacity, and the opportunity was allowed to slip, never to return.

The facts to which we have drawn attention will, we think, convince the reader that both the Russian commanders and the Russian staff are of inferior quality. The blame has chiefly

been laid on the staff, and it cannot be denied that they have shown great want of methodical arrangement, energy, and precaution. In many of these instances the violation of great principles was involved. To these points the attention of the commander-in-chief and his corps and divisional generals should have been given; for, after all, the staff officer is only supposed to work out the details of the schemes formed by his general. The latter gains the credit of success; it is only just that he should be held responsible for failure. In short, it is difficult to decide with regard to the present campaign in what proportions blame should be divided between the generals and their staff. That both were guilty of many omissions and blunders is evident. Nor is this to be wondered at when we examine the appointments in the Russian army. Favouritism seems to have been the rule, not the exception, in the bestowal of high commands. Not only was a Grand-Duke placed at the head of the army, but a host of other Imperial personages held high commands. Of the other generals a large proportion owed their position to favour, and few of those who had exhibited high qualities for command in former wars were utilised on this occasion. One of the generals of division employed in the attack on Plevna on July 30 was an old man who had never seen a shot fired in anger before. He lost his head, quitted the field, and, with a kindly pretence of invaliding, was sent back to his home. Another general who attracted attention from his want of energy or capacity was recently commander of the cavalry division at Warsaw, where, though drawing forage allowance for six horses, he never during three years owned a charger. A third general was sitting at luncheon with his staff, when an officer brought an order for one of his brigades to attack. The meal was not for a moment interrupted; the general merely endorsed the order, and told its original bearer to take it to the brigadier, and with the most perfect indifference the party went on eating. No wonder that there should be little zeal or energy among Russian generals when they obtain and retain their posts through interest which never forsakes the object of its care whatever incapacity he may show. No wonder that there should be so much envy, jealousy, and intrigue among Russian officers. Gallantry in the highest degree Russian officers have always displayed, but in professional ability, off the parade-ground, comparatively few shine. Their very courage is frequently injurious to the public service. In default of more solid rewards the Russian officer is smothered with decorations.

What we have said of general and staff officers applies in

great measure to regimental officers. Among the latter as well as the former, protection avails more than merit, and an officer is more anxious to secure by intrigue and toadying the favour of his superior than to earn promotion by good honest work and devotion to his profession. The majority of those who covet commissions obtain them by passing through a military school. Others enter the service as volunteers after passing an examination, and, as we have before mentioned, in time are promoted to the rank of officers; others—but the practice has apparently been abolished—join avowedly as candidates for commissions, are styled Junkers, and correspond to the *Porte-épée* of the Prussians. These belong, or belonged, to the hereditary nobility. There is, or will be, another large class consisting of men who, having joined the army as ordinary private soldiers, are for merit promoted to the rank of officers. But it has been by no means easy to find a sufficient number of men educationally and socially fit for commissions. In 1872 there was a deficiency of about 5,000. In their relations to their men the officers are generally kind, good-humoured, and considerate; but when the ordinary indolent good nature of the officer is disturbed, acts of great brutality are committed. Mr. Boyle witnessed one day a scene in Tironova which illustrates what we have said.

‘A captain on horseback, surrounded by a crowd of officers and soldiers, with his whole force was lashing a poor wretch who stood before him. I could not ascertain his offence. Muttering a few words from time to time, he stood there, his hand fixed at the salute, though blood trickled down the fingers. The officer was white with rage; his pony, with that sympathetic fear which horses show in moments of excitement, backed and circled snorting. But the savage Cossack whip gyrated all the time, descending with an angry thud upon the victim’s shoulders. No bystander spoke. The men seemed to watch with stolid curiosity, not unmixed with amusement. The officers’ lips curled in disgust, but nobody interfered. The painful spectacle lasted fully five minutes after I arrived; but in the end obstinate endurance prevailed over reckless passion. The executioner threw down his broken whip, and hoarsely gave the man in charge of two fellow-soldiers looking on.’

The writer of the above passage declares that this was not a solitary instance, and that a Russian officer’s ‘kindness and gentleness towards his men last just as long as his temper holds out.’ Once let him get into a rage, and the stick, discarded in theory, soon reappears. In short, the mass of the junior officers of the line are imperfectly educated, possessing little more than the qualifications of sergeants, and with a considerable substratum of barbarism. The best officers in the Russian army

are Germans, and these are regarded with mingled hatred and envy by their comrades. One very alarming fact in connexion with Russian officers is the large number of them who are tainted with the absurd and revolting doctrines of Nihilism.

As in most modern armies, good non-commissioned officers are rare, and this circumstance need excite no surprise, considering the want of education among the lower classes. Great efforts to improve both general and professional education in the army have, however, of late years been made. In the meantime subaltern officers are compelled to perform many of the duties which in this country we should leave to sergeants. The Russian soldier is patient, strong, brave, extremely subordinate, cheerful, enduring great hardships without murmuring, and a splendid marcher. Ordinarily humane, he is capable of being excited by fanaticism to the commission of the most brutal acts, as when our wounded officers and soldiers were murdered by the enemy in the Crimea. In Bulgaria the conduct of the regular troops has been controlled by strict discipline; and we willingly believe that the horrible atrocities committed on the Mohammedan population, of which there is but too ample evidence, may be chiefly attributed to the Cossacks and the Bulgarians themselves, who turn out to be mere savages. But the Russian generals cannot, in some instances, be acquitted of monstrous crimes against humanity and the laws of civilised warfare. The expulsion of 2,000 wounded Turkish prisoners from Kars on the road to Erzeroum in the coldest season of the year was a gross violation of the Geneva Convention; and the horrible neglect of some thousands of gallant but unfortunate soldiers captured in Plevna, whereby a large number of them perished, are two of the most cruel and detestable incidents recorded in the annals of war; and cast a shade of infamy on the two principal achievements of the campaign.

Let us now turn to the accessories of the army. The commissariat has been on the whole more efficient than might have been expected. Mr. Archibald Forbes, who has proved himself a most unsparing critic, asserts that the Russian soldier has generally received his full ration, save on forced marches, though by others this has been denied. The distribution of stores among the widely scattered and constantly shifting brigades and divisions was the main difficulty, a difficulty increased by the inefficiency of the transport and the badness of the Bulgarian roads. The theatre of war was full of supplies, and by local resources the short rations of the commissariat were often aided. But to turn these local resources

to full account, an able administration and an extensive use of cavalry were needed. Now the administration is not able, and the cavalry has been required for fighting purposes. Besides, a comparatively limited district, however fertile, soon becomes exhausted when, in addition to the ordinary population, some 150,000 soldiers with their attendant non-combatants are thrown into it. The result has been on the whole that the troops have been fairly supplied, but at a cost to the Government which is yet to be realised. In former wars everything had been left to the commissariat; but the remembrance of the abuses and shortcomings of that department during the Crimean war was fresh in the memories of the authorities, and they determined to adopt another plan. They therefore concluded a contract with a private company which undertook to supply all provisions, receiving a commission of 10 per cent. on purchases. A certain quantity of provisions and forage was to be delivered at certain indicated places on fixed dates; the commissariat officer on the spot was to give a receipt for the same, and seven days after the presentation and verification at head-quarters of this receipt and other vouchers showing the current price of the articles supplied at the place of purchase, the money was to be paid. There is a difference of opinion as to how this contract has been carried out. On the one hand it is asserted that a large proportion of the food supplied was unfit for consumption, that the prices were exorbitant, and that delivery was rarely punctual. To descend to particulars, it is stated that out of forty-four depôts inspected in Roumania, only fourteen contained the proper amount of provisions. On the other hand, the company maintain that these assertions are baseless calumnies proceeding from interested persons, and that, as regards irregularity in delivery, the constant change in the distribution of the troops, of which due notice was not given to the contractors, accounts for such unpunctuality as may have taken place. We suspect that there is a certain amount of truth in both these assertions. Naturally the commissariat did not like a change of system which diminished their opportunities of speculation. Hence complaints of an insufficient and irregular supply. As to the accusation of overcharge, it is no secret that all Russian officials connected with supplies exact a percentage from contractors. We learn that little care has been taken to protect stores from the weather, and that much of them has consequently become unfit for issue. It is easy to understand why this should be the case. The more articles are condemned the more must be furnished, and both the contractors' and the commissariat's gains increase in proportion.

The regimental transport of the Russian army is theoretically excellent, but this would not be at the disposal of the commissariat for distribution, and the general transport of the army has been furnished mainly from the resources of Bulgaria. All who served in that country in 1854 can well believe that to distribute food for 150,000 men by means of small slow arabas must be a difficult task. It seems that, following the evil example of the first Napoleon's army, every general has one or more carriages, and that the larger proportion of field officers are similarly provided. As to baggage-wagons, even a junior staff officer has half a one. It may easily be imagined how little mobility there can be in an army so encumbered with *impedimenta*.

Great attention has of late years been paid to the medical department and the arrangements for transporting the wounded from the field of battle. Unfortunately, in the most sanguinary actions, the wounded fell too close to the enemy to admit of their being removed by the *Krankenträger*. At the assault of Plevna on September 11, the Russian surgeons do not appear to have been very zealous in tending the wounded under fire. During the early part of the war also there were sad stories of wounded men whose hurts had not been dressed for three days. Mr. Boyle, indeed, relates some stories on the authority of Russian soldiers, which would impute to their surgeons extreme brutality.

All soldiers have been eagerly watching the present war in the hope that some interesting facts with regard to modern tactics would be disclosed. They have been to a certain extent disappointed. In the first place, singularly little attention has been devoted to the tactics of the contending armies. In the second place, one might almost imagine, from the events of the war, that the lessons of 1870-71 had been unheeded. The tactics of the Russian generals were decidedly faulty. The proper use of a reserve has always been considered one of the greatest tests of a commander's capacity. In this particular the Russians have repeatedly been found wanting; as a rule they have in the assault of works either sent their reserves on too soon, or, like a bad whist-player, have bottled up their trumps. This was notably the case in the great attack on Plevna on September 11. Yet in these days of breech-loading rifles everything depends on the supports and reserves. The first line may shatter the enemy's defensive power, even carry his position; but the position can only be secured, the fruits of victory reaped, by the comparatively fresh and unbroken troops who come up in second and third line. As to minor tactics the Russians equally offended. In the attack on

Plevna on July 30, the Russian troops destined to lead the way were first of all formed in line of company columns behind a ridge; on the advance being ordered they deployed into line, just such a line as that of the British troops at the Alma, and moved forward without any skirmishers in front. As soon as it came under fire the line naturally dissolved. To use the words of an eye-witness, it became 'a ragged spray of humanity.' The supports getting out of hand at once intercalated themselves, and inextricable confusion was the result. The advance from that moment, to quote Mr. Forbes, partook always more of 'a mob attack than a swarm attack.' The Russian soldier is brave to a fault, but more than any other soldier he requires direction; he will move to his front with gallantry, and sometimes with dash; if he cannot advance, he will stand still to be shot at without flinching; he is, however, not the man spontaneously to adopt a new disposition to resist or execute a flank attack; he is also little given to taking advantage of cover, or profiting by the accidents of the ground; in short he is still to a great extent a military machine, very helpless in action save under the immediate direction of his officers. Of the latter there seems to have been a deficiency, for on July 30 the proportion was only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per company of 200 men. As to the non-commissioned officers, they seem to have exercised little control in action, and the men, many of them young soldiers, were sadly deficient in all that the Germans understand by the term 'fire discipline.' At the Shipka Pass the Russian troops skirmished badly, with the exception of the Tirailleur brigade, which displayed great skill in that essential military accomplishment. The Turks, we are told, skirmished well, and seem to be much less dependent on their officers for guidance when in action. Indeed, the Turk is a born soldier, and is quickly trained. It is asserted that a little more than half a century ago the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople wrote to the Czar Nicholas: 'For God's sake hasten on the war, for the Turks can be made better soldiers in three months than our men in three years.' To judge from the present campaign, this statement has still some truth in it. In Armenia once only was the modern formation for attack employed; this was near Deli Baba, where Tergukosoff made a frontal attack with swarms of skirmishers. Never again was the formation adopted by either Tergukosoff himself or any of his brother generals. One great characteristic of the war has been the abundant use made by both parties—more, however, by the Turks—of the spade, and we have learned that a frontal attack on steady troops ensconced in shelter trenches is almost certain to fail. Another lesson is

that, vicious as may be the idea of substituting mounted infantry for cavalry, yet a small body of mounted infantry as an addition to cavalry may render the most important services. At a critical moment, when it seemed impossible that the Russians could retain their hold of the Schipka Pass, a brigade of Tirailleurs, mounted on Cossack horses, arrived just in time to check the flow of Turkish victory. This brigade of four battalions had ridden thirty-seven miles straight on, and without either cooking or sleeping. Had they been trained horsemen, they could have accomplished even more. The Russians have paid particular attention to their dragoons, who are practised in fighting dismounted, and are more mounted rifles than cavalry. They have on several occasions done good service, but scarcely as much as might have been expected from them.

It has been asserted by some theorists that the days of cold steel have passed away. This prediction has been repeatedly falsified in this war. On several occasions hand-to-hand encounters with the sabre have taken place, and many wounded men will bear testimony that the weapon was not wielded in vain; also as regards the bayonet, that decried arm has been more than once used. This was especially the case when, on December 10, the Russian grenadiers retook the works which, in their attempt to cut a way out of Plevna, the Turks had carried; for several minutes there was a fierce struggle in which cold steel was the only means of slaughter employed.

To sum up the results and teachings of the campaign, the Russian military organisation has not proved equal to the strain imposed upon it. One explanation of this is, that the new system has not yet come into full operation, or rather complete working order. The number of troops destined for the conquest of Turkey was, on paper, sufficient, if judiciously handled, to accomplish that object. As, however, the actual was vastly inferior to the nominal strength, the result has been an ineffectual campaign, and that, even after six months of hard fighting, only a portion of the country north of the Balkans has been subjugated. The Russian generals and staff have displayed little energy or military skill, while the Russian troops have been badly handled in action. The medical department has gained little credit; the commissariat has, as of old, revelled in corruption; the transport service has been devoid of method; and the engineers have been neglectful of the communications. The great point of all, however, is that up to this day more than 150,000 effective Russian soldiers have never stood at one time in Bulgaria, so defective is the Russian system of mobilisation.

The main interest to Europe is that the present war has proved very conclusively that Russia as an invader is by no means so formidable as she had been thought to be. Yet those who exaggerated her power might have formed a more correct estimate from the study of her military history. That would have shown them that scarcely ever has Russia unaided accomplished any great success in offensive warfare; Suwarroff's campaign in Italy was an exception, but he was assisted by an Austrian contingent, and he was crushed by Massena in Switzerland. It is true that in 1828-9 Russia imposed a humiliating peace on the Porte, but at a terrible sacrifice, and more by good fortune than by real power; besides, the Porte was taken at a singular disadvantage at that time, and the prowess of a civilised empire can hardly be measured by its successes over a disorganised and semi-barbarous country. Russia may be able, when the new system of universal military service has been a few more years in operation, nominally to dispose of four millions of armed men. Her real value, however, depends upon the number of well-trained, organised, and perfectly equipped troops she can send into the field *outside* her own borders.

The result, to our mind, of these observations is that the military power of an empire cannot rightly be estimated by the enormous numerical strength of its muster-rolls. Even admitting the numbers to be real and not fictitious, there are many circumstances which lead us to believe that these prodigious armies are not necessarily indicative of national strength. They are a formidable drain on the industry and wealth of the people. To maintain them in active service is a vast expense. In a country like Russia, the intelligent elements of the army are exceedingly weak in proportion to its material strength. The difficulty of maintaining an army in the field and of leading it to victory increases in the ratio of its numbers, insomuch that military genius of the first order is required for such commands. Russia has none of these things, or she possesses them in a far less degree than Germany, France, Austria, or England. Even against Turkey she has shown herself barely equal to the contest. Upon the whole, then, the operations of the Russian army during the last year, though not altogether unsuccessful, have lowered her reputation as a military power. She may, and probably will, ultimately prevail in this war, if it goes on, by the exhaustion of Turkey, and by her superior resources; but she can never efface the impression caused by the failure of the campaign of 1877 to accomplish the objects she proposed to attain.

ART. IX.—1. *Mycenæ.* A Narrative of Researches and Discoveries at Mycenæ and Tiryns. By Dr. H. SCHLIEMANN; the Preface by the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. London: 1878.

2. *Cyprus.* A Narrative of Researches and Excavations. By General DI CESNOLA. London: 1877.

IN the ancient hippodrome at Constantinople, better known to tourists as the Atmeidan, still stands a relic saved from the wreck of precious offerings once stored up in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. After the Persian war the victors at Plataea dedicated as a thank-offering to the Delphic Apollo a gold tripod mounted on a bronze pillar composed of three intertwined serpents. The gold tripod has long since disappeared in the crucible, but the bronze pillar was transferred by Constantine the Great from Delphi to his new capital, and has survived to our times. The three heads of the serpents—an attractive mark for Moslem iconoclasts—have been broken off, one by one, since the time of Mahomet II.; but on the coils of the triple snake may still be read the original dedicatory inscription graven on the bronze about the 76th Olympiad (476–3 B.C.) It contains the names of those Greek states which took part in the battle of Plataea, and among these names we find that of the Mycenæans, whose city, once the seat of a mighty dynasty, had at the time of the Persian war shrunk into comparative insignificance, overshadowed by the growing power of its jealous neighbour Argos. When the Greeks of the Peloponnese first collected an army to defend Thermopylæ, the Mycenæans refused to form part of the Argive contingent, and preferred associating their little band with the Lacedæmonians. They contributed eighty men to the heroic defence of Thermopylæ, and, together with their neighbours from Tiryns, mustered 400 strong at Plataea; but their refusal to serve under the Argive banner probably contributed to hasten the catastrophe by which their city was soon after destroyed. Mycenæ was taken by the Argives B.C. 468, and never again reappears in history as an independent state.

That a city only capable of sending so small a contingent to Thermopylæ and Plataea should have had such pretensions to independence as to provoke the jealousy of a powerful state like Argos may be accounted for if we consider the strength of Mycenæ as a military position at the time of the Persian war. Its citadel was built on an isolated rock situated, as Homer truly describes it, 'in a recess' at the foot of hills which

bound Argolis on the north. While its distance from the coast protected it from sudden inroads of pirates, its position near the Argive frontier gave it the command of the roads leading to Corinth and to the cities of Areadia. The steep rock of the Akropolis had been rendered almost impregnable by fortifications which, though executed in that remote period, when the myth is the substitute for history, still excite our wonder and admiration by the massive solidity of their structure and the skill with which they are designed. Independently of its military importance, the fortress of Mycenæ had traditions which could well vie with those of its proud and implacable neighbour. If Argos could boast of its long line of kings, beginning from Phoroneus, son of the river-god Inachos, its legend of Danaos, Akrisios, and Perseus, Mycenæ could refer with just pride to that Pelopid dynasty which, under Agamemnon, 'ruled over many islands and all Argos,' and whose king commanded the mighty host with which united Hellas besieged and captured Troy. If we look back through the long series of Argive myths which record the successive changes of dynasty from Phoroneus to Perseus, and from the Perseidæ to the Atreidæ, we find from a very early period traces of that antagonism between Argos and Mycenæ which lasted down into historic times. Both were strong fortresses, overlooking the fertile plain which extends from the mountains to the coast, and the possessor of either would naturally appropriate as much of this plain as he could wrest from his neighbours. A third fortress which plays a part in this legendary history is Tiryns, a place of great strength, which must have served to protect Argolis from invaders landing at Nauplia, and which at times, according to the myths, was ruled by an independent prince. Now, if the dynasty of Atreidæ had the extended empire which Homer ascribes to it in the time of Agamemnon, it is to be presumed that the rulers of Argos and Tiryns and the other fortresses in Argolis acknowledged as their suzerain the king who ruled in Mycenæ. This wide extended sway of the Pelopidæ which Homer so emphatically dwells upon, though it rested only on tradition, and was not supported by what we should call historical evidence, was to the Greek mind a real fact, which even the most sceptical of their historians never ventured to dispute. In their eyes Agamemnon was not, as one school of modern critics regard him, a mere shadow projected on the blank background of an unknown past, and of which we shall never grasp the substance. This *magni nominis umbra* to the ancients suggested a real personality—a king whose disastrous fate, coming so soon after his triumphant return from Troy, served

in after ages as the favourite theme of epic and tragic poetry; his memory embalmed in the immortal verse of Æschylus and his brother dramatists, still lives on, and it is not without violence to deep-rooted associations that an old fashioned scholar can train himself to think of Agamemnon as merely a name representing a dynasty, still less as one of the *dramatis personæ* in a solar myth.

How much of the story of Agamemnon is really to be accepted as fact, and by what test we may discriminate between that which is merely plausible fiction and that residuum of true history which can be detected under a mythic disguise in this and other Greek legends, are problems as yet unsolved, notwithstanding the immense amount of erudition and subtle criticism which has been expended on them. At the present stage of the enquiry we may venture to assert that a solution of such problems is not to be found if we confine our researches to Greek and Roman literature. There remains the question, Is there any evidence other than that contained in classical literature which is worthy of consideration in this case? The recent discoveries on the site of Mycenæ have led many students of history to believe that such evidence is at length obtained, and we now propose to examine more closely the grounds for such a belief.

Before discussing the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ, it may be well to notice the remains on that site which have been so often visited and described by travellers during the present century. Thucydides speaks of the remains at Mycenæ in his time as insignificant in proportion to the former greatness of the royal residence of the Atreidæ. Strabo, who seems never to have personally visited the interior of the Peloponnese, and to whom archæological information was only of secondary importance, states that in his day, at the close of the first century B.C., not a vestige was to be found on the site of this once famous city. About a century and a half after Strabo wrote, that diligent topographer Pausanias visited Mycenæ, and noticed the walls round the citadel, the great gateway leading into it, and the lions surmounting the gateway. These walls, he adds, were the work of the Cyclopes, who built the walls of Tiryns for Proetus. He also mentions certain subterranean buildings in which Atreus and his sons deposited their treasure. The travellers who visited Mycenæ early in the present century had no difficulty in recognising the ruins described by Pausanias. The Akropolis occupies a rocky height which projects from the foot of the mountain behind it, in the form of an irregular triangle

of which the longest side lies south-east and north-west. The south flank of this natural fortress is protected by a deep gorge, through which winds the bed of a torrent usually dry in summer. On the north side is a glen stretching east and west. Between these two ravines the ground slopes down to the plain in terraces, through which may still be traced the line of an ancient way, leading from the principal gate of the Akropolis to a bridge over the torrent, the foundations of which may still be seen. At intervals on either side of this road are the remains of five of the buildings called by Pausanias Treasuries; and here, extending over the space of about a square mile to the west, south-west, and east of the Akropolis, must have stood the lower city, connected with the Akropolis by a wall, some traces of which may still be seen near the great gateway.

The walls of the Akropolis are said to be more perfect than those of any fortress in Greece, and range in height from 13 to 35 feet, with an average thickness of 16 feet. Originally they were probably much higher. The area which they enclose is rather more than 1,000 feet in length. They exhibit several kinds of masonry, which Dr. Schliemann classifies in three periods. The masonry of the first period is composed of large unwrought blocks, the interstices being closed by smaller stones wedged in. This construction is identical with that of the walls at Tiryns, except that the blocks are smaller; and this is certainly what the ancients meant by Cyclopean masonry. In the second period the walls are built of polygons with hewn joints, so well fitted as to seem one solid face of wall. This is the kind of masonry of which so many examples may be seen in Greece and Etruria. In the third kind of masonry at Mycenæ blocks almost quadrangular are arranged in nearly parallel courses, but their joints are not always vertical. This masonry is used in the walls on either side of the great gateway. Near the north-east corner a gallery has been made in the thickness of the wall, and extends for rather more than 16 feet. At Tiryns we find such galleries on a much larger scale. One of these Dr. Schliemann states to be 90 feet long and nearly 8 feet broad. In its external wall it has six recesses or window-openings, with triangular-headed roofs formed of approaching stones. These galleries evidently served as covered ways leading from one guardroom or tower to another; while the openings may be regarded as embrasures where archers might be stationed. Such passages are, we believe, unknown in later Greek fortification; indeed, the average thickness of the walls would hardly admit of them. The great gateway in the N.W. corner of the citadel, usually

known as the Lions' Gate, stands at right angles to the adjacent wall, and is approached by a passage 50 feet long and 30 feet wide, formed by that wall and another running parallel to it, which, according to Dr. Schliemann, forms one side of a large square tower erected as a flanking defence. The gateway is nearly 11 feet high, with a width of 10 feet below. The lintel is a single block 15 feet long and 8 feet broad. Over it is a triangular gap in the masonry, for the insertion of the slab on which the lions are sculptured. This slab is 10 feet high, 12 feet long at the base, and 2 feet thick. The lions stand, like heraldic supporters, on either side of a column which rests on a base, thought by some to be an altar. The style of sculpture of these lions differs as completely from all other remains of archaic Greek sculpture as the column between them differs in type from the earliest specimens of Doric or Ionic architecture.

On the lower ground lying to the south-west of the Akropolis are the so-called Treasuries. The largest of these is the building commonly called the Treasury of Atreus. The interior is a chamber 50 feet high and of equal diameter, resembling in form a beehive. It is built of well-wrought rectangular blocks of breccia, laid in horizontal courses which approach gradually till they converge in the apex. This kind of vaulting, formed by approaching horizontal courses, may be called Egyptian, as the earliest example of it is found in a gallery in the interior of the Great Pyramid. Such a vault would of course owe its stability to vertical pressure, while the lateral thrust would be very much less than in any variety of the keystone arch, and at Mycenæ any such lateral pressure was amply provided for by enormous masses of stone piled against the outer face of the courses of the masonry. Over these rude outside buttresses the earth was heaped to the level of the apex of the chamber, so that it was completely subterranean. The blocks of the lower courses are 1 foot 10 inches high and from 4 to 7 feet long. As the courses ascend, the blocks of which they are built gradually diminish in size. From the fourth course upwards these blocks are severally pierced with two holes bored in the breccia for the reception of bronze nails, several of which have been found entire. They have broad flat heads, and it is very generally agreed that they originally served to attach to the walls the plates of copper with which we may suppose the chamber to have been once lined.*

* In the ruins of the vast chamber at Orchomenos, which Pausanias

A *dromos*, or way, upwards of 20 feet wide and flanked by massive parallel walls of the same masonry as the chamber, leads up to the doorway, which is 18 feet high, with a width of 9 feet 2 inches at the bottom and rather less at the top. The lintel is formed of two immense slabs, of which the inner one measures 3 feet 9 inches in thickness, with a breadth of 17 feet, and a length of 29 feet on its upper and $27\frac{1}{2}$ feet on its lower surface. This enormous block, which is perfectly wrought and polished, is computed approximately to weigh nearly sixty-seven tons. Above the lintel is a triangular niche, each side of which measures 10 feet, and which was probably filled up with a sculptured slab.

It may be inferred from various holes pierced in the stones of the doorway that the entrance, like the interior of this building, was anciently decorated. The side of the doorway was originally ornamented with semi-columns, fragments of which were still lying about *in situ* when Colonel Leake visited Mycenæ at the beginning of this century. He describes them as having a base and capital not unlike the Tuscan order in profile, but enriched with a very elegant ornament, chiefly zigzag, sculptured in relief, which was continued in vertical compartments over the whole shaft. Other fragments which have been found at Mycenæ indicate that the doorway was ornamented with strips of stone, on which are sculptured in low relief spiral and other ornaments. The material of these fragments was green, red, or yellow marble. They are engraved in the fifth volume of Stuart's 'Athens,' where a restoration of the doorway from these data by Professor Donaldson is also given.

As has been often remarked, the character of these ornaments resembles nothing in later Greek architecture; indeed, so strange is their aspect, that the authors of the French *Expédition Scientifique* were inclined to believe that the fragments collected by travellers were of Byzantine origin. The three other subterranean buildings at Mycenæ are of smaller dimensions and are not so well preserved as the so-called Treasury of Atreus.

We have now indicated the peculiar features of the site of Mycenæ as it appeared to travellers before the recent discoveries were made by Dr. Schliemann. These features have been described again and again by Leake, Dodwell, Gell, Mure, E. Curtius, and other authorities, who nearly all agree

calls the Treasury of Minyas, Dr. Schliemann found blocks similarly pierced, and here and there remains of the bronze nails (p. 45).

in referring the ruins of Mycenæ and Tiryns to the same period of remote antiquity to which, as we have already stated, not only Pausanias in the second century A.D., but Pindar and the tragedians, attributed them. The extent of the fortifications, the peculiar character of the masonry, the huge blocks employed at Tiryns and in the Treasury of Atreus, the transport and fixing of which must have been a very difficult and costly operation, the style of the architectural ornaments over the Lions' Gate and at the entrance to the Treasury of Atreus, so estranged from the associations of later Hellenic art, all predisposed the minds of modern travellers and archæologists to accept generally the tradition of antiquity that at Mycenæ and Tiryns we have remains of the heroic age. There is no spot in Greece where the *admonitus loci* has acted more strongly on the imagination than Mycenæ. The traveller, as he comes over the mountain pass from the interior, looks down on the ancient kingdom of the Atreidæ, as Orestes is invited to look down on it in the 'Electra' of Sophocles; when again he stands within the Akropolis, and from its dismantled walls looks out on the plain of Argolis below him, with Tiryns and Nauplia and the sea in the distance, and the Heraion and Argos on either side, he is reminded of that ancient Watchman who tells us at the opening of the 'Agamemnon' how long he had strained his weary eyes looking out for the beacon-light which was to tell of the capture of Troy. But it is in the Gateway of the Lions that these associations crowd on the mind with the greatest intensity. To the believer in the tale of Troy the very stones of this threshold seem to give back a faint echo of that far-off day when Agamemnon, in the first flush of dear-bought victory, entered that fatal gateway unheeding the warning voice of Cassandra in his ear.

Thus it was that most of the travellers who visited Mycenæ in the early part of this century gazed on its remains with a reverent faith, something like that with which pilgrims to some time-hallowed shrine regard the jealously guarded relics which they are at length permitted to behold. But, if the mere aspect of so famous a site suggested so much to the archæologist, what might not be expected from its systematic exploration? From the time of Gell and Dodwell to our own generation, the excavation of Mycenæ has been earnestly desired by those who have most studied the antiquities and topography of Greece. We shall not now stop to enquire why so obvious an enterprise was not undertaken long ago, either by the Greek Government or by some private society; our business here is to show how much has been accomplished

by the untiring enthusiasm and liberality of one man, aided by his indefatigable wife, whose achievement entitles him to the gratitude not of Greece merely, but of all civilised races so long as the human Past shall have any interest for mankind.

In the year 1874 Dr. Schliemann first made some tentative diggings within the Akropolis at Mycenæ. The results were encouraging; but it was not till August 1876, that, having obtained the necessary permission from the Greek Government, he began the work of exploration on an adequate scale. The three objects to which he first addressed himself were the clearing out the Treasury nearest the Lions' Gate, the removal of the ruins which blocked up the gate itself, and the digging a deep trench from north to south across the lower part of the Akropolis, where he had already sunk shafts in 1874. This part of the citadel falls with a considerable slope from the highest part of the Akropolis to the north-east, and here Dr. Schliemann encountered a great depth of soil, partly due to the accumulation of detritus from the rocky ground above. In the upper part of this soil various specimens of archaic pottery, and implements, and other antiquities in metal, bone, or clay, were found in abundance. Soon lines of walls built of unwrought stones in Cyclopean masonry began to appear; then *stelæ* or tombstones of calcareous stone, on which were rude figures in relief; four of these tombstones stood in a line north and south, and scattered about were fragments of others. The ground on which these tombstones stood was a circular area 90 feet in diameter, enclosed all round by a double row of parallel rectangular slabs of calcareous stone. These slabs were originally set on end in a vertical or nearly vertical position, and held together by cross slabs, which have been fitted on to their upper ends with a mortice and tenon joint. The southern part of this enclosing circle rested on a massive rough-hewn wall of Cyclopean masonry, which was evidently built to bring the earth within the circular area up to a level, as the ground here falls abruptly towards the outer wall of the citadel. Immediately to the north and south of the circular area were a number of foundation walls of Cyclopean masonry, enclosing spaces which Dr. Schliemann calls the rooms and corridors of houses of a prehistoric period, and all these foundations lying round the circular area are bounded by a Cyclopean wall, which, starting from the north side of the Lions' Gate, runs for some distance nearly north and south, and then, turning at a right angle nearly to the west, is continued to the western outer wall of the citadel.

The whole space enclosed between this inner wall and the

western outer wall appears on Dr. Schliemann's plan like a *temenos*, set apart from the rest of the Akropolis for some special purpose, while the discovery of the tombstones within the circular area at once suggested that it had been a place of sepulture. Going lower here Dr. Schliemann soon came on vestiges which confirmed this opinion. At the depth of 3 feet below the level of the tombstones he found two oblong blocks of stone, 5 feet 7 inches long, 1 foot broad, and 7 inches thick, lying one on the other; and at their south end a smaller slab in an oblique position; below these occurred here and there small quantities of black ashes, in which were studs plated with gold, and other curious objects. On reaching the native rock a quadrangular tomb cut in the rock was discovered (No. 1 of Plan B). This tomb at the brink was 21 feet 6 inches long by 10 feet 4 inches in width, but this area was much reduced at the bottom by a wall faced with schistous slabs, which lined the four sides of the cutting to a height of $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and projected all round 3 feet from the face of the rock. At the bottom of this grave, 15 feet below the level of the rock, and 27 feet below the surface of the ground before the excavations, Dr. Schliemann found a layer of pebbles, on which lay the remains of three bodies, distant 3 feet from one another. From the marks of fire on the pebbles and round these remains, and from the undisturbed state of the ashes, Dr. Schliemann concludes that these three bodies had been partially burnt at the bottom of the grave. All three had been placed with their heads to the east, and appeared to have been forcibly squeezed into the space left for them between the lining walls, which did not exceed 5 feet 6 inches. The body which lay at the north end of the tomb had the face covered with a heavy gold mask (No. 473), and on the breast was a gold breastplate, $15\frac{3}{4}$ inches long and $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches broad (No. 458). On removing these a sight so marvellous presented itself to the astonished eyes of Dr. Schliemann that we must let him tell the tale in his own words:—

‘The round face, with all its flesh, had been wonderfully preserved under its ponderous gold mask; there was no vestige of hair, but both eyes were perfectly visible, also the mouth, which, owing to the enormous weight that had pressed on it, was wide open and showed thirty-two beautiful teeth. . . . The nose was entirely gone. The body having been too long for the space between the two inner walls of the tomb, the head had been pressed in such a manner on the breast that the upper part of the shoulders was nearly in a horizontal line with the vertex of the head. Notwithstanding the large gold breastplate, so little had been preserved of the breast that the inner side of the spine was visible in many places. In its squeezed and mutilated state the

body measured only 2 feet 4½ inches from the top of the head to the beginning of the loins; the breadth of the shoulders did not exceed 1 ft. 1¼ in. and the breadth of the chest 1 ft. 3 in. Such had been the pressure of the *débris* and stones that the body had been reduced to a thickness of from 1 in. to 1½ in. The colour of the body resembled that of an Egyptian mummy. The forehead was ornamented with a plain round leaf of gold, and a still larger one was lying on the right eye. I further observed a large and a small gold leaf on the breast below the gold breast cover, and a large one just above the right thigh.' (p. 296.)

These remains were of course in a very crumbling and evanescent condition, and Dr. Schliemann, fearing that they would not long resist the impact of the external air, had a painting made at once, from which a cut is given in his book. The body, however, held out two days, when it was rendered hard and solid by the ingenuity of a druggist from Argos, who poured over it a solution of gum sandarac and alcohol.

Across the loins lay a gold sword belt, in the middle of which the fragment of a double-edged bronze sword was firmly attached. On the right lay two bronze swords, the handle of one of which is of bronze thickly plated with gold and richly ornamented. The handle of the other sword and the scabbards of both must have been of wood, as oblong and circular gold plates, ornamented with designs in relief, were lying alongside the sword blades, just where we might expect to find them had they been attached to wood since decayed. Near the swords was found a tassel made of long shreds of very thin gold plate, which probably was attached to a sword-belt. At the distance of little more than a foot to the right of the body were lying eleven bronze swords, mostly decayed. There were in the same part of the tomb 124 round studs, plain or ornamented, of which the two largest are the size of five-franc pieces; and six ornaments, which Dr. Schliemann calls crosses, but which might be better described as lozenge-shaped. All these ornaments were of wood plated with gold.

To the right of the body was a large gold drinking cup, 6 inches in diameter, with one handle (No. 475), encircled with a row of arched ornaments in repoussé work, which have a curious resemblance in outline to a Roman aqueduct. At the south end of this tomb were fifteen swords, of which ten were placed at the feet, and between this body and the one in the middle of the tomb was a large heap of broken swords, which Dr. Schliemann calculates to have amounted to more than sixty, also a few bronze knives.

The remains of the central body appeared to have been dis-

turbed after interment. The layer of clay and the upper layer of pebbles with which the other two bodies and their ornaments had been covered had been removed from this one, which was moreover nearly destitute of gold ornaments. Dr. Schliemann thinks that some sacrilegious marauder of later times must have sunk a shaft in the centre of the tomb and plundered this part of the grave. This would account for the gold studs and other objects which he found scattered in the upper soil in digging down to this tomb (p. 152), and which may have been dropped by the plunderer in his hasty raid. The catalogue of what was found in this wonderful tomb is not yet finished. Besides the objects already enumerated which were found on or near the three bodies, Dr. Schliemann mentions two more gold cups; the remains of a vase partly of silver and partly of copper plated with gold, which must, when entire, have been 2 feet 6 inches high, with a diameter of 1 foot 8 inches for the widest part of the body; eight large pommels for sword hilts, of which seven were carved in alabaster, and one of wood, all ornamented with gold nails; also a large alabaster vase, of which the mouth was mounted in bronze plated with gold, and which contained a quantity of studs which had been originally of wood plated with gold. No less than 340 of the gold plates of these studs were found in the tomb. Many of them were richly embossed with patterns, which will be noticed further on. This tomb also contained many fragments of wooden instruments and boxes, among which the most interesting were two sides of a small quadrangular casket, on each of which was carved in relief a lion and a dog. Food seems also to have been deposited in this tomb, as a number of oyster shells, and among them several unopened oysters, were found in it, also a large number of boar's teeth.

As Dr. Schliemann continued to explore the ground within the circular enclosure, he soon came on other tombs, the contents of which were equally surprising. We will take the largest of these (No. 4 of Plan B). Digging through a part of the circular area where no tombstone stood, he found black soil, which had evidently never been disturbed since a remote antiquity, and at 20 feet below the surface he struck upon an elliptical mass of masonry with a large opening like a well. At the depth of $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet below was a tomb hewn in the rock 24 feet long, $18\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad; the bottom of this tomb was 33 feet below the level of the upper soil. All round the sides was a slanting wall of schist 7 feet 8 inches high, which projected 4 feet, and thus considerably diminished the area of the

tomb at the bottom, on which lay the remains of five men, three with the head to the east, the other two with the head to the north. The bodies had evidently been burnt on the spot where they lay, as was proved by the abundance of ashes on and about each corpse, and the marks of fire on the pebbles and the schist. Upon the remains of the bodies lay a layer 3 or 4 inches thick of white clay, on which was a second layer of pebbles. On removing these layers a treasure equal in interest and value to that of the tomb already described was suddenly revealed. As the account of the contents of this one tomb occupies not less than seventy-four pages of the volume before us, we can only indicate here the principal classes of objects discovered. On the faces of three out of the five men here interred had been massive gold masks. Two of these bodies had a large gold breastplate, and close to the head of one was a magnificent gold crown (No. 337). To the thigh bone of one of the bodies was attached a gold band, supposed to have served for fastening the greave, *knemis*. In the same precious material were three shoulder belts; ten plates to cover the pommels of sword hilts; the remains of a sceptre, or perhaps a caduceus (p. 287, Nos. 451-2), richly inlaid with rock crystal; an unusually large and massive armlet; two large signet rings, on one of which a hunting scene and on the other a battle were engraved in intaglio; not to mention endless studs and smaller personal ornaments. This tomb, like the one already described, had its little armoury of weapons. No less than forty-six bronze swords, more or less fragmentary, were taken from it. With these were found several alabaster pommels of swords and fragments of wooden scabbards, together with the gold plates with which they were once ornamented, and the gold pins and nails with which these ornaments were fastened. Lances, too, were not wanting; the wooden shafts, though seeming entire on their first discovery, crumbled away on exposure to air. In one place thirty-five arrow-heads of obsidian lay in a heap; their wooden shafts had perished either from decay or cremation. Oyster shells and unopened oysters here, as in the tomb already described, indicated that the living had not forgotten to provide food for the dead; but this tomb contained in addition a whole *batterie de cuisine*, in the shape of thirty-two large copper cauldrons, and other vessels of copper which stood upright along the walls of the tomb. The cauldrons must be among the largest which have come down to us from Hellenic antiquity. Three of these have a diameter ranging from 14 to 20 inches. Most of these vessels bore signs of having been long used on the fire. It might have

been expected from the analogy of the famous Royal tomb near Kertch, called the Kouli Obi, that remains of food would be found in these cauldrons. This does not seem to have been the case, but one of them contained no less than 100 large and small wooden studs, plated with gold. We will conclude our list of the objects found in this tomb by drawing attention to the nine gold cups, one of which, No. 344, weighs four pounds Troy; the two wine jugs, one of gold, the other of silver; the ox's head of silver with horns of gold, No. 327; the silver vase in the form of a stag, No. 376, and the three-handled alabaster cup, No. 356.

We must now describe the contents of a somewhat smaller tomb (No. 3 of Plan B), rather more than 16 feet long and 10 feet broad, cut in the rock, and lined with sloping walls of schist and clay, like those already described. In this tomb were the remains of three persons, thought to be women on account of the smallness of the bones, and particularly the teeth, and the quantity of female ornaments. All had the head turned to the east. Under and above them was the usual layer of pebbles. The bottom of the tomb was nearly 30 feet below the surface of the upper soil. The bodies had evidently been burnt as they lay, and were literally laden with jewels, all of which bore marks of fire and smoke. The ornaments were for the most plates of gold with a design in repoussé work. Of these no less than 701 were collected, some of which must have been strewn all over the bottom of the sepulchre before the funeral pyre was prepared, and the rest laid on the bodies before the fire was kindled. The subjects of the designs are a sepia or cuttle-fish, a flower, a butterfly, various spiral patterns, all contained within the circle of a disk. Other plates again were cut in outline, so as to imitate fan shaped leaves. In another class of jewels animals or the human figure were not relieved on a ground, but embossed and cut out in outline, like the *emblemata* of later Greek art. Among these designs we find three gryphons (No. 261), a crouching lion, a naked female figure with a dove flying from each shoulder, and another perched on her head (Nos. 267, 268), another draped figure, the hands joined in the middle of the bosom (No. 273), butterflies, cuttle-fish, lions, hippocampi, sphinxes, and other varieties of animal life. In some of these ornaments quadrupeds or birds are combined in pairs, and rest on a triple branch growing like a palm. These seem to have formed the heads of pins for brooches. On the head of one of the persons interred was found a magnificent crown

(*stephanos* *) 2 ft. 1 in. long, formed by a band tapering to both ends, in which were set thirty-six large leaves, which must have stood upright (p. 185, No. 281). There were also five diadems similar, but much less rich in character, and a number of detached flowers and stars made in the same manner. The quantity of gold, agate, and amber beads in this tomb shows that many necklaces must have been deposited in it. Three small rectangular ornaments of gold, of an oblong form and perforated through their length, may have formed part of necklaces, if they were not mounted in swivel rings. On one side of each of these a design is rudely carved in intaglio. The three subjects are, a man, perhaps Herakles, fighting with a lion, two warriors fighting, and a lion kneeling on rocky ground and looking back as if wounded. Some curious ornaments, composed of spirals of fine gold wire, may be parts of necklaces or bracelets, while other combinations of spirals may have been used, as Dr. Schliemann conjectures, to bind together separate tresses and locks of hair. The provision for the toilet for the nether world was clearly shown by the remains of a gold comb with teeth of bone, two small boxes of gold, and three large vases in the same metal, all with covers fastened on with gold wires in a very primitive manner; an alabaster scoop (No. 325) fashioned as if to represent a hollow formed by two hands in juxtaposition. Such objects may be regarded as the prototypes of the *pyxides* and other *mundus mulieris* so often found in Greek tombs, and of which they at once remind the archaeologist; but some of the other antiquities found in this tomb are quite new to us, as for instance the four rectangular boxes (see No. 323) made of sheet copper, each of which is 10 in. long, 5 in. high, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, which were found filled with fairly preserved wood, and which it is supposed had been covered with a thick wooden plate. These were lying near the heads of the dead, and Dr. Schliemann conjectures that they may have been pillows. Remains of wood were also found in twelve gold hollow tubes: these probably belong to distaffs or spindles, and the two silver rods which have been plated with gold, and which terminate in crystal knobs, were probably used for the same purpose. The three other tombs, though not quite so remarkable as those which we have already noticed, contained much that is new to us, and worthy of a careful study. But no idea can be formed

* We have followed Dr. Schliemann in describing this and other gold ornamental bands as crowns, but the form of these bands is more like that of the *mitra* worn as part of the Greek panoply on the front of the body, and their scale seems too large for a headdress.

of the splendour and variety of these objects without reference to the cuts and engravings with which this volume is profusely illustrated.

Such were the marvellous contents of the five tombs within the circular enclosure on the Akropolis. But the treasure was not yet exhausted, for close to the circular area was a rectangular cutting in the rock, lined with a roughly-built wall of stones on its eastern and northern faces. On excavating here no remains of bodies or evidence of cremation were detected, but several curious objects, similar to those deposited in the five tombs, were found at the bottom of the cutting. The most remarkable of these objects were a gold couching lion, evidently the ornament of a large *fibula*; four gold cups, of which the handles terminate in dogs' heads at their upper attachment to the rim; and two large gold rings. On the oval chaton of one of these (p. 354, No. 530) is represented a most curious scene. On the left a female figure is seated on rocks at the foot of a tree, possibly intended for a palm tree; behind her a smaller figure appears to be gathering fruit from one of the branches; in her left hand the seated figure holds out three poppy-heads; before her stands another female figure advancing her right hand as if to receive the poppy-heads; and between these two figures another smaller female figure stands immediately in front of the knees of the seated figure, holding up a flower as if offering it. Behind the taller standing figure, and on the extreme right of the scene, is another female figure holding flowers in either hand. Between the seated figure and the taller figure standing in front of her we see a double-edged battle-axe, or, perhaps, a pair of such axes. Between the two taller standing figures is what appears to be a Palladium, in the hand of which is a spear held very much as it is shown in the ancient representation of the Palladium. Between this figure and the top of the tree on the opposite side of the scene we see the sun and crescent moon, below which is a double wavy line bent round in a curve, which may represent the sea. Behind the standing figure on the extreme left six objects are ranged on the edge of the chaton, so as to follow its curve. These objects are thought by Dr. Schliemann to be masks representing Corinthian helmets. We have examined them repeatedly with a powerful lens, and can only see in them the faces of lions or panthers; the ears, which are distinctly visible, are entirely feline in character. The dresses of all the female figures are very curious. Across the skirts of the two standing figures are raised horizontal ridges which may be the edges of upper gar-

ments falling over the innermost garment. On the surface of the skirts zigzag lines may be traced which probably represent embroidered patterns; on one figure this pattern looks like overlapping scales.

The intaglio on the oval chaton of the other gold ring presents an equally strange subject. Here we see two parallel rows of animals' heads, between which is a row of small disks or bosses. In the upper row an ox's head is placed between two heads which, on the whole, it is safest to consider as representing lions; in the lower row there is a counterchange; between two oxen's heads is a single lion's head. On the extreme left is what looks like wheat ears growing from a single stem, and opposite, on the extreme right, is a single plant or flower.

We have now indicated the main features of Dr. Schliemann's memorable discovery in the Mycenæan citadel; and here several questions naturally present themselves. To what race and period are we to assign the remains in these tombs? Are they Hellenic or præ-Hellenic? What is their relation chronologically to that ancient citadel within the walls of which they were found? Did the lions over the gateway guard this immense sepulchral treasure, and for how long? What, again, is their connection with the buildings popularly called Treasuries, below the Akropolis? Do the legends of the house of the Atreidæ throw any light on these sepulchral remains within their citadel? And, again, do these remains illustrate or corroborate these legends?

Before we attempt to deal with the complicated problem involved in these questions, it may be well to interrogate the remains themselves and ascertain what evidence archæology can extract from them. Now in the outset of such an enquiry we must bear in mind that the contents of these tombs show us, as might indeed have been expected, that the same custom which prevailed through the ancient pagan world generally prevailed also at Mycenæ. The dead were regarded as personages deserving of pious attention from the living, and therefore their sepulchres were furnished with such things as in this life they took delight in. The sentiment conveyed in Virgil's well-known lines—

' Quæ gratia curram
 Armorumque fuit vivis . . .
 . . . eadem sequitur tellure repostos '—

was not confined to Greece and Italy. Modern research has shown how the Scandinavian, Celtic, or Scythian warrior was buried not only with his armour and weapons, but with his

war chariot, his horse, and sometimes with abundant supplies of raiment, food, and wine for his banquets in the other world. We also know that, in proportion to the rank and wealth of the deceased, was the preciousness of the offerings deposited with him in the tomb. Now it may be fairly inferred, from the large amount of gold found in the Mycenæan tombs, that the bodies so lavishly decorated were those of personages distinguished in their day for wealth and power; and, if this was the case, it may be assumed that the art employed in fashioning all this gold into ornaments was the best art which was available in Mycenæ at the time when the deposit of this treasure was made.

If the criteria by which we are in the habit of judging of the art of the Greeks and other ancient races are applied to these Mycenæan antiquities we shall find that they rank very low in the scale. They present to us, it is true, considerable vigour and invention in the designing of mere patterns and ornaments, but in almost every case in which the representation of animal life is attempted, we see a feebleness of execution, the result of barbarous ignorance; those qualities and proportions of visible nature on the observation of which the representation of organic beings in art depends are either not perceived at all or are so rendered as to be unintelligible. In support of this criticism we would refer our readers to the illustrations in the work before us, which are sufficiently faithful to give those who have not seen the originals a fair impression of their merits. To begin with the gold masks. Two of these are so crushed out of shape that perhaps it is hardly fair to subject them to criticism, but the other two (No. 331, p. 220, and No. 474, p. 289) have suffered but little. After reading Dr. Schliemann's glowing description of these masks on the first announcement of their discovery, we confess that it was not without a shudder that we first beheld these hideous libels on the 'human face divine.' As representations of life we can hardly rate them much higher than the work of New Zealanders and other savages. In No. 331 the width from ear to ear is so disproportionate that the whole mask takes the form of an oval of which the longest diameter is at right angles to the nose. Let us hope that no race so repulsive as this specimen ever dwelt in the fortress of the Atreidæ. The other mask, No. 474, is a little more comely; the nose, though almost devoid of nostril, has the merit of being straight, and the moustache, beard, and eyebrows are tolerably rendered. But there is the same disproportionate width from the outer corners of the eyes to the

ears, and there is no attempt to model the features. Dr. Schliemann thinks that these masks are meant to be portraits of the persons on whose remains they were found. This is more than probable, and the artist may have had the assistance of a squeeze in clay or wax taken from the face after death. If he had sufficient skill to use this squeeze as a matrix, he may have obtained a cast in relief from it. Our belief is that, having obtained such a cast in some yielding material, he copied that by hand, carving it out in wood or some material hard enough to hammer gold upon. We may thus account for the curious realism in such details as the moustache and beard, the smooth surface of which suggests the notion that oil had been applied to this part of the face to make the mould deliver, as is done now by *formatori*. We have already mentioned that on the tombstones above the sepulchres were subjects sculptured in relief. On one of these (p. 81) in an oblong sinking is a figure standing in a chariot drawn by a quadruped galloping, which we must assume to be a horse, in spite of his tail, which curls upwards like an angry bull's. Before the head of this quadruped a figure runs brandishing a falchion. Another tombstone (p. 86) has a similar design, and on a third below the figure in the chariot is an animal which Dr. Schliemann describes (p. 81) as a 'tolerably well-preserved dog, but which is more probably a lion chasing some quadruped; which, were it not for the inordinate length of his tail, we might call a deer.' These reliefs are hardly superior to the rudest specimens of sculpture over the doors of some of our Norman churches. Even Dr. Schliemann's enthusiasm fails him here, and he admits that 'the men and animals are made as rudely and in as puerile a manner as if they were the primitive artist's first essay to represent living beings.' The same incapacity for representing the forms of organic life appears in the smaller works where human figures are introduced.

When we turn from the representations of the human figure to that of animals in these Mycæan antiquities, we see that superiority in the treatment of the lower forms of organic life which is characteristic of very early art in many barbarous races. As a rule, quadrupeds are more correctly represented than men, birds than quadrupeds, fishes and insects than birds. This is certainly the case at Mycenæ. Of animals, the lion seems to have been the most studied and the best understood. It is true that the gold mask of a lion, represented on p. 211, fails as much to express the true characteristics of the animal, and errs as much in proportion, as the human

masks already noticed; but the action of the lion springing on his prey in the embossed plate, No. 470, is expressed with a spirit to which the cut in the work before us by no means does justice. The lion (p. 178, No. 263) in repoussé work, which was probably designed as an ornament to be worn on a garment, is also not without character, though rudely beat out and treated as mere decoration; but in the couching lion (p. 361, No. 532) we have an animal that reminds us at once of the granite lions of Egypt and the bronze lion weights found by Mr. Layard at Nimrud. The style has something of the repose which is the characteristic of Egyptian lions, but in the modelling we trace the influence of an Asiatic school. Next in merit to this lion must rank the silver ox's* head with the two long gold horns and a gold star on the forehead. The surface of the silver is so much corroded as to detract very much from the effect of this head, but the proportions are well preserved, and, judging from the muzzle, which, having been plated with gold, has not equally decayed, the modelling must have been very fair. A stag (p. 257, No. 376) made of a base metal, of which the analysis yielded two-thirds silver and one-third lead, is chiefly interesting as a primitive attempt to represent a quadruped standing on his legs without any other support. The result is somewhat ungainly. The body of the stag is hollow, and on his back is a spout, showing that the form of this animal has been adapted for a vase.

When we pass from the representation of quadrupeds to the lower forms of life, we find fish, probably intended for the dolphin and the *sepia* or *octopus*, which occur frequently both on the embossed disks (p. 166, No. 240) and also (p. 268, No. 424) as reliefs without a background, so that the outline of the cuttle-fish is left free. This is the mode in which the *emblemata* are made which we find in later Greek art attached as ornaments to mirror covers and vases. No less than fifty-three of the cuttle-fish represented (No. 424) were collected out of one tomb. Dr. Schliemann states that their perfect similarity can only be explained by supposing that they were all cast in the same mould. They may, however, have been all hammered out on the same model, and afterwards united in pairs, so as to present the same relief on both sides, as Dr. Schliemann suggested in reference to a similar class of ornaments (p. 183). The spirals in which the arms of the octopus terminate would of course give facilities for fastening them

* Dr. Schliemann calls this a cow's head, but we are assured by naturalists that he has mistaken the sex.

as ornaments on garments. Moths are another favourite subject with the Mycenæan goldsmiths. We find them on the disks and also separately cut out like the cuttle-fish. It is curious, on comparing these, to see how carefully some of them appeared to have been studied from nature, and how the same type reappears in a more conventional form.

The patterns borrowed from the vegetable world are not so varied. Among the embossed disks of which so large a number was found in the tomb of the women were fan-shaped leaves cut out of gold plates in outline, with the inner markings of the leaves raised in relief, so that they seem like botanical diagrams. In another place are two pomegranates (p. 176, Nos. 257, 258) which have evidently formed the pendants of necklaces. In a large proportion of the ornaments, whether disks or crowns, the basis of the pattern is a circular flower, of which the leaves are sometimes pointed, and sometimes rounded at the ends. Sometimes again these leaves, radiating from a common centre, have their points bent in the same oblique direction, as if they were obeying the force of a whirling movement. The effect of the large detached flowers is exceedingly rich, though produced by a process so simple that a modern goldsmith might despise it. The separate leaves of the flower are first cut out of thin gold plate; each leaf is ornamented with bosses, spirals, beadings, and other ornaments, all cut out of the plate in relief; these leaves are then united by a central stud or plate, which forms the eye of the flower. Each leaf being covered with raised patterns, a great variety of light-reflecting points is obtained from a very small surface of gold, and the whole effect is very striking.

When floral forms are not adopted, round bosses and other circular patterns and combinations of spirals are the basis of most of the patterns, and these combinations of spirals seem to have been first suggested by the facility with which gold wire can be worked into such a pattern, as is shown by the spiral bracelets and clasps (p. 196). In the ornaments which the Mycenæan goldsmiths seem to have applied to gold we are always reminded of its malleability and ductility; and if they had been as skilful as later goldsmiths in the processes of casting, chasing, and soldering, to which this metal lends itself so easily, their ornaments would have had a different character, less broad and simple, but capable of greater refinement of execution and variety of composition. Two fragments of Mycenæan goldsmith's work, of singular beauty and unique of their kind, must not be passed over here. The original objects to which these two fragments belonged may have been a *caduceus*, as one of

the pieces represents a coiled snake, the other part of a hollow cylinder which had enclosed a wooden staff. The cylinder is formed of four-leaved flowers united at the points of their leaves, of which the edges all round are raised so as to form casemates or *cloisons*, in which pieces of rock-crystal are inlaid. The spaces between each pair of flowers are filled with pieces of crystal, all nicely adjusted to their places. In like manner the scales of the serpent are of crystal inlaid in gold cloisonné work. Of these crystal inlays one only had fallen out, though the surface had been exposed to the action of fire. The gold vessels found in the Mycenæan tombs are chiefly drinking cups of several kinds. The prevailing type is a one-handled cup tapering more or less from the mouth to the base, so that the form may be likened to a truncated cone inverted. In another type, the cup, in form something like a modern goblet, springs from a stem more or less taper, which again spreads out at the base into a circular foot. In cups of this type the foot, stem, and bottom of the cup are hammered out of one plate of gold, into which the body of the cup is then fitted like an egg into an egg-cup, and riveted by gold nails. Two of these cups are loaded with some other metal at the junction of the stem with the body. The handles are rudely formed of strips of gold bent to the required shape and riveted by gold nails. The forms of these gold cups are somewhat clumsy, and the inelegance of their design is evidently due to want of skill in metallurgy. The great goblet (p. 234, No. 344) must, before it was crushed in, have been the finest of all the cups in design, as well as being intrinsically the most valuable, its weight being four pounds troy.

We have already noticed the richly embossed gold plates which once decorated the wooden scabbards and the hilts and pommels of the swords. The blades of these swords are of bronze and many of them are remarkable for their great length, which Dr. Schliemann calculates as more than three feet. These swords are double-edged, with a high projecting ridge or thread down the centre of the blade. It may be inferred, therefore, that they were used like rapiers for thrusting or guarding. Other shorter swords seem to have been used like a falchion only for delivering a chopping blow, as they have only one edge. All these swords are beautifully made.

We have endeavoured to direct attention to the more striking characteristics of style and fabric in the Mycenæan antiquities. The exceeding strangeness of their aspect led to some mystification on their first exhibition. The extreme antiquity claimed for these objects by Dr. Schliemann was strongly contested. It was said that many of them were as

late as the Byzantine period; the ornaments were said to be not Hellenic but rather Celtic in character. It was even insinuated that they had been brought from other localities and dexterously inserted in the soil of Mycenæ by their discoverer; that he had, to use an American expression, 'salted' his tombs. These doubts and insinuations would be hardly worth noticing here were it not that more than one distinguished archæologist helped to give them currency, misled, as they have since frankly acknowledged, by first impressions.

That these antiquities appear on their first aspect more barbarous than Hellenic may be admitted, but the patient student will not fail to detect many links by which they may be connected with archaic Greek art as we have hitherto known it from extant specimens. In order to discover these latent affinities we must enquire what evidence of the earliest stage of Greek art has been obtained from the islands in the southern part of the Archipelago, and especially from Rhodes, Melos, Crete, Santorin, and Cyprus, islands which lay in the track of the most ancient Phœnician navigation, and were colonised by the Greeks at a very early period. From these islands have been collected certain gems which have only lately received from archæologists the attention they deserved, and a few samples of them have been published by M. F. Lenormant in the '*Revue Archéologique*,' 1874, p. 1, Pl. 12, and also by Ludwig Ross, in his '*Reisen*,' iii. p. 21. These gems are pebbles of crystal, sard, onyx, red and green jasper, steatite, and other stones which have been for the most part roughly wrought into the form of a lens; some few are rhomboid. Both kinds are pierced, evidently to be strung on a necklace, or mounted on a swivel ring. On these stones are engraved, in the rudest manner, animals, monstrous combinations of human and animal forms such as sphinxes, chimæras, &c., and lastly human figures, one of which probably represents Herakles fighting with the lion, another perhaps Prometheus with the vulture.

These intaglios are cut with a rudeness which shows no trace of the influence either of the Egyptian scarab or the Assyrian engraved cylinder, both of which appear to have been imitated by the Phœnician and early Greek gem engravers. The rude gems from the Greek islands seem to carry us back to some remote time before Hellenic art had any style of its own; before it was sensibly, if at all, affected by foreign influences, whether Asiatic or Egyptian, and the majority of the subjects represented on these primitive gems are such as would be taken direct from nature by a semi-barbarous people. On these gems, as in the similes of Homer, the lion, either alone or de-

vouring cattle or deer, is a favourite subject; we find, too, the wild goat with very large horns, which still inhabits Crete, and was once general in the mountains of the Archipelago. We would refer our readers to the interesting series of these *intagli* in the Gem Room of the British Museum, and invite them to compare their rude designs with those of the rings in gold in Dr. Schliemann's work; the resemblances will be found most striking, not only in the subjects and general design and execution, but also in certain minute details. Thus on a Museum gem is a female figure of which the dress and general type at once remind us of the strange ladies on the Mycenæan gold ring, No. 530; on another Museum gem are two warriors fighting, one of whom is armed with a very long oblong shield, with straight parallel sides, but curved at the top—just such a shield as is worn by one of the warriors on the Mycenæan signet ring, No. 335. We find, too, on one of the Museum gems the same irregular wavy lines to represent water which occur below the sun and moon in the Mycenæan ring, No. 530. But the connexion between these gems and the Mycenæan *intagli* in gold does not end here. In the tomb (No. 3) which contained the bodies of three females were found two of the very gems which we have been describing (Nos. 313 and 315). It should be here noted that six gems of this class were found with other very ancient objects in the upper soil above the tombs, at a depth ranging from 10 to 13 feet (p. 112), and three more were obtained by Dr. Schliemann from the neighbourhood of the ancient site where once stood the Argive Heraion.

Ruder and perhaps even more ancient than these gems are the little marble idols representing a naked female figure which are occasionally found in the Greek islands. These figures, which range from 10 to 15 inches in height, remind us at once of the rude carvings of savage races, such as may be seen in ethnographical collections. The lower limbs are indicated by a variation in the outline, and by a deep line of demarcation cut in the marble to show that they are separable one from the other. The arms, marked off in like manner by a deep channel, are folded on the breast; the face is featureless, save a projection which serves to represent the nose, and behind this face is no cranium, only a slight thickness of marble. The one peculiarity which distinguishes these figures from the idols of more recent savage races is that the pelvis is marked very distinctly by three incised lines which form an equilateral triangle.*

* F. Lenormant, 'Premières Civilisations,' ii. p. 376. It is a curious illustration of this primitive anatomical diagram that the Greeks called

Among the Mycenæan antiquities are two little gold ornaments representing a naked female figure, which, from the doves associated with it, is probably a very early type of Aphrodite. This figure, though a little less rude than the marble idols, has the arms folded on the bosom in the same manner, and the pelvis is in like manner marked off as a triangle, though in the work before us (p. 180, Nos. 267, 268) the engraver, trusting to photographs, without seeing the originals, has failed to detect this peculiarity.

We have now to call attention to certain equally rude representations of the human figure in terra-cotta, specimens of one variety of which are given in Plate A and B and Plate xvii. Nos. 94–96. These terra-cottas, which do not exceed 5 inches in height, are rudely fashioned in the form of a draped female figure, only to be recognised as such by the two slight protuberances which indicate breasts. From the waist downwards the draped body is represented as a round column which spreads outwards at the base. There are no indications of feet. The arms project on each side of the shoulder like the ends of a crescent, and are enveloped in a kind of tippet, which falls as low as the waist, and is distinguished from the lower dress by stripes of colour. The face is as featureless as the little marble figures already described. This is the type which Dr. Schliemann believes to be an idol representing the cow-headed Hera, whose horns he recognises in the arms projecting on each side. That these figures are idols is very possible, that the position of the arms may have some Hieratic significance, and that it may possibly typify the crescent moon, may be conceded to Dr. Schliemann; but, after a study of this type as it may be traced through the series of ancient terra-cottas from Ialysus and Camirus in the British Museum, we fail to recognise any horns at all, and consequently the ingenious identification of this figure with the Homeric Hera falls to the ground.

In another variety of this type (pl. C. fig. 1), the arms are folded as in the little marble idols, already noticed. The great antiquity of both these types might be inferred from their extreme rudeness, and the discovery of a single specimen by Dr. Schliemann in one of the five tombs shows that they were in existence as early as the date of those tombs, whatever that may be. As many as 700 of such terra-cottas were found in digging through the stratum of ancient soil above the tombs,

this part of the body Delta, from its supposed likeness to the fourth letter in their alphabet.

and similar figures were found in digging through the passage to the Treasury, explored by Madame Schliemann. But such archaic types in terra-cotta are not limited to Mycenæ and Tiryns. They have been found in tombs at Athens, and also at Ialysus in Rhodes, and evidently belong to the same primitive class as the rude figures of horsemen found in the tombs of Cyprus, Rhodes, and Athens, of which one mutilated specimen occurred in the diggings of Mycenæ.*

In digging the strata of soil above the tombs Dr. Schliemann found not only potsherds, such as earlier travellers had remarked on the surface, but whole vases, and in the tombs themselves were broken vases. One of the most frequently recurring types is that figured on p. 64 (No. 25), which may thus be described:—The body is nearly globular, its neck serves as the support of the two handles which spring from either shoulder of the vase. The neck is closed at the top, the mouth of the vase is a spout on the shoulder. This type is so peculiar that its recurrence in various localities could not have been due to any chance coincidence. We find it in Egypt, in Cyprus, and forty-three examples of it were obtained from Ialysus in Rhodes. Another form which Mycenæ has in common with Ialysus is the goblet type (p. 70, No. 83), in which a shallow cup with one handle rises from a tall stem. In the ornaments painted on the Ialysian vases we are still more reminded of Mycenæan art. The cuttle-fish, so favourite a symbol with the goldsmiths of Mycenæ, recurs on several of the fictile cups from Ialysus. We have too the same friezes of dolphins or lions encircling the body of the vases in both cases; the combination of spirals such as are found on the gold breastplates constantly recur; and when we compare the fragments of pottery from Mycenæ with the vases from Ialysus, the identity not only in the peculiar ornaments, but in the fabric, is so complete, that we are justified in concluding that the vases of both places, if not the actual products of the same school of fictile art, were made about the same period, and derived their ornaments from some common source.

The Mycenæan ornament seems derived not so much from traditional forms as from Nature herself, and flowers seem to have suggested many of the patterns, while shells and other marine products may have suggested others. This preference for floral ornament is equally marked in certain pottery from Santorin on which leaves and tendrils are painted in a free, bold style. From the circumstance that this Santorin pottery

was found with other remains under a stratum of lava, a very high antiquity has been claimed for it by M. Lenormant.* As his argument is dependent on certain geological assumptions which have not yet been confirmed by independent enquiry *in situ*, we shall only here remark that the pottery of Santorin presents strong resemblances to the pottery of the Mycenæan tombs and of Ialysus, and that the fictile art of all three places is distinguished by certain peculiar characteristics.

Not only is the pottery of Ialysus almost identical with that of the Mycenæan tombs, but in both we find certain ornaments in a vitreous composition which present a most singular coincidence both in material and pattern. There seems to be good ground for believing that these vitreous ornaments were originally covered with gold-leaf like some of the terra-cotta ornaments, which in later Greek art supplied necklaces for the dead. In one of the tombs at Mycenæ were several specimens of glass in a more advanced stage of the art. These are described by Dr. Schliemann as small cylinders pierced through their length, and square pieces composed of four such cylinders. Externally these cylinders were cased with greyish-white matter which crumbled under the touch. Within that again was a hard blue transparent tube, which, according to Professor Landerer, is of cobalt glass, and within this again another tube, with a lustre like silver, and which is pronounced by the same authority to be a vitreous substance containing lead. It would seem from this evidence that at the period when these tombs were furnished the art of casing cylinders with concentric tubes of glass, one over the other, was already known. No other specimens of glass were found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ except a few beads in the soil above the tombs. One more point may be noted which connects the remains at Ialysus with those at Mycenæ—a peculiarity in the form of the gold rings. In the rings from both sites, the back of the chaton is hollowed to fit the round of the finger, and the form and fabric of these rings are peculiar and unlike any other Greek rings with which we are acquainted.

We have now indicated some of the resemblances which may be detected by a careful comparison of the antiquities from Santorin, Ialysus, and Spata with those of Mycenæ, but the enquiry, to be complete, should be carried much further. If certain ancient remains from Melos, Attica, Megara, the Rho-

* Lenormant, 'Revue Archéologique,' xiv. p. 430, and 'Academy,' 1874, p. 315.

dian Ialysus and Camirus, and Cyprus, were combined with the contents of the Mycenæan tombs, and arranged as far as possible in their presumed chronological sequence, a phenomenon which has for some years been recognised by archæologists would be more generally known and more easy of demonstration. This phenomenon is that the slow and painful advance of Greek art, from its first rude efforts, is interrupted at a certain stage by a foreign influence. When we examine that most interesting and varied collection of archaic objects found by Messrs. Biliotti and Salzmann in tombs at Camirus, and now exhibited in the British Museum, we find but very few, if any, traces of the peculiar pottery of which the neighbouring city Ialysus has furnished so many specimens; on the fictile vases of Camirus we find zones of lions and other animals, drawn with great spirit and combined with ornaments which, since the discoveries at Nimrud, we know to have been derived from an Assyrian source. Again, while we find numbers of terra-cotta figures of which the earliest are as rude as those of Mycenæ and Ialysus, and of which the series exhibits so many successive stages of progress towards a truer representation of the human figure, we have other terra-cotta figures which, though still retaining certain archaic characteristics, seem the product of a mature school of art; and these later figures, when compared with certain terra-cottas from tombs at Sidon and other places in Phœnicia, are found to be identical in type and to present only slight differences in style.*

When we turn to the gold ornaments of which Camirus has yielded a rich collection, we see in the earlier specimens figures embossed on plates of gold, which in their rudeness both of design and execution remind us of the work of the Mycenæan goldsmiths; but there are other specimens in which the art has made a decided advance, both in modelling and in technical skill; and in this later style we meet with earrings ornamented with winged lions very similar to those so familiar to us in Assyrian sculpture. The ornaments, too, both in gold and ivory, at Camirus are constantly reminding us of Assyrian prototypes. On the other hand, we find many objects which seem to connect these remains with Egypt, such as a silver bowl and a gold ring, scarabs, vases, and many other objects in Egyptian porcelain, some with hieroglyphics; and these hieroglyphics are, in some cases, so incorrectly rendered and so blundered as to prove that the artist by whom they were copied had no real

knowledge of Egyptian writing.* If we pass from Rhodes to Cyprus, we find that there, too, the early art presents the same curious mixture of Assyrian and Egyptian types and subjects. In General Cesnola's most interesting work, on which we regret to be unable to bestow here more than a passing notice, several bowls in gold, silver, and bronze are engraved (see pp. 77, 114, 276, 316, 329, 337), and two more, found many years ago in Cyprus, are to be seen in the French Museums at the Louvre, and the Bibliothèque Nationale.† Inside these bowls are designs, either engraved or embossed, representing battle scenes, in some of which a king takes a part, hunting scenes, animals; the predominating style is rather Egyptian than Assyrian, but there is a strange mixture of symbols and ornaments from both sources. If we pass from the Greek islands to Italy, we find that silver bowls very similar to those of Cyprus in style and subject were found in the celebrated Regolini Galassi tomb at Cervetri, and also in more than one ancient site on the west coast of Italy; and if we go eastward we meet with the same curious mixture of Assyrian and Egyptian influences in the bronze bowls and inlaid ivories discovered by Mr. Layard at Nimrud.‡ Here, of course, the question presents itself, how can we account for these resemblances in style and subject in the metallic art of countries so wide apart as Nimrud and Cervetri, and at an age when commercial intercourse and navigation were as yet restricted within narrow limits? The answer to this question which has been generally accepted by archæologists of late years is that it was the Phœnicians who in the course of their commerce brought this particular class of art to the markets of Greece and Italy, and that these engraved and embossed bowls, and probably most of the early jewellery such as we find at Camirus and Cervetri, were made by the artificers of Tyre, Sidon, and other Phœnician settlements. The correctness of this opinion has been strikingly confirmed by the recent discovery of a treasure at Palestrina, in which a bowl with pseudo-Egyptian hieroglyphics, and with an inscription in true Semitic characters, was associated with gold ornaments, which correspond in certain technical details with the jewellery of Camirus.

The examples which we here adduce are only a few links in a long chain of evidence, most of which will be found in a re-

* Longpérier, Musée Napoléon III., pl. xlix.

† Ibid., pl. x., xi.

‡ Layard, 'Discoveries in Nineveh,' p. 182; and 'Monuments of Nineveh,' 2nd series, pl. 57-68.

cent dissertation by Professor Helbig on the Palestrina treasure.* The number of instances in which Phœnician and Greek remains have been found intermixed on the same site points to a period when the rude untaught instincts of the Hellenic artist were stimulated and developed by the importation of foreign works, the product of a more advanced civilisation, and it will be convenient for the present to designate this period as the Græco-Phœnician. But what were its limits? We can hardly conceive it to extend downwards later than B.C. 560, when the Assyrian Empire and its art had been swept away by the fall of Nineveh; when Greek art had nearly freed itself from foreign influences and was developing a free independent growth; when we begin to hear of celebrated Hellenic artists, some sculptors in marble, some excelling in the art of casting, embossing, and chasing works in metal; when the Doric and Ionic styles of architecture had reached a certain maturity, and sumptuous temples in marble were being built.

With regard to the limits of the Græco-Phœnician period upwards, all that we can positively assert is that, in the time of Homer—whenever that was—the Greeks received from Sidon, Tyre, and Cyprus certain works of art which they greatly prized, and which they thought worthy to be laid up in the treasuries of kings. Such were the silver *krater* which Achilles gave as an agonistic prize at the funeral of Patroclus, which, as the poet tells us, was made by the Sidonians and brought over the sea by the Phœnicians, and the cuirass of Agamemnon, inlaid with many metals, which was given him by Kinyres, the king of the Cyprian Paphos.

Homer, too, describes, in an often-cited passage, the traffic between Phœnician traders and the Greeks on the coast, when the crafty Orientals contrived to kidnap Greek women, luring them to the shore by the display of necklaces and other toys—*athyrmata*. Among such *athyrmata* may be reckoned the shells engraved with Assyrian subjects which have been found whole or in portions at Vulci in Etruria, at Camirus, at Nimrud, and at Bethlehem. The shells so engraved are known to naturalists as the *tridachna squamosa*, and are found in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, but not in the Mediterranean. It is to be presumed that, like other products from the more distant East, they were brought by Phœnician ships up the Red Sea, and thence to Greek or Etruscan marts. The ostrich eggs covered with subjects carved in relief in an Asiatic style, which

* 'Cenni sopra l'arte Fenicia,' in the Annali of the Roman Institute, 1876, pp. 197, 257. Longpérier, 'Journal Asiatique,' 1855, p. 407.

were found with other Græco-Phœnician remains in the Polledrara grotto, near Vulci, are another example of *athyrmata* brought from a far country in the course of trade.*

How early this Phœnician traffic in the eastern Mediterranean began, and whether on the coast of Italy Carthage had any share in it, are questions which we have as yet no certain means of determining. That Tyrians were already eminent in metallurgy and other arts as early as the time of Solomon, B.C. 1000, we know from the Books of Kings and Chronicles, in which the varied talents of Hiram, the artist sent to decorate the temple at Jerusalem, are described in terms which would be applicable to the Samian Theodoros, that versatile genius to whom is ascribed so prominent a part in the development of Greek art some four centuries later.

When we compare the descriptions of works of art in Homer with those extant specimens which we have assigned to the Græco-Phœnician period, the correspondence is very striking. It is true that in the shield of Achilles the poet's imagination has evidently contributed some of the marvels of that famous composition; and, considering that this masterpiece was the work of the god Hephaistos, we could expect no less. But, allowing for a certain amount of poetic license in the description, we find both in the design of the shield and in the technical method of its execution much that reminds us of the Phœnician bowls, of the great shield found in the Regolini Galassi tomb at Cervetri, and of several other specimens of archaic metallurgy of the same period.† The same observation applies to the description of the shield of Herakles in Hesiod. Now when we compare the Mycenæan antiquities with the description of works of art and handicraft in the poems of Homer and Hesiod, we find that in all that may be considered products of the mere craftsman, such as swords, scabbards, sword-belts, or the domestic utensils, such as cups or cauldrons, the descriptions in Homer tally sufficiently with the objects found by Dr. Schliemann to make it probable that at the time when the Homeric poems were composed the fashion of such products of handicraft had not greatly changed; but the tombs of Mycenæ have produced no work of art at all comparable in design and execution to the battles and hunting scenes which the

* Micali, 'Monum. Ined.,' Firenze, 1844, pl. vii. Newton, 'Guide to Bronze Room in British Museum,' 1871, p. 8, No. 5.

† Massimi, *Mus. Gregor.* i., pll. xviii., xix., xx. Millingen, 'Anc. Uned. Mon.,' ii., pl. xiv. Newton, 'Guide to Bronze Room in British Museum,' 1871, p. 34.

Phœnician artists beat out in relief or engraved on bowls and other metallic surfaces. Still less do we find at Mycenæ any composition which at all reminds us of Homer's shield. It is obvious that artists so ignorant of the human figure as the Mycenæan goldsmiths would have been incapable of producing compositions with a sustained dramatic interest, such as the description of the Homeric shield implies, and of which the designs of the Phœnician bowls already referred to seem to contain the germ.

We therefore do not hesitate to state our opinion that, viewed in relation to the descriptions in Homer, the art of Mycenæ seems of a præ-Homeric period; viewed again in relation to the best extant works of the Græco-Phœnician period, this Mycenæan art is certainly very much ruder and earlier in style, whatever may be its date. We cannot but believe that the masterpieces of those Sidonian artists whom Homer calls *πολυδαίδαλοι* must have been very superior to what seems to us for the most part the uncouth product of a race destined ultimately to assimilate and to improve the arts and inventions of the Phœnicians and older races, but who had not yet entered into this rich inheritance. In the dim twilight of the mythic past the names of Cadmus and Dædalus stand out conspicuously. The first of these names marks the period when the Greeks adopted alphabetic writing from the Phœnicians; the name of Dædalus, on the other hand, expresses the change from the rude, shapeless idol to a truer and more lively representation of the human form—a change wrought, as we conceive, by the quickening influence of foreign schools of art acting on the Greeks through the medium of the Phœnicians. Thus, as we may call the period before the use of writing among the Greeks the præ-Cadmean period, so the period before this quickening influence transformed their rude efforts into a distinct style of art may be called the præ-Dædalian period. In our judgment, the antiquities of Mycenæ belong to this præ-Dædalian period, with the exception of some three or four objects, which appear to us to have been imported from some country in a more advanced stage of civilisation. That country may have been Egypt, but the carriers were probably Phœnicians.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks that, in calling the antiquities from Mycenæ præ-Dædalian and præ-Homeric, we incline to the belief that they are of a very high antiquity. Dædalus is so entirely a legendary personage, that we can only offer vague guesses as to the period which his name represents; but the age of the Homeric poems, however much contested by

ancient and modern chronologers, can hardly be later than the age assigned to them by Herodotus—namely, about four centuries before his own time, or B.C. 850. If, then, the Mycenæan antiquities are præ-Homeric, they must be regarded as earlier than the middle of the ninth century before our era. We have already set forth the general grounds for such an opinion, as deduced from a comparison of the Mycenæan treasure with other extant examples of archaic art. In further support of such a view, it may be here noted that, on a well-known mural picture in a tomb at Thebes, tributaries of the Egyptian King Thothmes III., believed to be Cyprians or Phœnicians, are bringing vases and other offerings, one of which is in the form of an ox's head, very closely resembling the silver ox's head of the Mycenæan treasure, while other figures bear cups, which have a strong family likeness to those found by Dr. Schliemann.* According to Egyptologists, the date of Thothmes III. falls somewhere between B.C. 1400 and 1500 at the latest.

We have already pointed out that the close resemblance between the antiquities of Ialysus and those of Mycenæ makes it probable that we ought not to separate one series from the other by any long interval of time; and here we must call attention to the fact that in one of the tombs at Ialysus was found another Egyptian relic of remote antiquity—a porcelain scarab with the cartouche of King Amenoph III., whose date, according to the authorities on Egyptian chronology, is not later than B.C. 1400. Of course, neither this discovery nor the resemblance between the Mycenæan ox's head and cups to similar objects depicted in the tomb at Thebes are conclusive as to the date of the respective tombs in which they were found; for a sepulchral deposit cannot, of course, be older than the most modern objects it contains, and the Mycenæan cups and Ialysian scarab may be somewhat older than the other objects found with them; but we hardly think it likely that this possible greater antiquity would exceed three centuries. We should thus arrive at the eleventh century B.C. as an approximate date for the antiquities of Mycenæ and Ialysus.

We have now endeavoured to answer the question, What can be inferred as to the age and origin of the antiquities found on the Akropolis at Mycenæ by the study of the antiquities themselves? From a comparison with extant remains found on other ancient sites, we are led to infer that the contents of the Mycenæan tombs belong to the most remote period to which we can venture to ascribe any Greek antiquities as yet known

* Hoskins, 'Travels in Ethiopia,' pll. 46–9.

to us, and the reasoning which has conducted us to this conclusion would, we conceive, seem equally valid to any one trained in archaeological research, whether these antiquities had been found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ or on any other Greek site not so marked out by tradition and extant monuments, as the seat of a great monarchy in præ-Homeric times. On the other hand, it is not possible in the discussion on the discoveries at Mycenæ to divest the mind of the associations which the very name of this site calls forth, and thus we are brought back to the question to which we have already briefly adverted in the earlier part of this article. Have those singular monuments, the so-called Treasuries, and the Lion gateway, that direct connexion with the dynasty of the Atreidæ which local tradition in the time of Pausanias ascribed to them? Are they, as most archaeologists believe, almost the sole surviving specimens of the architecture of the heroic age, an architecture which has passed away like the fauna of that remote period to which geologists assign the Mastodon and Megatherium; or are they, as ultra-sceptics have maintained, simply masses of ancient masonry of uncertified date and origin? Henceforth, it is obvious, the discussion of this question cannot be separated from that of another question, What is the age of the antiquities discovered by Dr. Schliemann in the Akropolis at Mycenæ? Was this immense treasure deposited at a time when Mycenæ still merited the epithet 'much-golden,' which Homer bestows on it? Were the bodies with which it was found those of Royal personages of the line of Pelops, or of some unknown *fortes ante Agamemnona* or *post Agamemnona*?

At this stage of the enquiry we would state certain propositions which, we think, may be fairly assumed as postulates in all future discussions of the problem:—

1. There was a powerful Achæan dynasty at Mycenæ which in mythic tradition is represented by the three successive names, Atreus, Thyestes, Agamemnon, and which at some time was dominant in Argolis, and perhaps over much more of the Peloponnese.

2. This Achæan dynasty lost its ascendancy after the revolution commonly called the Return of the Herakleidæ, when the Dorians established themselves as the ruling race in Argos and other parts of the Peloponnese, and of which revolution the date is B.C. 1104 according to one ancient authority, or B.C. 1048 according to another.

3. The buildings which Pausanias calls Treasuries and the Lions' Gate at Mycenæ were erected during the period of Achæan supremacy in Argolis.

4. From the amount of treasure which the tombs discovered by Dr. Schliemann contained it may be fairly inferred that they were Royal tombs.

5. As we have no record, legendary or historical, of any kings reigning at Mycenæ after the termination of the Achæan dynasty, it is to be presumed that the tombs in the Akropolis are not later than that dynasty.

But admitting these premisses, have we any reasonable ground for supposing that the tombs found by Dr. Schliemann are those which Pausanias believed to contain the remains of Agamemnon and his companions? It may be well here to cite the exact words of that author* :—‘ In the ruins of Mycenæ are the fountain called Perscia, and the subterranean buildings of Atreus and his children, in which they stored their treasure. The tomb of Atreus is there, and also the tomb of Agamemnon and such of his companions as Ægisthus slew at a banquet on their return from Troy. The identity, indeed, of the tomb of Cassandra is called in question by the Lakonians of Amyclæ, but one of the tombs is that of Agamemnon, another of his charioteer Eurymedon. Teledamus and Pelops, who are said to have been twin children of Cassandra, and to have been slain while yet infants with their parents by Ægisthus, are both in the same tomb, and there is the tomb of Electra, for Orestes gave her in marriage to Pylades, and, according to Hellanicus, Medon and Strophios were the issue of this union. *But Clytemnestra and Ægisthus were buried at a little distance from the fortress*, being thought unworthy to be buried within it where Agamemnon and those slain with him were interred.’ We quite accept in this passage Dr. Schliemann’s interpretation of the word *τείχος*, by which he understands the fortress on the Akropolis, not, as former authorities have maintained, the wall round the lower city; and it must be acknowledged that the text of Pausanias thus interpreted presents a most curious coincidence with the recent discoveries. His statement would lead us to expect that Royal tombs might be found within the Akropolis; search has been made, and tombs containing a treasure worthy of the ruler of Mycenæ ‘the Golden’ have been found. The coincidence seems almost too perfect to be true. What its real value is as evidence in the question before us will be, it is easy to predict, hotly contested. It will be urged that the passage which we have cited from Pausanias was written more than twelve centuries after the reputed date of the death of Agamemnon; that his statement

* Pausan. ii. 16, 6.

about the tombs rests apparently on no other authority than the local tradition current in Argolis when he visited Mycenæ, and that on the same loose authority of local tradition, elsewhere in Greece, he points out in the course of his work the tombs of many other personages of the heroic age, some of whom are manifestly mere mythical figments. Nor can we blame Pausanias for recording these local traditions, which could only have been tested by an operation as repugnant to the feelings of that pious traveller as it would have been to those of his contemporaries who claimed for their cities the distinction of possessing the tombs of ancestral heroes, sacred in their eyes as the shrines of saints still are in Christendom. Though in the second century of the Christian era tomb burglary was not unknown, no archæologist would have been permitted by the Greeks to violate the tombs of their ancestors for the sake of satisfying historic doubts, which they themselves did not entertain, and which they would have indignantly repudiated.

Again, it may be said that the legends about the death of Agamemnon, like some of the incidents of his life, are contradictory. According to Pindar it was at Amyclæ in Lakonia, and not at Mycenæ, that he was slain, and Pausanias himself admits that the Amyclæans, Mycenæan tradition notwithstanding, maintained that Cassandra was buried in their city, and showed what they considered to be the tomb of Agamemnon.* It will be said too that to talk of Agamemnon as an historical personage is merely begging the question, but that, even if we admit the possibility that a king of that name did return from Troy and was treacherously slain in the manner related by Homer and the tragedians, how can we be sure that the tombs discovered by Dr. Schliemann are those meant by Pausanias? It is obvious that nothing short of a thorough exploration of the Akropolis can give a satisfactory answer to this question, and, while this article is still in the press, comes news from Athens announcing that Mr. Stamatakis, who has been appointed by the Greek Government to continue the excavations at Mycenæ, has already found there another tomb containing gold.†

We should not here omit to mention that in the course of Dr. Schliemann's operations at Mycenæ, one of the five subterraneous chambers, called Treasuries by Pausanias, was excavated by Madame Schliemann, who, here as at Hissarlik,

* Pausan. ii. 16, 6 ; iii. 19, 6. In the latter passage the integrity of the text has been doubted by recent editors, but, as it appears to us, on no good grounds.

† See the Greek newspaper 'Palingenesia,' Nov. 24, 1877.

proved herself the intelligent and devoted partner in her husband's toils. In the course of further exploration something more may yet be found to throw light on the question what was the purpose of these vast subterranean chambers. Pausanias calls these buildings and the similar one at Orchomenos, Treasuries; in both cases probably accepting the local tradition current in his time with his usual unquestioning faith. But we venture to assert that, if Pausanias had not given this name to these chambers, it would never have occurred to archæologists to call them Treasuries. It seems inconceivable that Atreus and his successors would have placed their treasure in the city below, when they could have stored it in such an impregnable stronghold as the Akropolis; why too should they build five separate Treasuries, and scatter them about the city, when, if placed close together in a row, they could have been much more easily guarded? Moreover the peculiar Egyptian vaulting of these buildings, the long passage leading up to them, and the smaller inner chamber in the largest of them, all remind us of a class of tomb which was probably much more common in Greece in the kingly period than in the later republican times, and of which we find the type surviving in the Græco-Scythic royal tomb, called the Koul Oba, near Kertsch, and in certain parts of Asia Minor.* We agree then with Mure and E. Curtius in considering the Treasuries at Mycenæ tombs of the Achæan dynasty which reigned there. Such a supposition seems at first sight at variance with the theory that the tombs in the Akropolis are also royal sepulchres; but we may reconcile both views, if we assume that such vast masses of masonry as the so-called Treasury of Atreus were constructed when the dynasty had that wide extended sway 'over all Argos and many islands,' which would have enabled the ruling despot to command the large amount of labour required for the building of such a tomb, and when the lower city of Mycenæ was well guarded from any invasion. There may have been an after period when the mighty kingdom of the Atreidæ had shrunk to much narrower limits, and when the 'labour of an age in piled stones' was no longer attainable to perpetuate the memory of the dead, and to protect their remains. In this later period the Akropolis would undoubtedly be the safest place for tombs containing so much treasure. Dr. Schliemann suggests that the circular enclosure round the tombs on the Akropolis may mark the limits of the *Agora*. This may be so, though we should rather have expected to find the *Agora* in

* Newton, 'History of Discoveries,' ii., pp. 202, 487, 488, 581-88.

the lower city. Ancient tombs are constantly surrounded with a *peribolos*, and though such an *enceinte* is generally a parallelogram, the circular form may have been adopted at Mycenæ, because the part of the Akropolis where the tombs are may have been already crowded with the buildings of which the foundations are shown on Dr. Schliemann's plan. Possibly, we may have in this circular enclosure the primitive form of the *prytuneum*, which in later Greek times was usually a round building with the altar of Hestia in the centre.* In the foundations to the south of the circular enclosure, a number of very archaic objects were found, which we have no space to notice here. Dr. Schliemann thinks that these foundations indicate the site of a royal palace. The position of such a palace close to the wall and principal gate of the Akropolis reminds us of the palace at Khorsabad, planted in a gap in the wall of the Assyrian city. If the palace of the Atreidæ was a superstructure of wood built on these foundations, as Dr. Schliemann supposes, the circular enclosure would be the most appropriate place of meeting for the Elders, whom we may suppose to have been summoned by the King to his Council.

Here we must close our notice of the discoveries at Mycenæ, and before we leave the Akropolis let us cast one upward glance at those gaunt lions who have kept watch over the massive gateway for thirty or more centuries. When last we saw them lit up by the slanting rays of the western sun, we thought how admirably their proportions were designed for the place they occupy; how well that rough, uncouth treatment of the anatomy harmonises with the rugged masonry round. Headless as they are, they are in our eyes a higher effort of art than all the golden treasures of the tombs within. Was it a Cyclops imported from Lycia who carved these strange animals for Perseus, or did the Tantalid Pelops bring from his Lydian fatherland some tradition of Asiatic art to the peninsula which still, in this nineteenth century, bears his name? These and many other questions suggested by the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann must be postponed till the excavation of certain ancient sites in Asia Minor has told us more of Lydian, and, perhaps, of Phrygian art. The solution of the problem with which we have been endeavouring to grapple will, perhaps, be found when the tombs of the Lydian kings near Sardis and the tumuli in the Troad have been properly explored.

* K. F. Hermann, 'Privatalterthümer,' 1870, § 18, 11. Pyl, 'Die griech. Rundbauten,' p. 88. The temple of Vesta at Rome was also round.

ART. X.--1. *Pio Nono e il Papa futuro.* Da RUGGIERO BONGHI, Deputato al Parlamento. Milano: Novembre 1877.

2. *Stato e Chiesa.* Da MARCO MINGHETTI. Milano: 1878.

IT will hardly be denied that the subject of these two works has an interest and importance by no means confined to the country of the authors of them. The secular politics of Italy are interesting mainly to those who have felt a sentimental affection for the country which has been the mother and mistress to all of us in art and literature, and who have watched the progress of her regeneration with an interest inspired by that feeling. But the future fortunes of the Roman Church, and the position which the State is to assume towards it in Italy, are indissolubly connected with questions not yet definitively set at rest in any part of Europe. We have said *subject*, in the singular, because in truth the two books are occupied with two phases of the same question, although the authors have approached it from different sides, and have brought to bear on it the methods and resources of two very differently constituted minds. The relations of Church and State in Italy will largely depend on the choice which the cardinals may make in the approaching Conclave; and that, no doubt, will also in some degree be influenced by the present and probable future attitude which the State may assume towards the Church.

The authors of these two books are among the ablest thinkers and statesmen of Italy. It is hardly necessary to say that both have been Cabinet Ministers, Signor Bonghi having held the portfolio of Public Instruction, while Signor Minghetti was Premier of the Ministry which went out of office in March 1876. '*Negotium in otio*' is the epigraph which he has placed at the head of his writing. And the hint must needs cause every friend to Italy to wish that no such leisure had ever enabled the author to produce it.

Signor Bonghi's book consists in great part of three articles which appeared between four and five years ago in the '*Antologia Nuova*.' These have now been reprinted, with the addition of a preface, a fourth chapter entitled '*Four Years afterwards*,' and sundry appendices containing correct information respecting the method and process of electing a Pope, interesting at the present moment, and very much needed, considering the amount of error and nonsense that is talked and written upon the subject from day to day. This new chapter is there-

fore, for obvious reasons, the most interesting and important part of the volume.

Within the last four years the Holy Father, who, for a previous period of four or five years' duration, had not created any cardinals, has given the hat to an unusual number. Besides one or two of those promoted during this time, who have already died, there are now in the Sacred College no less than thirty-five cardinals created since the close of 1873. Eight of these were promoted on December 22 in that year; eight more on March 15, 1875 (two of whom, however, were reserved 'in petto,' and 'published' only in the following Consistory); one on September 17, 1875; two on April 3, 1876; eight on March 12, 1877; and three on June 22 in the same year; all these thirty being of the order of priests. Besides these, of the order of deacons two were created on March 15, 1875, and published on September 17 of the same year; and three more on June 22, 1877. It is perhaps hardly necessary to remind the reader that practically, and especially as regards everything connected with the election of the future Pope, there is no difference between cardinals belonging to the three orders of bishops, priests, and deacons, save that the latter need not have received full, and therefore irrevocable, orders. The vote of the most recently created cardinal deacon is worth exactly the same in the Conclave as that of the Dean of the Sacred College.

Now, as Signor Bonghi remarks, an addition of thirty-five new members to an electoral body consisting previously of forty-five is sufficient to change the nature and tendencies of it entirely, even if the whole of the older forty-five were yet extant. But that is by no means the case. No fewer than eighteen of the forty-five have died since 1872, viz. the Cardinals Patrizi, Barnabò, Bizzarri, Milesi, Mertel, De Angelis, Trevisanato, Mathieu, Rauscher, Billiet, Garcia-Cuesta, De la Castra y Cuesto, Grassellini, De Silvestri, Basili, Vannicelli, Antonelli, and Riario Sforza. Thus only twenty-seven members of the College as it existed before the recent creations survive, while the newly added element is nearly half as large again.

But the composition of the College has been very remarkably modified in another respect. Four years ago, in a College consisting of forty-five members, there were thirty-two Italians and thirteen foreigners. But of the thirty-five cardinals created since 1872, eighteen are Italians and seventeen foreigners; while of those who have died in the interval, thirteen were Italians, and five only foreigners. Thus the present College

consists of sixty-two members, of whom thirty-six are Italians and twenty-six foreigners; whereas the College, at the time when Signor Bonghi published his first articles, consisted of forty-five, of whom, as has been said, thirty-two were Italians and only thirteen foreigners. The difference which such a change in the proportion of the materials of the College is likely to make as regards the probabilities of the result of the coming Conclave is obvious; though it is by no means easy to say in what direction the influence of the change may operate.

Signor Bonghi remarks that it is 'natural' that, under the present conditions of the Papacy, the foreign element in the College should be increased. But it is difficult to understand why this should be so. The various causes which, when the Pope was a sovereign among the other princes of Europe, induced and enabled other sovereigns to press on the Holy Father the creation of subjects of their own with the view of exercising an influence in the Conclave, or for other reasons, are no longer in existence. And the acceptance of such an enlarged view of the functions of the Papacy, as a purely spiritual power, as would lead the Supreme Pontiff to feel that his Council should be as cosmopolitan as his office, is assuredly not attributed to the Pope or his advisers by our author. Be the causes what they may, it is obvious that this fact must very considerably modify the speculations of all who would attempt any forecast as to the probabilities of the future Conclave. And a consideration of the method of the election will place this fact in a yet stronger light. As is well known, no election can be made until two-thirds of the votes of all those present in Conclave have been recorded for the same individual, exclusively of his own vote for himself. Speaking of this important aspect of the subject, Signor Bonghi writes thus:—
'Four years ago in a College of forty-five members there
'were thirteen foreigners; at the present day in a College of
'sixty-two there are twenty-six. . . . So that the Italian
'cardinals, who were thirty-two in number in the College as
'it was four years ago (that is to say, more than double the
'number of the foreigners), are only thirty-six in the College
'as it is at the present day (that is to say, just ten more than
'the foreigners). And whereas at the former period the Italian
'cardinals sufficed to form the majority of two-thirds needed
'for the election of a Pontiff, they are still sufficient to exclude
'a foreign Pontiff, if need were and they wished to do so; but
'they can no longer elect an Italian cardinal without the con-
'currence of seven of the foreigners; ' seeing that the thirty-

six Italians would, for the purpose of electing an Italian, count for thirty-five only.

The importance of the point will be seen at once. But it is to be observed that, as no cardinal can vote who is not absolutely present in Conclave at the time of voting, it is impossible to suppose that the votes given will correspond with the numbers of the College. However infirm, ill, or bedridden a cardinal may be, he can take part in the election, if it is possible for him to be carried into the Conclave, for it is not required that those who are too infirm should attend the scrutiny in the Sistine or Pauline Chapel. A cardinal is appointed to wait on such sick prelates in their cells with a locked box, having a slit in the lid, for the reception of their votes. But it is not to be expected that all the members of the College will enter Conclave; some of the foreigners will in all probability not come to Rome.

As to the external conditions under which the next Conclave will be held, Signor Bonghi is unquestionably right in the conclusion at which he arrives, that the civil governments of the different European States will exercise less influence on it than was ever heretofore the case. An immense deal of nonsense has been talked and written during the last year or two about the intentions and plans of the different governments with reference to the Conclave, which has shown that the talkers and writers have altogether failed to perceive the effects of the change in the position of the Pope resulting from the loss of his temporal power; and the speculations which have been put forward as to the use of the 'veto' have in a yet greater degree indicated an ignorance of ecclesiastical history in those who have indulged in them. Briefly the state of the case was, and is, as follows:—The governments of Austria, France, Spain, and Portugal were understood to have the privilege of each naming one cardinal, to whose elevation to the Papacy they objected. Portugal possesses this privilege as an indisputable right, it having been conceded to her by bull. She has never, however, on any one occasion availed herself of it. With regard to the other three Powers it is uncertain how the supposed privilege first originated. But it can be abundantly shown that the exercise of the 'veto' was only tolerated, and existed by sufferance, and not of right. Nothing is more certain, moreover, than that it has frequently been disregarded by the Conclave, more than one Pope having been elected in defiance of it. At the present time none of the reasons exist which rendered it in some degree reasonable that some such power of protecting themselves against the election of a Pontiff objectionable to

them should be vested in the principal Roman Catholic Courts of Europe; and at the same time none of the reasons, which induced the Sacred College to pay attention to the wishes of the sovereigns in this respect, have any further operation or influence. It may in a word be affirmed with very considerable certainty, that no 'veto' on behalf of any of the Powers who have in times past exercised it will be presented to the College at the next Conclave. And as to 'arrangements,' 'agreements,' or 'decisions,' respecting influence or coercion to be exercised on the electors by other powers, it may be safely asserted that nothing of the kind will be attempted. The loss of temporal power by the Holy Sec has, at least, done this for it. It has cut it adrift from all those points of contact with the civil governments and authorities of the earth, which gave them the means of acting on it. Archimedes Bismarck has no longer any fulcrum for his lever. We have been told that if the result of the Conclave should be such or such a choice, this, that, or the other statesman would not 'recognise' the Pontiff chosen. But such talkers forget to ask themselves what effect such non-recognition would have on the Pope or the Papacy, or in what respect is Pio Nono at all in a better position by reason of the recognition of, say, the German Government, than he would be without it? Or from what possible point of view would his successor be in a worse position without such recognition? The important point, the point on which all the Pope's power for mischief or for good in the world depends, is that he should be recognised as such by the whole of the Catholic world. If the universal Church and the whole body of the faithful agree in saying and believing that A. B. is Pope, none of the difficulties and troubles in which that fact may involve the civil governments of Europe would be in the least degree diminished by their assertion that A. B. is not Pope. If indeed it were by any means possible to bring about a doubtful election—if a schism could be produced—then, indeed, the case would be far otherwise. But of this there is not the least chance. The interference of the Italian Government will undoubtedly, as Signor Bonghi points out, be strictly limited to providing that the Conclave shall be held, so far as exterior circumstances are concerned, in perfect liberty, freedom, and independence. It would be in their power, indeed, to exclude any given cardinal very effectually, by artfully speaking and acting in such a manner as to cause it to be believed by the members of the Sacred College that they were particularly anxious that the individual in question should be elected.

But in truth the election to be made in the Conclave, which

may very possibly be assembled this year, will without doubt be a perfectly pure one—perhaps the purest that the Church has ever seen since the days when the Podestà of Viterbo compelled the reluctant fathers of the Church to come to a compromise by taking the roof off the building in which the Conclave was assembled! It will be pure in the sense that the votes of the electors will be the genuine result of their opinions, and that the desire and object of all present will be the election of the man most capable of judiciously guiding the bark of St. Peter through the troubled seas that lie before it. But there may be—or rather there unquestionably will be—different opinions as to the course of policy which it may be wisest for the Church to pursue during the coming years, and consequently different opinions as to the individual most fitted to be entrusted with the helm. This much premised, is it possible to form any well-founded conjecture whatever respecting the probabilities of the result of the coming Conclave?

‘There are few things less known,’ says Signor Bonghi, ‘than the College of Cardinals, yet it is in a consideration of the sentiments of its members that any indication of what is likely to happen after the death of Pius IX. must be sought. I have already shown my reasons for coming to the conclusion that if, in past times, many and various aims and interests may have influenced the electors in the election of the Pontiff, at the present day it may be considered certain that the ecclesiastical principle, of which the Roman Church is the custodian and defender, will prevail over every other aim or interest whatsoever. For the temporal power is lost, and if there is any cardinal to whom the recovery of it may not seem desperate, it is only by means of a judicious management of that principle that he can hope for such recovery. Now what will be the way of thinking of the College, as to the safest line of policy for the Church, when the direction of it shall be no longer in the hands of Pius IX.? And who can answer this question, since during the life of the Pontiff the Sacred College is the mute of councils; and it has become increasingly the habit of the cardinals to utter no word save of entire approbation for whatever is done by their sovereign? Who can answer it, recollecting that these cardinals are habituated to avoid every manifestation of their real sentiments, and to conceal them with all the greater caution and care, in that they know that every word that falls from them is spied, and that if any one of these should be at all to the distaste of a master all but absolute, in whose power they are, it would probably have the effect of removing them from all office or influence? Pius IX. moreover, not a harsh nor stern man by nature, but having an immensely high idea of himself, is apt to visit even the least opposition to his will or his inclinations with punishment all the more severe by reason of his entire persuasion that his wishes and inclinations are directly inspired by God. It is perhaps many ages since there has been a Pontiff who has had so high an idea of his own office,

as compared with all other powers and dignities, in such sort that the smallest opposition is intolerable to him, appearing to him, as it does, not only as irreverent but sinful. . . . It is impossible but that the cardinals should be confirmed in their determination to place a seal on their thoughts in presence of a prince such as is the present; not of large intelligence; with but little learning; of vivacious disposition; pure in heart, in such sort that he is unconscious of any motive other than praiseworthy; intolerant of all opposition; unfortunate in his life, and fully persuaded that no misfortune that has happened to him has been due to any fault of his; and finally strengthened in all this by a crowd of flatterers, convinced that there is no safety for them otherwise than by maintaining firmly in the erroneous path on which he has entered, a Pontiff who has by them been declared infallible. It cannot but be perceived, then, that to conjecture what may be the tendencies and modes of thinking of the cardinals must be a task of extreme difficulty, especially now, and with regard to an act which is assuredly by many, if not by all of them, deemed to depend on causes superior to all human motives. Though extremely difficult, however, it is not impossible.'

Signor Bonghi points out that, manifold as have been the vicissitudes through which the Church has passed, its present position is an entirely new one, and wholly dissimilar to anything within former experience, because its rupture with the State and the loss of the temporal power open a free course to the democratic tendencies of Roman Catholicism.

'The laws,' writes Signor Bonghi, 'which have in every country been promoted by *liberal* [ital. in orig.] minds have forcibly and against its own wishes made a breach between the Papacy and the governments, and drive it, despite its reluctance, into a closer contact with the people. The loss of the temporal power, if it has not deprived the Pontiff of the title of a sovereign, and of all representation as such, has left to him both the one and the other in such a shape, and under such conditions, that they can be to him but an encumbrance and a hindrance rather than a help and means of defence. And this loss supplies him with a powerful motive for advancing further in that direction (a closer contact with the people), and for persisting in it. . . . It cannot be denied that Pius IX. has in these latter years done much to widen the separation between the Church and the State, though in principle he rejects such a divorce, and to change the central point of the activity of the Church.'

Signor Bonghi might have found a very remarkable confirmation of the ideas he is here putting forward, in a sermon preached some four years ago by Dr. Vaughan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, in the Church of St. Isidore, in Rome, on St. Patrick's Day. The preacher insisted on the inability of the statesmen of Europe, especially of the leaders of either of the great English parties, to deal with the social question; which is every day more and more pressing itself on the

attention of the world and demanding a solution. Only the Catholic priest, he urged, would be found capable of dealing with it. And this theory was developed at length, and with much eloquence. Now unquestionably this sermon would not have been preached when and where it was preached, if the ideas advanced in it had not been acceptable to the Vatican.

It is a common opinion among liberals, says Signor Bonghi, that the Church would encounter, in any attempt to place itself in direct contact with the popular masses, two obstacles, which would, in their opinion, be found to be insurmountable—the first, the progress of science, which destroys Church dogma; and the second that vehement desire for material enjoyment, which has taken possession of the populations, ‘and which brings a sneer upon their faces at anyone who promises them an equality of happiness in heaven in compensation for the inequality of fortune on earth.’ It is the opinion of Signor Bonghi that though there is a certain degree of reality in both these difficulties, it is very easy to attribute to them greater weight than they deserve. Science has never afforded any solution, nor, whatever its progress, will ever afford any, for ‘those problems which the human mind, since its first escape from barbarism, has been for ages proposing to itself, and which, though they have from age to age become more clear in their terms, have not for that reason made any progress towards solution.’ And the failure of science to answer such questions must have the effect of impelling many if not all minds—but he might better have said a certain class of minds—to seek a reply from authority. This, says Signor Bonghi, is the persuasion which caused the Jesuits to strive with so much eagerness to induce the Pontiff to allow himself to be declared infallible, and which leads them to expect such great and wonderful results from that measure; though in fact they have added nothing to the authority of Catholic doctrine, and have multiplied around it difficulties and repugnances.

With regard to the second of the two obstacles to an alliance between the Church and the European democracies—namely, the prevalent desire of material well-being—Signor Bonghi contends that the Roman Church has always done more than any other to render the lot of the people ‘less hard here on earth.’

‘At the present day too,’ he writes, ‘no Christian sect can be compared with Catholicism in respect of its sympathy for the populace. . . . The Protestant clergyman wishes to be a gentleman. The Catholic, even if noble by birth, desires to appear to have sprung from the people. In England the Anglican clergy, in the recent movement of the agricultural labourers, placed themselves on the side of the proprietors; the

Catholic clergy on the side of the labourers. Archbishop Manning appeared at a meeting held by them for the support of their cause, and spoke temperately indeed, but in a manner to encourage them to believe their demands justified.'

The author then proceeds to argue from metaphysical considerations, that, widely as unbelief has become diffused in these latter days, there is every reason to think that belief in Christian dogma is in no danger of becoming extinct at any period to which our present outlook extends. On the other hand the lay governments of the world do not see their course clear before them.

'Assuredly,' he says, 'whoever compares the condition of Catholicism, as it was before the first French Revolution, with its present condition, cannot deny that, shaken and falling on all sides as it is, when considered as an institution connected with the State, it is, as a religious sentiment, very much more living, efficacious, and ardent, than it was at the earlier period. And if, looked at from this point of view, it has lost ground among the middle classes (*borghesi*), it cannot be said to have done so among the people, and it has assuredly gained ground among the upper classes. It may be added, that the number of those who, with a more or less clear conception of the meaning of the word, call themselves Catholics throughout the world, is beyond all doubt greater now than it was a hundred years ago. Pius IX., if, from one point of view, he has done all that was in his power, though unconsciously, especially in the earlier part of his reign, to hasten a crisis, has nevertheless contributed not a little to a larger expansion and a more vivacious regeneration of religion.'

It may be doubted, perhaps, whether the phenomenon which Signor Bonghi attributes to the action and influence of the Pontiff, be not rather due to influences of the times of a larger nature and more cogent efficacy. But the fact is unquestionable. And it is a fact, says Signor Bonghi, that cannot but be displeasing to Liberal governments, which had expected from their legislation an altogether different result. The consequence has been that Liberal parties have been subjected to a profound division; the one portion remaining true to their principle, which is the restriction of the power of the State as regards the manifestation and action of all religious opinion; while the other, seeing that the principles of pure Liberalism did not succeed in quenching the revival of religion, have for some years past begun to attach to 'Liberalism' the notion of enforcing rationalistic opinions by the exclusion of religious teaching.

Signor Bonghi rapidly glances at the conditions of the struggle in the different countries of Europe. It appears very doubtful to him whether Germany will succeed in the contest with the Church on which she has entered. 'I am not

‘ indisposed to think that, with the means she has adopted, she
‘ may arrive at a precisely opposite result’ adverse to that unifica-
tion of Germany which has been, Signor Bonghi thinks, the main
motive with Germany for entering on the contest. In France
the state of things is exactly the reverse. Only the first of the
two Liberal schools has produced any notable effect on the con-
dition of the Church by enlarging the liberty of instruction.
And there is small probability of any change in the direction
of French ecclesiastical policy. In Great Britain the Catholic
‘ Church shows the immense elasticity of its organism, since it
‘ progresses alike in Ireland and in England, availing itself in
‘ the two islands of widely different legal conditions, and pro-
‘ fitting by all the large liberties of English legislation, while
‘ defying its prohibitions.’ In all the other countries, Signor
Bonghi is of opinion that the Church is at least holding her
own. As regards Italy, he thinks that those who talk of con-
ciliation between the Church and the State do not understand
what they are talking of. Conciliation cannot be desired by
either party, and is impossible. The Church is aware that it
would lose its authority in the other countries of Europe if
it were known to be bound to the Italian Government. And
further—

‘ As I have already said, the Papacy may be tempted to throw itself
into the *mêlée* of popular passions, and to take the part of the lowest
classes against the middle classes (*borghesi*). But it has not done this
yet, and it will hesitate much before resolving to do it. For the present
it is the rigidly conservative elements of society that are confederate
with it, and which afford it nourishment, support, and favour. Now
these are all opposed to the present direction of the policy of the Italian
Government; and if ever the Papacy should appear to be reconciled
with the latter, they would abandon it, or adhere to it with far less
tenacity than at present.’

On the other hand, the Italian Government, says Signor
Bonghi, has nothing to offer to the Church. For, ‘ to speak
‘ plainly,’ the Papacy, whether rightly or wrongly, has no faith
in any such stability of the Government as should make it sure
that it will be able to keep any bargain it might make with the
Church. Matters are, therefore, likely to remain as they are
between Church and State in Italy for some time to come.

‘ Notwithstanding, however, that there is so little affection between the
Government and the Church, the Papacy may feel safe, at least for a
considerable time to come, that Italian legislation will not touch it in
any point that concerns its spiritual functions towards the Catholic
population; and that the Government will in its acts be still much more
prudent than the legislature.’

These, Signor Bonghi thinks, are the circumstances of the Church which must influence the cardinals in their choice when assembled in the approaching Conclave. And it is only from the presumable operation on their minds of these that it may be possible to arrive at any reasonable conjecture as to the probabilities of the result.

The Conclave, as Signor Bonghi says with unquestionable accuracy, will be occupied, to the exclusion of all the other considerations which have on former occasions so frequently, one might say so constantly, influenced it, with this question alone:—‘What is the best line of conduct to be pursued for the present and future salvation of this glorious and venerable institution of which we form so principal a part?’ At the close of the last century, as the author goes on to remark—

‘the difficulty of succeeding in this enterprise appeared so great, that two cardinals abdicated. At the present day not one of them would do so. This is due in part to the fact that, if the tempest which is now tossing the Church be larger and more profound, it is not equally furious. In part also it is due to the circumstance that the state of mind of the supporters of the Church is very much more confident. Lastly, it is believed that the winds which produce this tempest are less irresistible than they were a century ago. But, on the other hand, what has become more obscure, more complex, more difficult, is the search for, and the discovery of, a way to the end in view, since it has become abundantly clear that that which has been followed hitherto is a very thorny one, and one on which we lose ground rather than gain it.’

There have always been parties in the Conclave, and there will be such in that which is approaching. But the old motives and causes of party divisions have disappeared. In the coming Conclave there will be but two parties, and they will be formed on a different basis from any of those which have given rise to party divisions in former conclaves. It can no longer be the case that the ‘creatures’ of one Pope—to use the technical phrase—can form a party in opposition to the creatures of another. With the exception of some three or four, Pius IX. has created the whole of the existing College. Nor in these days will the great family names of any of the cardinals exercise any influence. There are but few such names in the college—fewer perhaps than at any time for many generations back—and those few are borne by men who do not enjoy any such reputation in the College as could place them among the *papabili*. Signor Bonghi, when saying as much four years ago, excepted one name from the statement, that of his Eminence Riario Sforza, the then Archbishop of Naples; and his subsequent speculations led him to the conclusion that,

upon the whole, he was the most likely man to be Pius IX.'s successor. But all these speculations have been set at naught by the recent death of this personage.

The old motives of party divisions in the College having then disappeared, what will divide the cardinals on the coming occasion? 'Whoso studies the matter well,' says our author, 'will find no other principle of division than the greater or lesser degree of approbation or disapprobation of the line of conduct pursued by Pius IX.' Now, it might have occurred to Signor Bonghi that, such being the case, the considerations which he has already excellently well put forward as to the dumbness of the cardinals during the lifetime of the Pontiff, and the reasons for it, must operate to render any estimate of the probable party division of the Conclave more difficult than ever, and indeed impossible. Nevertheless, Signor Bonghi thinks that it is possible, with regard to many of the cardinals, to rank them with more or less certainty in one or the other of the parties formed on these lines.

'Pius IX. has certainly innovated on the principles which guided his predecessors in the conduct of the spiritual government. Where it seemed good to them above all things not to move, it has seemed good to him to move. Whereas it was hitherto considered excellent policy to clothe Christian dogma with a veil, and leave it undisturbed, it has to him seemed better to put it on its feet and force it to walk. . . . Now among the cardinals there are some who think that he has done well, that the idea of a Church which has been the motor spring of his conduct is the only true one, and that it should not in the smallest degree be departed from. And there are others who think that he has done ill; who would have preferred that he should have moved little or nothing; and who think that an institution as old as the Church ought not to be shaken or too much agitated, but treated with the utmost scruple and delicacy, even when there is a question of improving or re-invigorating it. I remember that Cardinal Pallavicino (he was the well-known author of the orthodox history of the Council of Trent, written in opposition to the work of Paolo Sarpi) distinguishes the cardinals as "saints" and "politicians," and affirms that the Church has never been placed in danger, save by a Pope chosen from among the former. And the cardinals may now be divided into those who would accept the dictum of one of their most illustrious predecessors, and those who would repudiate it; or, to put it more exactly, into those who look only up to heaven and will accept no sort of compromise, and those who look up to heaven and down on earth by turns, and think it expedient to find some terms of compromise, or at least not to exaggerate pretensions and exacerbate hostility.'

It is of no use to follow Signor Bonghi in his estimate of the issue of the Conclave, as it seemed to him four years ago; the conditions of the problem are so greatly changed. It may

be mentioned, however, that he thought all the foreign cardinals excluded for different reasons from the class of the *papabili*, except Rauscher (since dead), Schwarzenberg, and Cullen. And he places all the foreigners in the class of *politici*—that is, of those who would fain temper the violence of Pius IX.'s policy—except Cullen, whom he ranks among the *santi*, or those who would continue to pursue it. On the whole, however, Signor Bonghi thinks that it is not likely that any foreigner should be elected. The other foreigners, belonging all to the class of the *politici*, would suffice to exclude Cardinal Cullen, one of the *santi*, or, to use the old word so frequently recurring in Conclave language, the *zelanti*. Finally, by a process of elimination on various grounds, Signor Bonghi gave a list of *papabili* four years ago. But here are the names of the cardinals who have been created since that estimate was formed :—

1. Cardoso, Patriarch of Lisbon—Portuguese.
2. Regnier, Archbishop of Cambray—Frenchman.
3. Chigi, Grand Prior of the Order of St. John—Italian.
4. Franchi, Prefect of the Propaganda,—Italian.
5. Guibert, Archbishop of Paris—Frenchman.
6. Oreglia, Prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences—Italian.
7. Simon, Archbishop of Strigonia—Hungarian.
8. Martinelli, Pro-Prefect of the Congregazione degli Studii—Italian.
9. Antici Mattei—Italian.
10. Pietro Gianelli—Italian.
11. Ledochowski, Archbishop of Guesna and Posnania—Pole.
12. Mac Closkey, Archbishop of New York—American—
13. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster—English.
14. Dechamps, Archbishop of Mechlin—Belgian.
15. Simeoni, Secretary of State—Italian.
16. Bartolini—Italian.
17. Brossais St. Marc, Archbishop of Rennes—Frenchman.
18. Avanzo, Bishop of Calvi and Teano—Italian.
19. Franzelin, from the Trentino—Austrian.
20. Benavides of Navarrete, Patriarch of the East Indies—Spaniard.
21. Apuzzo, Archbishop of Capua—Italian.
22. Gil, Archbishop of Saragossa—Spaniard.
23. Howard, Archbishop of Neocesarea—English.
24. Parga y Rico, Archbishop of Compostella—Spaniard.
25. Caverot, Archbishop of Lyons—Frenchman.
26. Di Canossa, Bishop of Verona—Italian.
27. Serafini, Bishop of Viterbo—Italian.
28. Michalovitz, Archbishop of Agram—Austrian.
29. Kutshker, Archbishop of Vienna—Austrian.
30. Parocchi, Archbishop of Bologna—Italian.
31. Randi—Italian.
32. Pacca—Italian.
33. Nina, Assessor of the Inquisition—Italian.
34. Sbarretti, Secretary of Congregation of Regulars—Italian.
35. De Falloux, Regent of Apostolical Chancellery—Frenchman. (The last five being of the order of deacons.)

Thus we have eighteen foreigners and seventeen Italians, the former consisting of five Frenchmen, four Austrians, three Spaniards, two Englishmen, one American of the United States, one Belgian, one Pole, and one Portuguese.

Now the questions that arise in considering what effect the modification of the Sacred College resulting from the deaths and the creations of the last four years may have on the probabilities of the approaching Conclave are these. What increase or diminution of chance, if any, has accrued to those names which were considered *papabili* in the former estimate? Do the recent promotions offer any fresh names that must be added to the small list of *papabili* which resulted from Signor Bonghi's successive eliminations? And, lastly, what, if any, modification of the general temper and probable action of the College has been produced by the large foreign element in the new promotions?

The name which stood first in Signor Bonghi's list of *papabili*, that of Riario Sforza, having been removed by death, and others of his list having been rejected for different reasons, there now remain only three of this group, Cardinals Morichini, Pecci, and De Luca. But Signor Bonghi thinks that two other names of the College as it stood before the late additions should now be added to the list of *papabili*, though previously rejected, those of Cardinals Bilio and Monaco la Valletta. For the reason why their chances were considered small four years ago was their too great youth, and that objection has been in some degree removed. Cardinal Bilio is now fifty-one, and a *porporato* of eleven years' standing; and Cardinal Monaco la Valletta fifty, with nine years in the purple. Both are still young for election to Peter's seat; but Signor Bonghi thinks that the motives which operated to recommend an aged Pope to the electors have in a great measure ceased to exist. On the other hand, Cardinal Morichini, who was at one time thought perhaps the most likely successor to the Papacy, and is still by some considered to be so, has not had his chance improved by the lapse of four years. He was born in 1805, and might be deemed somewhat too old for the requirements of the Church at the present conjuncture. It is probable also that several votes might be lost to him by an impression which prevails that he would be an acceptable choice to the Italian and German Governments. The credit of Cardinal de Luca, Signor Bonghi thinks, is somewhat less than it was four years ago. Cardinal Pecci alone remains without objection of the original list, to which, for the reason above stated, may be added Cardinals Bilio and Monaco la Valletta.

Secondly, do the recent promotions offer any fresh names that must be added to this list? Of the recently created foreign cardinals, Signor Bonghi opines that, from many points of view, they intellectually outweigh the Italians. Of Cardinal

Manning he says that no one of the recently created Italians can be intellectually compared with him. But he thinks that the College will undoubtedly choose an Italian, and that it will be in all probability equally the wish of the foreign cardinals to do so, feeling that the choice of an Italian pontiff would be more likely to conciliate and retain the firm adhesion of the Catholic world than a man of any other nation. Signor Bonghi therefore thinks that, notwithstanding the very large proportion of the foreign element added to the Sacred College by the late creations, the list of *papabili* must still consist entirely of Italians. And among the newly added Italian cardinals he finds two names only which present any probability of election—Cardinal Simeoni, the present Secretary of State, and Cardinal Franchi, Prefect of the Propaganda. The office of secretary has for many generations been held to exclude the holder of it as a candidate for the Papacy; and the office of *camarlingo*, held by Cardinal Pecci, is held to have a similar effect. But under the present altogether changed circumstances, neither of these offices having been held by the present titulars a sufficient time for any store of jealousies or enmities to have accumulated against either of them, the objection might be disregarded.

Finally, then, Signor Bonghi's list of *papabili* stands thus:—(1) Pecci, (2) Morichini, (3) De Luca, (4) Bilio, (5) Monaco la Valletta, (6) Simeoni, (7) Franchi. And against the second and third of these he has already stated grounds of objection.

In the third place, what modification, if any, have the recent creations produced in the general temper of the College and on the probabilities of its action? As has been shown, the old principles of party divisions in the College have altogether ceased to exist. The only principle on which the present College can be divided, as Signor Bonghi says, is analogous to that which divides all civil society into Conservatives and Progressists.

But if analogous, it is by no means the same; since among the cardinals there is not one who would wish to change the constitution of the Church, or the principles on which she governs herself internally and with relation to the lay world. Probably there never will be such a cardinal, but assuredly there is none such at the present day. There is only this difference among the cardinals as regards the constitution of their minds and their ideas on ecclesiastical, political, and social subjects—that some among them, seeing the difficulties in which the Church finds herself, and the changes that have taken place in States and in the minds of the people, think no other course is open to them than an ever-increasing rigidity in the forms of doctrine and ecclesiastical discipline, and the keeping alive, awake, and vigilant the political aspirations of the Church and the Pontificate; whereas

others, on the contrary, are of opinion that some compromise must be sought and found, though they do not say either to themselves or to others how, to what extent, by what means, and with what guarantees and hopes, this is to be accomplished. It is a difference which arises rather from the sentiments than from any intellectual process, and from different kinds of temperament rather than from different qualities of mind. But it is none the less influential on the deliberations of the electors and on the votes to be given by them.'

Now Signor Bonghi thinks that nearly all the Italian cardinals of the recent creations would go to strengthen the former of these two parties, and that the foreigners would do the same, possibly with the exception of the Austrians. In a word, then, it is the opinion of our author that the general tendencies of the Sacred College have been but little modified by the recent creations; and that whatever modification they may have produced has been rather in the direction of increasing the strength of the *zelanti*.

'The most important point, and that which will seem such to the assembled cardinals, is the question, what is the real value of the temporal power as regards the exercise of the spiritual authority of the Church? And is it so great and of such a nature that the recovery of it ought to be the principal aim and object of the policy of the Holy See?'

Signor Bonghi comes to the conclusion that the whole body of the cardinals, with hardly an exception, would answer both questions, as Cardinal Manning has already answered in his book on the 'Independence of the Holy See,' in the affirmative.

However well founded Signor Bonghi's prognostications may be, his observations do not put before the reader the whole of the causes of extreme uncertainty which must attend any attempt to forecast the result. And this, beyond the grounds of difficulty explained by Signor Bonghi, arises from the peculiar method of election. We will assume that every cardinal in Conclave will give his vote with a single view to the election of the man he considers fittest for the end desired. We will suppose further that we know accurately the sentiments and opinions of each individual cardinal on that point. It would still, at the moment of going into Conclave, be altogether doubtful what the result would be, except in the improbable case of two-thirds of the members in Conclave being desirous of electing one and the same individual. But if out of a College of, say, sixty, thirty-nine only are unanimous in wishing to elect A. B., the twenty-one other members of the College can exclude him; and if they persist in doing so, the thirty-nine, powerless to elect A. B., can only elect some-

body whom one at least of the dissenting twenty-one will assist them in electing. But perhaps, probably indeed, the thirty-nine are no longer unanimous in their choice. It not being possible to elect A. B., a portion of his supporters will think C. D. the next best man; and another portion will consider E. F. to be so. Thus it is evident that the man eventually elected may have stood third, fourth, fifth, or even lower on the list at the outset of the contest in the mind of every one of the electors.

Looking at Signor Bonghi's estimates of the probabilities of the result of the next Conclave as a whole, they must be admitted to be based on a very shrewd appreciation and large knowledge of the facts likely to exercise a decisive influence on it. And there can be little doubt that the considerations, which he represents as likely to operate on them, will be in fact the guiding influences which will shape their conduct in Conclave. But to what end these considerations and influences will work, it is, for the reasons that have been assigned, wholly impossible for any man, cardinal or other, to predict with any feeling of assurance. And the old proverbial Roman saying to the effect that he who goes into Conclave a pope will come out of it a cardinal—meaning of course that in this race it is rarely the 'favourite' who wins—is still as true as ever it was.

With regard to the second of the two works, the titles of which are prefixed to this article, it will perhaps be sufficient to recommend the reader who takes an interest in the subject to read the 270 loosely-printed pages of which it consists. It is by far the clearest and most consistent examination of the question which the Italians have had laid before them. And if there are pages in the book which may seem to an English reader to indicate that Signor Minghetti is still in some degree—but in a less degree than any other Italian with whose writings we are acquainted—under the dominion of ideas generated by the associations of a life passed in a social atmosphere in which the Church is habitually considered as an institution existing by *à priori* necessity, the author has at least succeeded in elevating himself to a philosophical height which has enabled him to grasp the subject in its entirety, and has paced him wholly out of the region of prejudices and partisan passions.

- ART. XI.—1. *The Burials Question.*** A Speech delivered in the House of Commons, March 3, 1876, by **GEORGE OSBORNE MORGAN, Q.C., M.P.** London: 1876.
- 2. *Local Government and Taxation.*** By **WILLIAM RATHBONE, M.P.** London: 1875.
- 3. *Two Memorandums on Local Government, with Introductory Letter.*** By **WILLIAM RATHBONE** and **SAMUEL WHITBREAD.** London: 1877.
- 4. *A New Reform Bill.*** By the Right Honourable **ROBERT LOWE, M.P.** ‘Fortnightly Review,’ October and December, 1877.
- 5. *The County Franchise and Mr. Lowe thereon.*** By the Right Honourable **W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.** ‘Nineteenth Century,’ November, 1877; January, 1878.
- 6. *Liberal Principles.*** By the Honourable **GEORGE BROADRICK.** Published by the Liberal Central Association: 1877.

IT is now just four years since the world was startled by the sudden and unlooked-for announcement of the dissolution of Parliament. Perhaps no event of the kind ever caused more surprise at the time or more discussion afterwards. In fact, we have hardly yet ceased to wonder at so inscrutable a proceeding,—a proceeding which would have been impossible if the Cabinet had been allowed to deliberate for four-and-twenty hours on its consequences. The results of this measure were promptly manifest. A Liberal majority, which had been estimated at not less than seventy, was converted into a minority of about the same amount; nearly half the members of the Parliament of 1868 disappeared from the House assembled in 1874; and the Gladstone Government, which in the former of those periods had seemed almost omnipotent, avoided the humiliation of defeat in the lobbies by an immediate resignation.

Under these discouraging conditions, the Liberal party in Parliament, shorn of one-third of its numbers, with the places of many of its old and tried soldiers filled up by new and sometimes rather undisciplined recruits, found itself, on the opening of the session of 1874, in a state of the utmost disorganisation. With a leader who had thrown up the command; with no previously designated successor to take his place; with no great questions occupying the attention of the country and

suitable as landmarks to indicate a policy ; with the influences of much fresh-made money narcotising the higher and debauching the lower classes of the community ; with the example of the Commune in France, and be it observed that French excesses are always followed by English reaction ; with the fear and in the view of strikes at home, it was not wonderful that Liberals themselves became half-hearted, and that the Tory organs proclaimed with their accustomed fervour that a Conservative millennium had arrived.

In truth the day was a day of trouble and rebuke ; suspicion, recrimination, and divided counsels within the Liberal stronghold, and the Tory Rabshakeh at the head of the besieging forces, speaking in the Jews' language and counselling treasonable concessions to the people sitting on the wall. The causes of this great disintegration have often been discussed. They are not far to seek. They exist in the composition of all ministries. The more active and enterprising the administrative body, the more energetic are the causes of cleavage, the more irrepressible the centrifugal expansions. A do-nothing Government has a far greater chance of life than an active one. But when an active Government falls on do-nothing times its doom is sealed. The Parliament of 1868 was a Parliament elected, as some novels are written, with a purpose. It was specifically a reconstructive body. It reconstructed the Episcopal communion in Ireland. It reconstructed the Irish land laws. It attempted to reconstruct the Irish university system. In England it took in hand the rules which governed promotion in the army, and the rules which controlled the consumption of beer and spirits in public houses. All this it did, or proposed to do, at the bidding of the Government of the day, and that Government was further suspected of a design which might have trenched considerably upon the vested or supposed interests of one of the most powerful bodies in the country,—the civil servants of the Crown.

The Irish Church was an anomaly such as even Tories could hardly defend, and which, now it has been reconstructed, has few friends to wish it restored to its original shape. Irish land, its tenure and transfer, was a constant source of trouble and anxiety to successive Governments, and if the scheme by which the laws relating to it were remodelled has not been altogether satisfactory, it has in general worked well. But in attempting to reconstruct the Irish university system the late Government had its first experience of the strength which one section of the community can exert in opposition to any scheme running counter to their interests or to their

prejudices,—an experience of which they had far greater perception when the beer and spirits interest, with its hundred and twenty thousand publicans all or most of them actively canvassing on the Tory side; the army, with all those infinitely varied social influences which its officers exert; and the Civil Service, dreading Mr. Lowe and a revision of salaries, were united in the endeavour, in so many cases successful, to oust the supporters of a Ministry who studied the welfare of the country at large, even at the risk of disturbance of interests, now of this section of the community, now of the other.

We do not mean to imply that the work done by the Parliament of 1868 was simply reconstructive. To it the country owes two great measures of an entirely originaive character,—the law which established secret voting at Parliamentary and municipal elections, and the law which created the system of national primary education. Of these two enactments the effects are only just beginning to develope themselves. It takes half a generation to persuade voters that their votes will never be disclosed, although every election disabuses them more and more of a notion which up to the present time has been fostered alike by the naturally suspicious temper of dependents, and by the unscrupulous misrepresentations of those in a higher position,—a notion, that is, that the ballot is not really secret. As to the effects which the next twenty years will see produced by the measure of national education, it is impossible to predict, and perhaps almost as impossible to exaggerate them.

Vast, then, was the work done by the late Parliament; but this very vastness created a feeling of uneasiness in the minds of many who looked with dread upon capacities and activities always far beyond their reach, and sometimes even above their comprehension. It was evident, however, during the session of 1873, that the work of the Parliament, perhaps also the work of the Ministry, was done. The blow inflicted on the vital energies of Mr. Gladstone's Government by the failure to carry the Irish Universities Bill was never recovered from. It was like a first stroke of paralysis. The man rises from the shock outwardly unchanged. But he is not the same man. There is the fatal clot at the base of the brain, affecting everything, temper, memory, judgment. So was it with the late Government. Had it been permitted to live a little longer, there might have been some show of recovery; but all men felt that there was something amiss which no transfer of great offices of state could set right, and no tempting sketches of future prosperity make amends for. So the great Daimio prac-

tised the art of happy despatch, and Parliament and Ministry alike passed into the page of history.

The Parliament and the Ministry which succeeded are still before us. Many who have good opportunities of judging, men who have sat in previous Parliaments,—who know what Parliaments should be,—unite in denouncing this as the most incompetent, the most unruly, the least wise of all the Parliaments of our time. As for the Government, its actions and its general policy speak for it. Its legislative achievements have consisted principally in making small additions or small erasures in Acts passed by its predecessors; in muddling away a magnificent surplus by petty doles to ratepayers, or in bringing in a bundle of bills in February, to lie peacefully on the table of the House till July, and then pass painlessly away to the limbo of the forgotten. As to their policy, it began by being a policy of sewage. ‘*Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas,*’ was the motto supplied to it by its chief, and borrowed, like his famous funeral oration, from a French source.* What it may turn out to be in the fifth session of the Parliament we are at a loss to conjecture. We do not propose to anticipate its foreign policy in this article, though perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we predict that in this, as in its domestic policy, it will be strongly influenced by the prevailing view, whatever that view may be, of the Opposition benches. It seems likely, however, that the Prisons Act of last year, which took from the magistrates an important part of their jurisdiction, may be soon followed by measures of a similar character,—measures more agreeable to the views of Mr. Clare Read and the farmers than to those of the local aristocracy of the counties. If elective financial boards are to manage the money of the ratepayers, another link will be broken which at present binds the landowner to his country-house; another step will be taken in centralisation, a policy which Conservatives persistently denounce and occasionally practise. It may be indeed said with some truth that the magistrates in quarter sessions do not fairly represent even the county aristocracy;

* ‘M. de Balzac étoit abondant en pensées, et en faisoit un as par avance pour les placer en quelques uns de ses écrits. Sur quoi je vous dirai une badinerie à son égard. Comme nous nous entretenions de ce qui pouvoit rendre heureux, je lui dis: *Sanitas sanitatum, et omnia sanitas.* Il me pria de ne point publier cette pensée, parce qu’il vouloit lui donner place en quelque endroit. *En effet il s’en est servi dans quelqu’un de ses ouvrages.*’ So has the Prime Minister. *Menagiana ou les Bons Mots et Remarques critiques etc. de Monsieur Menage*, vol. i. p. 309, ed. 1729.

that there are many active magistrates who are only small landowners, and some who are not even landowners at all,—considerations which give great speciousness to the plea that such men are not the best, or indeed the proper, dispensers of the county exchequer. A financial board, elected by the ratepayers, seems a more proper body to decide on the way in which the ratepayers' money should be spent; but there is something strange in the introduction of such a measure by a Tory Government,—a measure contrary to their traditions, and sure to alienate some of their best supporters. All this shows that while the party in power is professedly Tory, it has lost its faculty of retrogression. It must go forward, carrying measures devised by the other party. It dares not lay a finger on any of the great measures which that other party has heretofore carried.

There is an interesting passage in one of Professor Huxley's lectures, in which, illustrating his favourite theory of evolution, he describes the process by which an extinct quadruped of the equine species, which in the Greek of geologists (a wonderful tongue, as wonderful as gardeners' Latin or churchwardens' Gothic) is called *Orohippus*, has gradually become developed into the horse of to-day. This progenitor of our horses was, as Professor Huxley tells us, a creature armed with a formidable set of forty-four teeth, among which the canines were prominently developed. It had two bones in its tibia and forearm, while its feet were provided with three, or, as some geologists think, with five claws apiece. Altogether an unsatisfactory and dangerous beast. The horse of our times, on the contrary, has not more than thirty-six teeth, no canines, only one bone in his leg and forearm, no claws, but only hoofs. On the whole, a great improvement on his Eocene or Pleiocene predecessor, probably much faster and certainly more harmless. A similar process of evolution appears to have been going on in the genus Tory. A century since, he was all for arbitrary power, generally a Jacobite at heart, hunting a Methodist when he had the opportunity as he would hunt a fox; thinking education good for none but the upper classes; steeped in all sorts of ignorance, prejudice, and bigotry. Fifty years afterwards he had discovered that arbitrary power, at least in foreign countries, was not altogether desirable; he had become sincerely loyal to the reigning house; if he were a Low Churchman, he honoured the memory of Wesley and Whitefield; he subscribed to the National School Society; and though he had his doubts as to Catholic emancipation, and dreaded Parliamentary reform, he had on the whole made

astonishing progress as a man and as a citizen. At the present day, the ordinary Conservative who supports the Ministry of Lord Beaconsfield is to the Tory of Lord Eldon's times what a horse is to an orohippus. Though he votes with his party, he talks Liberalism, shrugs his shoulders at leaps in the dark, and acknowledges in a confidential way that 'Dizzy is not the person he should have fixed upon as a fit leader of the gentlemen of England.' Of course there is some Shibboleth by which he may generally be detected. A few years ago it was Church Rates, now it is the Burials Bill; but in ordinary times, when there is no political pressure, he would pass, if he wished to pass, for a mild Liberal, without strong predilections this way or that. These neutral-tinted politicians are the bane of politics. They 'plow with an ox and an ass.' They wear the forbidden vesture 'of linen and woollen together.' They 'speak peace when there is no peace.' And they lead the unwary into the belief that there is, after all, but a slight difference between liberal Conservatives and conservative Liberals.

Is there then not more than a slight difference? Is it a difference in kind or in degree? And if a difference in kind, what is that difference?

The ordinary notion which people entertain of the difference between the two political persuasions is that the Conservative is always desirous to stand still, to be satisfied with things as they are; while the Liberal is in a state of constant political flux, never easy unless he is carrying some great measure, effecting some remarkable change. This notion, we take upon ourselves to say, is entirely unfounded. The Liberal party has always held, and always endeavoured to carry out, a certain theory of government. Where it finds existing institutions in harmony with that theory, it does not desire or attempt to change them. Where, in its opinion, those institutions require modification in order to bring them into a more complete agreement with the theory, the Liberal party attempts, and has in many instances successfully attempted, to modify them. The removal of religious disabilities, the abolition of trade restrictions, the improvement of the criminal law, the removal of burdensome and unjust taxes, the establishment of a system of primary education, the reform of the representative system, these are all objects to which the Liberal party has directed its efforts, and in which it has achieved signal success. But the political changes which these measures produced have not been inaugurated for the love of change, but for the desire of improvement. There is not one of the many

great and signal political performances of the Liberal party which can be stigmatised as the work of men *rerum novarum cupidi*.

To speak of the political performances of the Conservative party may seem to be a kind of anomaly, if it be true that they always wish to stand still. It cannot be said that they have made any great mark in the Statute Book during the last half-century, if we except three measures—the repeal of Catholic disabilities, carried not for the love of justice, but from fear of an Irish rebellion; the repeal of the corn laws, carried by a nominally Tory minister amid the secret murmurs or more open rebellion of his followers; and the Reform Bill of 1867, carried for no more honourable or respectable object than that of ‘dishing the Whigs.’ These three measures, however, run counter to the whole course and meaning of Toryism, and are not part of the actual working of the party. The actual working of the party is to be seen in the innumerable instances where, by cabal, by management, by taking advantage of the dissensions of their opponents, they have sometimes succeeded, sometimes failed, but continually attempted to damage and weaken a Liberal policy.

Professing to wish to stand still, they are in effect the constant supporters of change,—change not for the better, but for the worse. Fifty years ago, when the whole system of parliamentary representation had got out of gear and required adaptation to the altered circumstances of the country, it was the Tories who supported and desired to perpetuate institutions which were continually becoming less and less suited to what, in Comtist slang, would be called their environment,—to perpetuate, in fact, a state of decadence. Thirty years ago, when their own Prime Minister repealed the corn laws, they were the supporters of import duties, an invention of times when this country exported wheat; those import duties having entirely changed their effect since the time when they were first imposed, always changing for the worse, always an increasing burden, always an increasing cause of discontent.

The same may be said as to their conduct in the question of the repeal of what were called the taxes on knowledge, in the abolition of compulsory Church rates, in the disestablishment of the Irish Church, in the reform of the Irish land laws. By refusing to alter laws and institutions for the better, they allow the practical working of these laws and institutions to alter for the worse. By insisting on the permanence of political forms, they produce a constantly increas-

ing deterioration of political results, and thus the apostles of immutability become active and mischievous agents of change.

But there is another and a far more important divergence between the two parties. The one is attached to principles, the other adheres to institutions. Principles never change; if true, they are true for ever. Institutions are merely devices for carrying out principles. When circumstances alter, institutions should alter likewise, or, becoming unsuited to circumstances, they cease to carry out principles. The Liberal party then, attached to principles, alters institutions when a change of circumstances requires it. The Conservative party, adhering to institutions, retains their form under a change of circumstances, and thereby prevents those institutions from carrying out the objects for which they were established. We must here ask pardon of our readers for attempting to define the principles of the Conservative party. The fact is that Toryism, as an efficient political agent, has almost ceased to exist. The few measures which the present Government has carried have either had no political principle at all, or have been feeble and respectful endeavours to carry out some plan or other which they found in the pigeon-holes of their predecessors, or timid and inefficient nibbles at the efficiency of some Liberal measure.

We may thus perceive that even when Liberals and Conservatives decide on a precisely similar mode of action, they are sure to be influenced by dissimilar motives. If the Liberal party supports a measure involving some change in the form of an existing institution, it does so from a desire that the objects contemplated by that institution may be more perfectly carried out; it looks upon the institution merely as a means to an end,—the end in view being everything, the means comparatively nothing. On the contrary, if the Conservatives support a similar measure, they do it either because they are afraid of popular outbreaks, as in the case of Catholic emancipation, or because they want to strengthen their party, as in their ‘little game’ of throwing rates upon the Consolidated Fund, or because somebody cleverer than themselves tells them that they must do it, as was the case in Mr. Disraeli’s Reform Bill. From an active and earnest desire to carry out some great political principle they do it not.

Hence it arises that when public spirit waxes faint, and private interests are strong, when political lotus-eating and social cynicism prevail, the time comes for a Conservative majority, a compact phalanx of busy do-nothings, pledged to support a

ministry whose day is the day of small things, and whose principal occupation is practising the political goose-step.

But when patriotism awakes, and political activity revives, when it is found that the game of making things pleasant all round does not pay in the long run, when it is no longer convenient to rob the tax-paying Peter in order to pay the rate-paying Paul, when the surplus reappears in Tory Wonderland in the form of a deficit, when our foreign relations are entangled and our home trade decays, the nation gradually comes to the conviction that the party which has ruled England, with few intervals, and those intervals more apparent than real, for nearly half a century, will have to do again what it has done before, and replace a government of shifts and expedients by a government of principle. When this change will take place it is impossible to predict, but that the causes which will produce it are already at work is evident to all. It becomes us then to consider in due time what position the Liberal party should adopt in anticipation of such change, and how best they may concentrate their strength in order to produce it.

These words, 'concentration of strength,' bear a peculiar significance when used of the Liberal party. People whose politics are only hereditary—those who vote with their landlords or as their clergyman directs—those, and they are many, who poll for the old colour and nothing else—all these classes are easily led. Even the ballot does not much affect them, for, however unreasoning they may be, they are mostly honest, and vote as they promise. Unfortunately, however, for the Liberal cause, these classes of voters are generally Tories, and when we come to the element of which the Liberal contingent is composed we find it vastly different. Those who think for themselves are not always the most docile; that very habit of thought and reflection which gives them political insight gives them freedom of view; they are not satisfied with the conclusions of others, and their own conclusions, even when drawn from principles more or less identical, vary much according to the peculiarities of each individual thinker. Hence divergences of opinion; hence the various schools of liberal thought. One man sincerely liberal is strictly practical; he probably is content with far less of what is called organic change than another who, holding the same political principles, is by nature a theorist. And there will always be a danger that these two men, with identical foundations of political belief, may vote in distinct minorities for either of two candidates representing their distinctive convictions, rather than in one majority for a

single candidate with whose views they have only a general agreement.

Errors of tactics like these seldom or never occur on the Conservative side. We doubt if a single seat was lost on that side in the late general election owing to want of unity. We may in one sense be proud that such results are confined to the Liberal party, for independence of opinion and of action is the salt of political life. But we ought in all party prudence to strive to make these results as unfrequent as possible.

Another cause of weakness almost if not entirely peculiar to the Liberal party deserves notice. This, like the last mentioned, arises entirely from that activity of thought which distinguishes us from our opponents. It is a tendency to exaggerate the duty of supporting some question connected or not with liberal opinion, over and above the duty of supporting liberal opinion itself. This, in short phrase, is called a crotchet. We do not go so far as to attach disrespectful epithets to opinions honestly and conscientiously held, but we feel bound to point out the fact that under certain circumstances to insist on such views in disregard of the larger circle of liberal opinion may be, and often has been, a great source of party weakness.

We will take two examples: one of an opinion derived, and, as its supporters insist, legitimately derived, from the principles of our party, —the opinion, namely, that the connexion between Church and State should everywhere cease; the other of an opinion not necessarily derived from those principles, though held in the main by Liberals,—the opinion that the sale of intoxicating drinks should be forbidden by law. Many seats, which would at this time be held by good Liberals, have been lost by a refusal on the part of Liberal candidates to support measures for enforcing these opinions. Let us state shortly our views as to the duty of Liberals regarding questions of this nature. Where in a constituency there exists a clear majority of Liberals who hold, say, the views of Mr. Miall or the views of Sir Wilfrid Lawson in addition to their own political creed, there can be no reason why they should not bring forward a candidate who, being liberal, will also support these peculiar views. Where, however, as is often the case, these specialists are in a minority except when combined with other Liberals, it is their plain duty not to sacrifice Liberalism to their own peculiarities, but to sink those peculiarities and vote in support of the Liberal cause. The principle which should guide their conduct is almost too evident to need exposition. It is matter of deep regret that it has been so often lost sight of, but, from all the information we can gather, we trust that it is day by

day commending itself more and more strongly to the good sense of those who hold liberal opinions. It may be all very well for a party which has attained power and placed its leaders in office owing in great measure to a chance combination between theology and spirituous liquors, to live from hand to mouth in the matter of a policy. Such conduct does not become those to whose efforts, and to the efforts of whose political predecessors, all the great reforms of the last fifty years are due; nor must they allow year after year to pass, and a general election to approach within a time to be counted by months, without some decided exposition of their views, and some hint at all events of the measures which, when the time comes, they are likely to press on the attention of Parliament.

And here it must be observed, once for all, that it would be imprudent, not to say unreasonable, if any section of the Liberal party urged upon its leaders the adoption into their programme of any measures which would not command united support. There is a large, active, and influential wing who desire that the Episcopal Church in England should cease to be under the control of the State, and cease also to receive those endowments which the piety or the superstition of past ages has provided. This desire is prompted by various motives. In some cases the motive, called a desire for religious equality, is simply a wish to lower the social position of the clergy of the Establishment—to prevent Mordecai the Jew from sitting in the king's gate. In some cases it arises from a genuine belief that the teaching of the clergy is as a whole pernicious, a belief held by many as to whose attachment to the principles of Christianity there can be no doubt—those, in fact, who are called religious nonconformists. In some cases it is to be ascribed to a dislike of all religious teaching whatsoever. The first motive to which we have referred weighs much with Dissenting ministers. It is, however, rather an unworthy motive, and one which is sure to end in disappointment. If the Established Church came to be disestablished and disendowed, there can be no doubt that in many of the purely agricultural parishes, as well as in the poorer parts of some towns, it would be exceedingly difficult to maintain anything in the nature of a parochial ministry. Many of the clergy would be starved out, but those who remained would still be the spiritual guides of the upper as well as of much of the lower class; they would still be gentlemen in position and association. The second and third motives to which we referred are to a certain extent contradictory, and we are glad to see that this is being recognised by some of the most enlightened of the Dissenting

ministers. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, repudiates the alliance of unbelievers, and it would be almost enough to make the Calamys and Wattses and Robert Halls of a former age turn in their graves if they knew that their spiritual descendants had joined with such men in a common cause having for its object the abolition of one form, and that a most efficient form, of religious teaching in the parishes of England.

Whatever the motives, however, by which these various persons are actuated, and whatever the ultimate effect of this proposed measure of disestablishment, it is certain that the question will have to wait for years before it be adopted as part of the Liberal programme. When the nation by its representatives demands a settlement of the question; when some definite and intelligible plan for dealing with the immense and varied interests involved shall have been produced and shall have met with general acceptance, it will be time for a party or a government to take it up. At present, when no such national demand has been made, when no plan at all except in the barest outline has ever been suggested, the question of the disestablishment and disendowment of the English Church may well wait for a more convenient season.

The case of the Scotch Establishment is somewhat different. In Scotland there are four, if not five, religious bodies, holding practically the same creed, calling their people together to identical services, not to be distinguished from one another except by the keen and practised eye of a theologian,—and perhaps not even then unless that theologian be himself a Scotchman. One of these bodies takes all the public endowment, the others are dependent on private effort. The Kirk of Scotland, it is true, has a sort of territorial jurisdiction, but in effect all these religious bodies are, except in the Highlands, equally congregational. It is then alleged that there is no reason why the Kirk of Scotland should absorb all the endowment, and the rest be left out in the cold. If the disestablishment and disendowment of this religious body be an object large enough to be included in a programme, and if religious opinion in Scotland become united in desiring it, it might be an object deserving the attention of the Liberal party. But at present it is certain that no such union of opinion exists. Many of the staunchest Liberals in Scotland, with the Duke of Argyll at their head, are decided advocates for the maintenance of the Establishment and the government of the Kirk by the law of the land.

Lord Hartington, when speaking in Scotland, used words which were distorted to mean something like holding out a

suggestion that the question of the disestablishment of the English Church might be considered open. We are sure from a deliberate study of his words that nothing was further from his meaning, and we have very good reason to believe that no words which he actually used could fairly bear that interpretation, and, moreover, that no intention could be further from his thought. Mr. Forster had the courage and the candour to tell his constituents at Bradford, many of whom are Nonconformists, that he believed the overthrow of the Church of England would be a great calamity to the people, more especially to the poorest class of the people; and our deliberate conviction is, that if deprived of the services, imperfect as they may be, of the clergy of the Church of England, the working class in many districts would lapse into something not far removed from heathenism. May it never be laid to the charge of the Liberal party that they contributed by legislation to so disastrous a result! There is plenty to be done in Church reform. The present scandalous system of sale of next presentations and even the less objectionable sale of advowsons require amendment or abolition. Why should a clergyman be debarred from preaching in the pulpit of a Dissenting brother, and unable to admit that Dissenting brother to his own?

These are less salient points for consideration. Now, however, that Church rates are abolished, there is one kindred grievance, about which we are sure there is perfect unanimity in the Liberal party, and which is as great a test of true liberality of opinion as Church rates used to be. We mean the burial question. It is highly desirable on party grounds that certain personages and certain questions should receive the gift of immortality. The present amiable Bishop of Lincoln has been of incalculable service to the Liberal cause, having by miracles of injudiciousness succeeded in alienating to a vast extent those sympathies which till lately bound the Methodist body to the Church of England, and in no small degree influenced Methodist votes in every election. It is to be hoped then that his life, already long, may be indefinitely protracted, as it is not to be expected that any successor should rival him in this peculiar sphere of involuntary usefulness. In like manner, if we only regarded the interests of party, we should desire that no settlement might ever interfere with the abundant usefulness of the burial question. No test of political opinion in a candidate can be so unerring. No grievance can meet all the requirements of a grievance so neatly and completely. It is just the right size for a grievance,

not too vast to mount up into the proportions of a great national wrong, not too tiny to excite ridicule from its diminutiveness. Then it is a grievance which is always liable to break out, generally in a new place. It is not a grievance once for all, like Catholic disabilities or Church rates; but it is a spasmodic grievance, sometimes taking the character of a petty inconvenience, at other times swelling up into something which may be called a private wrong. And then it attacks its victim just when that victim's feelings are most sensitive, when writhing under the pangs of acute sorrow, or it may be looking despairingly forward to an uncertain future, to money embarrassments, to a lonely old age. It has at last been discovered, and it is a true discovery, that a sentimental grievance is often the greatest grievance of all. But this is not merely a sentimental grievance, for it amounts, first, to the deprivation for certain very large classes, except under stipulations most distasteful to them and to all interested, of a right to which, by the strictest legal argument, they have been proved to be entitled,—the right of burial in the parish to which they belong; and, secondly, to the assertion on the part of the clergy of a claim to read the burial service of the Church of England over all who are so buried. If all bishops were like the Bishop of Lincoln, we might expect to see this grievance long preserved. Unfortunately, however, for the interests of party, but happily for the reputation of a great historic body, Dr. Wordsworth does not represent the whole bench, and we may therefore anticipate that it will not be long before this grievance disappears; might we express a timid hope that it may just survive the next general election? Whether this hope be gratified or not, it is manifest, in sober seriousness, that the Liberal party must continue to make a satisfactory solution of the burial question one of the first measures to be adopted in their programme.

A favourite object with reformers in this and other countries has been to devise means to cheapen and facilitate the transfer, with a view to the easier subdivision, of landed property. It is argued that while the transfer of stock from hand to hand is so easy and inexpensive, there is no reason why the transfer of land should not be equally so. And it is alleged with great truth that in other countries, as well as in certain parts of our own, and with regard to certain descriptions of property, means have been adopted which to a great extent insure this result. The transfer of copyholds is much less expensive than the transfer of freeholds. A conveyance in a register county costs less than elsewhere. But there is an

insuperable objection on the part of owners to disclose their titles more than is absolutely necessary, and an insuperable objection on the part of solicitors to simplify a process by the complexity of which they make their profits. Another method of dealing with the question, however, is more hopeful and likely to produce more practical results. As the law at present stands, land can be tied up by its owner, in trust for a life or any number of lives in being at the time of that owner's decease, and for twenty-one years after or thereabouts. There may be strong reasons for allowing a testator to make what disposition of his property he likes with reference to definite persons already born, but to say that he is also to determine what is to be done with his property at the death of these persons, who may survive him for the best part of a century, and for twenty-one years longer, seems to us to be a proposition admitting the gravest question. It is the grasp of the 'dead hand' with a vengeance, and ought to be forthwith relaxed. There is a well-known instance of a man who was made a baronet by George II. in 1760, his father having died in 1757, and who survived till 1844, dying at the age of 93. In this case the family property might, under certain circumstances, have been under entail from 1751 till 1865,—from *not* the last years of the reign of George II. till the twenty-ninth year of the present reign. The first period of the supposed entail seems extravagantly long, only seven years under a century; but what shall we say of the addition, quite a possible addition, of another twenty-one years?

There is another reform in the law of the succession of real property which has been over and over again proposed and defeated in the House of Commons, but which might well form part of any measure of law reform which is to command the support of the Liberal party. We mean the assimilation of the law of succession of real property to that of personal property. Two houses belong to the same owner, one long leasehold, one freehold. He dies intestate, and the one goes to his personal representatives, the other to his heir. No reason except the fact that such is the law can be adduced for this difference. A man dies intestate, leaving nothing but real property. His eldest son takes every brick and every acre. Another leaves nothing but personalty. It is divided in what appears to be an equitable manner among his widow and children. The same remark applies.

It will be well for the Liberal party if they announce an intention of dealing with this subject. Everything should be done to facilitate the transfer of land, and to provide that its

qualified ownership,—which, after all, is the only ownership that the law recognises,—should be subjected to such regulations as are best calculated to prevent monopoly without endangering the security of possession.

Two measures remain, which cannot fail to interest reformers, the passing of both of which in some shape or other may be regarded as certain, but which, if passed in the present Parliament, or under the management of Her Majesty's present advisers, will require the utmost caution and watchfulness on the part of the Opposition. These measures deal with the subjects of local government and taxation and with the county franchise respectively.

A pamphlet by Mr. Rathbone, the well-known and intelligent Member for Liverpool, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, gives, under the modest guise of 'a few suggestions,' a very trustworthy and succinct view of the whole subject of local government and taxation—a view which is confirmed by two most valuable memorandums, the fruit of researches extending to more than 500 Acts of Parliament, to many decisions of the courts of law, and to many Parliamentary papers of various descriptions. From these sources we learn, what indeed is to a great extent common knowledge, that our local government is objectionable in many ways, and that our local taxation is in the most unsatisfactory condition. We find, for example, that the inhabitant of a borough lives in a fourfold area for the purposes of local government; in the borough, in a parish, in a union, and in a county, none of these areas being conterminous, it being also possible that different parts of the borough should be in different parishes, unions, and counties. He may be governed by a sixfold authority, town-council, vestry, burial and school boards, guardians, and quarter sessions, all being different bodies, and not always applying to the whole of the borough. He may pay a borough-rate, a general district-rate, a poor-rate, a burial-rate, and a county-rate. The inhabitant of a local board district lives in the district, the parish, the union, and the county. He also has six sets of governors, which may differ according to the part of the local board district in which he lives.* Next, there is much to object to in the present

* A case is mentioned of a farm of 200 acres, in Gloucestershire, which was in twelve parishes, and subject to about fifty rates; and another in which the administration of a parliamentary borough of 158,000 inhabitants occupies three mayors, about sixty aldermen and councillors, about as many commissioners or members of local boards,

constitution of administrative bodies. The duties of local administration are frittered away among a number of boards, and fail therefore to engage the services of the best men of the district. For these patent evils some remedy must be provided. It is proposed that one primary area should be fixed upon for most of the work of local administration, and that, by grouping the primary areas, an aggregate area should be formed for works which can be best managed on a large scale. These areas to be respectively the union and the county. As to administrative bodies, it is proposed that one portion of the new board should be nominated by the magistrates out of their own number, that another portion should be elected by the ratepayers with the plural vote, and the remainder by the householders. We mention these details simply to point out the way in which men's minds have been working, but by no means with any view of influencing future action.

The question of the incidence and amount of local taxation is another, and perhaps a still more important, branch of the same subject. Local taxation, like the authority of the Crown a century ago, has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. The rateable value of England and Wales has risen, partly by the effect of a new valuation, from 104,000,000*l.* in 1869–70 to 119,000,000*l.* in 1874–5. But the total expenditure of local authorities has risen from 23,000,000*l.* to 34,000,000*l.*, while their outstanding debts have risen from 26,000,000*l.* to nearly 65,000,000*l.* In other words, where we spent 23*s.* in 1869–70 we now spend 34*s.*, and where we owed 26*s.* we now owe 64*s.* In the single year, 1871, 5,500,000*l.* was raised in loans by local bodies.

To use Mr. Rathbone's words—

‘While the attention of the nation is annually concentrated on the total amount, and on the items of imperial taxation, the particulars of local finance are known only to a few statisticians. The vast amounts expended and the extent of the loans contracted by these various local bodies throughout the country could not otherwise have escaped notice. . . . While the future resources of the country are being heavily mortgaged for these debts, the attention given by men of property and of business to the manner and limits of this immense expenditure is constantly diminishing. . . . It must also be remembered that a great portion of the yearly increase of rates arises from these loans, and cannot therefore be checked at once. . . . The debts which it is levied

nine town clerks or clerks to local boards, &c.; and nine separate staffs of surveyors, clerks, auditors, &c.; besides two sets of guardians or of clerks to guardians, overseers, collectors, chief officers of police, and members of school boards.

to repay will not be got rid of within the lifetime of one generation. The public has, it is to be feared, overlooked these dangers, and Parliament has taken no practical precaution against them.'

These are words of wisdom, and we commend both the pamphlet and the memorandums to the notice of our readers.

The last question to which we have to refer relates to a subject by its very nature the most important which can come under the notice of Parliament—the composition of that body of men by whom Parliaments are to be chosen, and the reconstruction of the areas of representation and election. It is now perhaps too generally forgotten that the authors of the Reform Bill of 1831, while performing what some may consider a still greater work, that of enfranchising vast constituencies, did something else, also, of great interest and importance. They introduced identity of franchise in all boroughs and in all counties. It is true that in boroughs this work was marred by a combination of the freemen. Their franchise was intended to die out, but it was not to be wondered at that they should be desirous to hand it down to their descendants. Hence the result has been that this class of voters still exists, though in diminished numbers, and, under the last Reform Bill, pretty nearly identified with voting householders. But the old borough freeholders who in some boroughs composed the constituency, as well as the members of corporations, pot-wallopers, &c., were all, either immediately or subject to life interests, deprived of the franchise, and the level uniformity of a ten-pound occupancy substituted. In counties, although the original design was altered by the Chandos clause giving a vote to fifty-pound tenants-at-will, the franchise was everywhere identical. But while the borough franchise, which up to 1831 had belonged partly to occupiers and partly to freeholders or freemen not necessarily resident, became almost exclusively a residential franchise, the county franchise, which up to that time had belonged to freeholders, not in respect of occupancy, but in respect of ownership, was for the first time extended to occupiers, a process which has been renewed under the Reform Bill of 1867. The tendency, therefore, has been increasingly to regard the claims of occupancy, and it is now proposed that these claims shall be regarded to as great an extent in counties as they have already been in boroughs. County and borough franchise will then be identical, except that freeholders and copyholders will still vote for counties in respect of their ownership.

Before the first Reform Bill occupancy was entirely disregarded. In boroughs, a man voted generally in respect of

belonging to some trade or guild, or in respect of being a member of a family the head of which had belonged to such guild,—a rough form of educational franchise combined with local privileges. In counties a man voted exclusively in respect of ownership, in fact on a property qualification. It will be seen that this approximate identity of franchise in borough and county may be used as an argument for some form of electoral districts. Why, it will be said, keep up an unmeaning distinction between counties and boroughs, when there is so little difference in franchise as regards the immense majority of the voters,—when, in fact, there is no borough voter who would not be a county voter, though there are to be some county voters who would not be borough voters? There is, no doubt, some force in this consideration. There is also much difficulty in devising any plan by which the enormous numerical majority of county voters may be justly dealt with in the matter of representation, as it will hardly do to adopt Sir Stafford Northcote's suggestion of dealing tenderly with boroughs which return Tories.

We cannot, however, agree with Mr. Gladstone's view,* that since the Reform Act of 1831 the original virtue and end of the borough system has ceased to exist, that end being, as he says, the establishment of public liberty against the aristocracy and the Crown. Nor do we see much force in the argument by which he attempts to controvert Mr. Lowe's position,† that to seek our electing bodies in organisations which are in the habit of acting together for other than electoral purposes is an excellent principle in English elections. Surely a man, who in municipal matters has had to consider the general interests of the little world to which he belongs, has thereby had a degree of education which renders him more competent to act with regard to the interests of the State, that greater world of which he is also a member. No one who has canvassed both a county and a borough can fail to recognise the superior political acuteness of an urban constituency. In Gay's fable the sentiment about liberty is put into the mouth of the country mouse; if the poet had drawn from nature, he would have made the town mouse the politician.

It is hardly necessary to observe that any ministry who introduced, and any party which supported, a measure of Parliamentary reform which included the annihilation of the boroughs, would be met by about the same kind of welcome as

* *Nineteenth Century* for November, 1877.

† *Fortnightly Review*, October, 1877.

the Liberal candidates received from the publicans at the late general election. We can picture to ourselves the grim joy with which the arch-spinner of political cobwebs on the Tory side would regard the struggles of any unfortunate opponent who had been rash enough to entangle himself in such a scheme; but we trust that the prudence which now directs Liberal councils will avoid any such catastrophe, and that the local distribution of the franchise will be dealt with, if ever and whenever it is dealt with, after the franchise question has been set at rest, and not till then. It is of the utmost importance, whoever is in power when the question of redistribution is approached, that it should be dealt with carefully. The results of the present distribution of the franchise show this, if it be true, as we have seen alleged on apparently unexceptionable authority, that at the last general election the total majority of *Liberal* over *Tory* votes amounted to 247,734.* Of course a different distribution of the franchise would have led to a very different result. We may observe, in quitting this part of the subject, that it is perhaps not impossible to devise a plan for creating a new class of boroughs consisting of groups of unrepresented towns, leaving existing boroughs alone except a few of the smallest, and drawing the new representatives one from each of the smallest boroughs which at present return two members, and from the least populous counties, or from counties possessing a large town population which would be then otherwise represented.

Speculations on the redistribution of seats assume some alteration of the franchise, and of course what we are all thinking of is the proposal so often made of assimilating the county to the borough franchise so far as they are both occupational,—a proposal which bids fair to be taken up sooner or later by the present Government, and which has now obtained the sanction of almost all the leaders of the Liberal party. It is true that the Cassandra of the party still vaticinates evil in respect of it, and that a less crotchety occupant of the Opposition front bench made a speech against it last session; but in spite of these malcontents it may be safely assumed that the party has at last made up its mind that the present state of the franchise is a state of unstable political equilibrium, like the position of a man going downstairs (to use Lord Hartington's apt illustration) who has his *borough* foot firmly planted while his *county* foot hangs hesitatingly between one step and the next, and that it is necessary, without undue

* Liberal votes, 1,336,235; Tory votes, 1,088,501.

delay, to apply to counties the same rule of household suffrage as has been already applied to boroughs. We have placed at the head of this article the titles of two papers, contributed (after a fashion till lately unknown to statesmen) to the pages of two of our monthly contemporaries, and it appears to us that a review of their contents will set before our readers most of the considerations by which men's minds are likely to be affected in deciding what course to adopt as to the proposed change.

Mr. Lowe attacks the proposal in a paper which reminds us of the warning voice from Patmos, 'One woe is past, and behold there come two woes more hereafter.' We have got household suffrage, and 'absolute equality of electoral districts will come in its own sweet time hand in hand with universal suffrage.' So says he, and this is a fair specimen of arguments ostensibly directed against a proposal to give to householders not living in boroughs the same electoral privileges or rights which the Reform Bill of 1867 conferred on borough householders, but really intended in opposition to universal suffrage. Mr. Lowe's dread of what he calls democracy is such as apparently to blind him to the results which have ensued from previous legislation on the subject of the franchise. He says that we are about to make the householders of the poorer sort our political masters, and that they will eat us up alive. What was the result when the middle-class electors were masters of the situation? Did they abolish the institutions and devour the classes which were above them? It is true that they did much in reforming the Church, reducing expenditure, equalising taxation, and abolishing monopolies, but did they act unjustly? Did they consult and consider middle-class interests to the prejudice of the interests of those above them or below them? What has been the working of the present Parliament, the first altogether elected, as to the boroughs, by household suffrage,* amidst surprise and under influences most unfavourable to calm judgment? Mr. Gladstone thinks that, much to its honour, it, as well as its predecessor, 'has shown an attention to the interests of labour which was greatly needed, and more than amply justified, but has not supplied so much as a shadow of a shade of warrant for the charge that the working men would combine together in the interests of their own class to wage war upon other

* The Parliament of 1868, although elected after the passing of the Representation of the People Amendment Act, was elected on a register which did not include many of the so-called compound householders. These were added to the constituencies by an Act passed in 1869.

‘classes.’ ‘The marvel is,’ as he most justly observes, ‘that they have been either unable or unwilling to combine even to the moderate and reasonable extent which would have sufficed to place half-a-dozen or a dozen of themselves in the popular Chamber, and thereby usefully to enlarge its means of acquaintance with the ideas, wants, and tendencies of the people.’

Mr. Lowe gives us a sketch of two imaginary debates, one on the extension of the franchise, the other on the means of checking the prevailing sin of intemperance. He alleges that in the former debate,—that on the franchise,—those whom it is intended to enfranchise are described as our equals, ‘deprived by arbitrary and unjust legislation of national rights, which they are just as well able to exercise as we are;’ and that in the latter,—that on temperance,—no words can be found strong enough to paint the degradation of those classes who have been enfranchised, or whom it is intended to enfranchise, while in the means proposed to check drunkenness ‘nothing is to be trusted to reason, everything is to be effected by the coarsest and most tyrannical means.’ To this we have to reply, that, so far as the first debate is concerned, it is a gross exaggeration to say that those whom it is intended to enfranchise are described in the way Mr. Lowe represents. It is not alleged that they are anybody’s equals. They are themselves of very varied degree of fitness for the franchise; but so are we. We are not all Lowes or Gladstones. We act according to our lights, and so, we hope, will the classes we propose to enfranchise. Of this we are certain, that to give a man the franchise is one of the best methods, if not the best method, of political education. Nor, in the second debate, is it likely that such rhetoric should be used as Mr. Lowe describes, nor are the means which are proposed as checks to intemperance deserving of the sweeping condemnation which he passes upon them. In such a debate as this, the Home Secretary for the time would recognise the fact that people, mostly belonging to the lower orders no doubt, occasionally get drunk in public houses. He would accordingly propose regulations with a view of checking such disorder and its ill effects. But in so doing he trusts a great deal to reason. He trusts the reason of the publican not to serve out liquor to a drunken man and thereby incur a penalty. He trusts the reason of the customer not to go too often into a public house and thereby get drunk, and surely rules which fix the hours of opening and closing of public houses, which regulate their licenses and enforce the purity of the liquors consumed, hardly deserve to be called

‘coarse and tyrannical.’ If so, all punishment is coarse and tyrannical; it is coarse and tyrannical to imprison a burglar or hang a murderer.

There is another implied fallacy which runs through Mr. Lowe’s remarks. Any one ignorant of the precise composition of the British Constitution might fancy from some of his phrases that what was proposed to be done was not to give votes to these terrible lower classes for the purpose of electing the men who are to impose our taxes and make our laws, but to give to these lower classes themselves the power of imposing those taxes and making those laws by the direct vote of a National Assembly. He speaks of them as ‘to be trusted with ‘the supreme power of the State;’ of the proposed measure as one which will ‘place the minority absolutely at the mercy ‘of those who live by daily labour;’ of the power of government as ‘placed in the hands of the lowest householders;’ of the Government itself as obliged to follow the dictation of the lower classes as regards their interests. But a greater mistake still, as it seems to us, is his habit of heaping together all the householders who have been lately or who are to be soon enfranchised into one seething mass of selfish, unreasoning, headstrong, ignorant, and seditious mortals, banded together, like the mob of the Faubourg St. Antoine, for the ruin and destruction of all about them. Really they are not *one* class; they are a conglomeration of classes with different and often opposing interests, prepossessions, prejudices, habits, convictions. Some are well paid and ill taught, some are well educated and badly paid. Some are Protestants, some Catholics, some Churchmen, some Dissenters; some, they say, are even Conservatives,—at least it looked like it at the last general election. But that which is common to them all Mr. Lowe does not notice,—their dissatisfaction, more or less pronounced, with the class they are in, and their ambition to rise higher. They are not proud of their class, as a middle-class man is proud of belonging to the middle class, and as a lord is proud of belonging to the aristocracy. As soon as they can leave their own rank for the rank above it, they will do so. This it is which constitutes one great safeguard against any dangerous combination of the lower classes.

A greater safeguard still is the sterling honesty and straightforwardness of the lower classes, their respect for fair-play, their value for justice. Mr. Lowe himself acknowledges that they exercise such judgment as they possess on men rather than on measures,—a fact which is exemplified by what may otherwise be regarded as an unpromising feature of household

suffrage, their tendency to elect small men whom they know, rather than greater men whom they do not know, a tendency which gives so great an advantage to what are called 'local candidates.' Even in their blunders there is often a touch of generosity. The 'unfortunate nobleman' owed a great share of his popularity to a curious confusion of ideas, a confusion which might have been more natural on the other side the Irish Channel,—a notion that he was Tichborne, and yet somehow or other a sympathy with the butcher of Wapping who had been defrauded of his rights. And if Mr. Lowe distrusts the dwellers in towns, he might surely stand in less dread, if he knew them, of the agricultural poor. Their courtesy to their betters; their abiding self-respect, shown not by forwardness but by modesty of deportment; the way in which they sympathise with one another and help one another in times of sickness or of distress; the conscientious manner in which work is done which can never be measured or examined; their patient endurance of the dull monotony of toil, of inclemencies of climate, of the ignorance and boorishness of masters often less well-taught than themselves; all this is above praise. They have faults which are common to their superiors, but they are daily becoming better taught, daily, we trust, better cared for; and we are not without hope that when the franchise shall have been put into their hands, they will use it better, more honestly, less selfishly, nay, more intelligently, than Mr. Lowe would have us believe. That they will vote a little too much to please their masters is not unlikely. This is a fault which will be cured by political education and enlightenment. But that they will vote for the robbery and confiscation of those better off than themselves, we will not be persuaded, unless by stronger arguments than those which we have just had under consideration.

There can hardly be a greater contrast in their manner of treating a subject, or in their manner of expression, than the contrast between Mr. Lowe and Mr. Gladstone. The one looks at his subject as a man looks with a microscope, taking a most accurate survey from a limited point of view. The other regards what he has to discuss as we look at a prominent object in a landscape, seeing it with general but not introspective clearness, and taking in besides at the same glance a vast number of other objects which modify in various respects our view of the central figure. The style of the one is like an etching by Rembrandt, a combination of lines which, taken apart, are mere rough, jerky scratches, but which, as a whole, produce a vivid though colourless effect of force and sometimes even of comeliness.

The style of the other is as that of a Turner of the later but not latest period—a gorgeous combination of sky and sea and palaces—sometimes hazy, but always brilliant, its very shadows transfused with light, its dimness steeped in colour. Their estimates of mankind are almost as divergent as their styles. The one looks on a new class of voters as if they were a horde of Bashi-Bazouks; the other welcomes them within the pale of the Constitution as he would welcome a long lost child to his arms. Somewhat of extravagance there is on both sides, but is it not better to be an enthusiast than a cynic?

Mr. George Brodrick, in a pamphlet of great merit, which has been written for and published by the Liberal Central Association, points out, as one of the distinguishing marks of true Liberal feeling, a respect for human nature as such, ‘not merely,’ to use his own words, ‘because Christianity invests every human being with the majesty of immortality, but also because experience has shown that every race and every type of mankind is endowed with noble qualities and capable of almost infinite elevation.’ This respect for human nature inclines the Liberal politician towards every measure which enlarges the sphere of human duties, because he believes that men are generally worthy of confidence, and that the more they are entrusted with public functions the more likely they are to learn how to discharge them well. We should then feel a leaning in favour of the proposed extension of the franchise, simply because it is an extension of what are called political rights, but which we should prefer to look upon as public duties. But this leaning is vastly enhanced when we consider who they are for whom this thing is to be done. They are own brothers of those who received the franchise in 1867 and 1869. Those who are husbandmen have not, it is true, much hereditary fitness for the franchise, for, as Mr. Gladstone observes, they have been unrepresented for three centuries. They are, however, many of them descendants of that small yeoman class which, like the fact or not as we may, is daily and hourly disappearing. They have none of the corrupt traditions of borough voters. They are less likely than dwellers in towns to be swayed by popular clamour, or driven mad by that contagious insanity which sometimes attacks crowds. But it must not be forgotten, though Mr. Lowe seems to forget it, that a large proportion of the new voters will be the inhabitants of the smaller country towns, or of the suburbs of larger towns. Surely the proverbial dulness of their abodes must have some influence on their politics. A voter who lives on a heavy clay soil, some miles from a second-class railway station, and with

no communication with the outer world except a carrier's cart twice a week, is not likely to head a rebellion.

We ought also to remember that the Education Act is making its mark year by year. We have always regretted that the illiterate voter had such sympathy shown for his deficiencies under the provisions of the Ballot Act,—men who could neither read nor write should have been disenfranchised as they are in Italy,—but that sympathy will, we may hope, have fewer objects every election.

Mr. Gladstone refuses to argue about rights. He says very truly that the word has a maddening effect. But if we may not insist on rights, may we not urge claims? Every man has a claim more or less strong to a share, however small, in the government of the country. With some that claim may be entirely effaced for various reasons. They may be paupers, or criminals, or lunatics. They may be too ignorant or too vicious. But when we find the claimant the occupant of some dwelling however mean, contributing to the wealth of the country by his labour, paying, directly or indirectly, local rates and general taxes, standing at the head of a family, and finally belonging to a class identically the same as one the members of which have been already enfranchised, it seems hard indeed to invent an excuse for his exclusion.

The course of the Liberal party is clear and intelligible. It is, in effect, marked out for them by the political necessities of the day. We have enumerated several subjects which are sure to engage their attention, and we trust that, having now emerged from that state of comparative disorder which characterised the early part of this Parliament, they will draw closer and closer together as time goes on, and if they are unable to signalise their reunion by some great measure, it is to be hoped that they may exercise such control over the proceedings of Parliament as shall neutralise the evil effect of any measure proposed by their opponents.

A good general makes good soldiers, and there is nothing in modern politics more remarkable than the manner in which Lord Hartington has established himself in the confidence of his followers. We trust that, for the practical objects of party, those followers may consist not merely of the old Whigs, that section of politicians with which this Journal has now for the best part of a century been identified, but of the whole of those who sit on the Opposition benches. Let us bear in mind that we are all representatives of the same school of thought. Some of us may think the time is come for measures which others believe to be not yet ripe for execution. Some may wish

to go further and faster than others. In policy we may differ. In principles we agree. It is something, too, to have a name for those principles of which no man need be ashamed. When the nickname of 'Tory' was painted out and the more sonorous epithet 'Conservative' painted in, the change was made because the old title had become identified in men's minds with government by spies and informers, with Peterloo massacres and Derby insurrections, with indictments for sedition and prosecutions for political libel. In fact, it was thought possible to establish a new business on the same principles, but without taking over the old liabilities. That is not our position. When the party to which we belong adopted the name of 'Liberal,' it did so not because it was ashamed of the old title or meant to disown it, but because the new appellation stretched wider than the old, because it proclaimed the identity of our principles not only with those of a time-honoured band of patriots in our own country, but with those of all who have toiled and bled for freedom in every age and all over the world. We may indeed be proud of our political heritage. The best lessons of heathen patriotism, the most precious results of Christian teaching, all that invigorates morality, all that refines feeling, all that ennobles human nature, and gives aim and object to life,—these are Liberal principles, principles which it is a blessing to be instructed in, and an honour to hold,—principles which may be in disfavour for a Parliament or a decade, but which are sure, in the long run and as humanity advances, to be more widely diffused and more universally adopted.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,

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ART. I.—1. *Democracy in Europe. A History.* By Sir THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, K.C.B. Two vols. 8vo. London: 1877.

2. *Political Science, or the State theoretically and practically considered.* By THEODORE D. WOOLSEY. Boston and London: 1878.

SIR ERSKINE MAY'S account of European democracy is interesting, learned, and thoughtful. It does not announce historical discoveries or settle disputed questions. Nor could it be expected to do so. Covering so large an area, it is enough that it should arrange and illustrate existing information, without attempting to correct established authorities. It is perhaps wanting in trenchancy, but it abounds with graphic representations, clear, well-balanced summaries, and sound reflections, which, when they are not original, Sir Erskine May is most conscientiously anxious to ascribe to their proper authors. He opens his parallels somewhat far off. Most of those who take up his book will expect from it instruction respecting the democracy of our own times, that great and unruly force which is advancing upon us in so many shapes, and of which we are all asking whence it came, whither it is taking us, and what we are to do with it. They will find, therefore, with a little impatience, that a quarter of the book is occupied with histories of Asia, and of ancient Greece and Rome. The political descriptions of Greece and Rome are just, clear, and well put together, and that of Athens is very much to the purpose. But India, China, Judæa, and Carthage are rather remote. And Rome, though it shows how a people can gain

political power by patience and courage, and lose it by vice and venality, was perhaps scarcely enough of a democracy to deserve all the space which is allotted to it. The rest of the book may be described as recording in a series of reflective *résumés* the progress of popular power from the dark ages in which the history of modern Europe has its source down to the present day, and bringing under review the continental republics of the last six or seven centuries and the monarchies of England and France. This is all very valuable; but here also we think Sir Erskine May would have avoided some appearance of discursiveness if he had kept more steadily in view the exact subject which his title suggests. Democracy is the government of the numerical majority; and its discussion involves no doubt that of aristocracy, as the discussion of the convex involves that of the concave. But democracy has not either a necessary or a peculiar connexion with personal liberty, intellectual progress, freedom of conscience, or security of property. These blessings may be present or absent under that or any other forms of government. Freedom of religious belief existed under the first Roman emperors; it was wanting under the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. Arts and literature flourished under the Athenian and Florentine democracies; but so did literature under Augustus, Elizabeth, Lorenzo de' Medici, Louis XIV., and various small German and Italian princes. So did art in imperial and papal Rome, under the tyrants of Milan and Verona, and under the commercial aristocracies of Corinth and Venice. Real personal liberty—the power to do your own doings and say your own sayings without molestation—is at least as safe under a mixed constitution as anywhere, seldom less safe than under a suspicious democracy. But Sir Erskine May is a little apt to treat these occasional and accidental consequences of a democratic form of government with a fulness which would only be appropriate if they were its necessary peculiarities. The result of this is a certain want of proportion, which, however, does not destroy the substantial merit of the book.

We may divide the history of European democracy into three periods. The first extends from the dark ages to the consolidation of the great European monarchies, say the age of Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII. During this period the history of democracy is, in general, that of cities; in which, however, it existed less as an institution than as a tendency, a bias, or temporary affection of the body politic. And an account of European democracy is such an account of the great municipalities of Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and the

Netherlands, as will show how far and from what causes and with what results their self-government was a government by numerical majority. The second period extends to the French Revolution. It is the age of the great monarchies. Increasing independence of thought and character, fastening themselves particularly on questions of religion, gave birth to such upheavings, mainly of the middle classes, as those of the English Puritans and French Huguenots; but did not affect the great current of events which apportioned Europe among sovereigns. The third period is now running out. The bold views respecting the rights of man, which were philosophised in England, and reduced to action in the United States, gave a shape to the revolution which was becoming inevitable in France. The question in that and other countries soon passed beyond the consideration of the practical grievances which raised it. The abstract ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity, took possession of the minds of malcontents with the power of a new gospel. They have been at work for ninety years, and Sir Erskine May 'takes stock' of their results.

It is with the third period that Englishmen of the nineteenth century are most concerned. The second need not delay us on our way to it. But we cannot pass by the first without placing before our readers a few characteristic specimens of mediæval republics.

The country democracies of Switzerland, poor, rude, simple in their views, unflinching in their courage, inflexible in their patriotism, and terrible in their vengeance, formed the only material exceptions to the rule already noticed that the history of mediæval self-government is to be found in cities. In the year 1018 the Emperor of Germany granted to the convent of Einsiedlen a large tract of Alpine country. But part of this was occupied by certain persons who then became known to the world for the first time as the free men of Schwytz. These men declared that the land was, and always had been, theirs. Refusing to submit to the judgment of civil or ecclesiastical authorities, they were placed under the ban of the empire and excommunicated by the nearest bishop. They were then subjected to a variety of troubles. But, caring neither for Church nor Kaiser, they allied themselves with their neighbours of Uri and Unterwalden, who approved of their spirit, defied the world, and in moments of leisure amused themselves by sacking the obnoxious convent. The three cantons formed the famous Waldstätten which were the kernel of the Swiss Confederation, and furnished ancient Switzerland with heroes.

Their constitutions are thus described by Sir Erskine May:—

‘It was the simplest form of democracy recorded in the history of the world. Without the intervention of chiefs or priests, the hardy mountaineers assembled in the open air, made laws for their own government, and swore to observe them. These assemblies were as primitive as those of the ancient Germans described by Tacitus, and they were far more free. They met, not at the bidding of kings or chiefs, nor to give assent to their counsels, but as equals, having common rights and interests in their beloved canton. The men who thus met together to discuss the affairs of their country were homely peasants who tended their own cows and goats upon the mountain side, and by patient industry raised frequent crops from their narrow patches of soil, hemmed in by rock and glacier. They stood in sight of their mountain homes, and heard the familiar bells of their own cattle as they grazed on the overhanging heights. Such a gathering was that of a Swiss village community, not of a state. With less pretensions than the assembly of a Greek city, it represented an agricultural democracy such as Aristotle commended. Yet was each of these forest cantons an independent state, having its own laws, entering into treaties of alliance, and sending forth its armed men to battle.’ (*Democracy in Europe*, vol. i. pp. 340-1.)

There was apparently no jealousy of hereditary distinction. Arnold von Winkelried, who collected on his own breast the Austrian spears at Sempach, was one of the old nobility. And the history of Schwytz bears everywhere on its front the name of Reding—from the great Ital, who contested the leadership of the Confederacy with Stüssi of Zurich, to Alois, who made head against the overwhelming forces of the French Republic. But these were accidents. As equality was the law of society, so it was that of politics. No man, except for personal reasons, had less political power than his neighbours, and no man was encouraged to think himself entitled to more.

‘Such being the circumstances under which these rural democracies arose, their permanence has been ensured by the same social conditions. The society of these rural cantons has naturally advanced, but it is still mainly agricultural and pastoral, and it is comparatively remote from foreign influence. Hence the inhabitants of the rural cantons have been conservative of their ancient customs. They had inherited from their early forefathers the simple democracy of village communities, and they cherished and maintained it. If, in the development of society, there was less equality of classes than of old, community of interests and local traditions still ensured respect for the time-honoured institutions of the land. The people of these cantons have been no less conservative in their religion than in their government, the greater number having continued faithful to the Church of Rome. Unchanging in their society and in their habits, they are interesting examples of a conservative democracy.’ (*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 357-8.)

We must not, however, allow our conceptions to become too Arcadian. In the democracy of mediæval Switzerland there was very little recognition of natural right, and not much sentiment of Christian compassion. The Waldstätten were held together by a practical determination to rid themselves from personal oppression, and by a religious devotion to the federal union which secured them against it. The great cities desired to be free themselves, and added to this desire a propensity to subdue their neighbours when they conveniently could. Nor is the history of the war for supremacy between the urban democracy of Zurich and the rural democracy of Schwytz quite consistent with the supposition suggested, though scarcely perhaps advanced, by Sir Erskine May, that the history of this country is comparatively free from scenes of ferocious bloodshed. The occasion of the war was the desire of Zurich, then in alliance with Austria, to appropriate the small territory of Utznacht, just freed from the seigneur of Toggenberg. The men of Utznacht did not desire a fresh master, and prayed for freedom. The reply of the great burgomaster, Stüssi, was not adjusted to any philosophical or Christian theory. 'Sachez,' he said—we quote from a French-writing historian—'que chez vous tout nous appar-tient—jusqu'à vos entrailles.' There is no history in which sharp sayings are more fruitful of results than in that of Switzerland. And Stüssi's words found him out. The men of Utznacht were supported by the rural cantons, and when Stüssi was stabbed by one of his own Zurichers, while fighting bravely enough for the supremacy of his city and his own, the men of Glarus tore out his heart with their teeth, greased their boots with his fat, and threw the rest of him into the river. The whole war was conspicuous, says the Swiss historian, for murders, violations, plunder, conflagration, and sacrilege. And the war with Burgundy, in which, however, the comparatively aristocratic Bernese were the principal criminals, is marked by the same ferocity.

But with all this cruelty, which is more than paralleled by the misdeeds of chivalry or absolutism, the pure rural democracy of Switzerland—the democracy of Morgarten and Sempach—had a simple and majestic heroism unsurpassed in history, and, from its adjustment to the social condition of the people, might, like the pure aristocracy of Venice, have lived for ever, if it had not, like it, been struck down by the fierce philosophical democracy of Republican France, which flooded the country in 1796. Among the malcontents of the then oligarchical cantons French ideas were embraced and French

armies were welcomed as deliverers. Not so with the conservative democracies. Sir Erskine May tells us how 'six of the rural cantons, Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden, Glarus, Zug, and Appenzel, which had enjoyed from the earliest times the utmost measure of freedom, met the new scheme of French liberty with indignant protests, and leagued together to resist it.' The French General cut off their communications with the other cantons; but the men of Schwytz, who through nearly eight centuries of troubled resistance had never acquired the faculty of counting heads, threw themselves without hesitation on his army.

'They were overpowered by numbers, but so gallantly did they maintain their ground that the French general declared "that every Swiss soldier had fought like a Cæsar." Schweitz and Glarus especially distinguished themselves in these bloody combats; and the Schweitzers retreated step by step to their mountain fastnesses, fighting their victorious enemies to the last.' (Ibid. vol. i. p. 381.)

Tolerably easy terms were given to such desperate enemies. But shortly an oath of allegiance was imposed, which Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden, and Zug refused to take.

'They were threatened by the French and exhorted by the Helvetic Directory; and at length three of the cantons, having no hope of effectual resistance, submitted. Unterwalden alone braved the fury of the French army. Its little force fought with obstinate bravery; men, women, and children of all ages joined in the desperate combat, but they were surrounded and cut to pieces. According to the statement of the French general himself, "all who bore arms were put to the sword," and the whole country was exposed to pillage and massacre. While the town of Stanz and the adjacent villages were in flames, and the infuriated French soldiery were wreaking their vengeance on the hapless survivors, two hundred of the gallant men of Schweitz arrived upon the scene of carnage. It was too late to save their friends, but they resolved to avenge them, and rushing on the enemy, they cut down hundreds of the invading host, and died to a man in the deadly fight.

'This brave resistance of the small cantons deserves to be commemorated among the most remarkable events of Swiss history. The primitive people of these cantons were ever brave, free, and independent, and they were no less conservative. They were not to be tempted by theories of a model republic, they had no conception of the "rights of man," but they gloried in their own ancient liberties, and they resented foreign dictation. They were earnest in their patriotism; and while more powerful cantons submitted to the intrusion of the French, they fought and bled with the heroism of their forefathers in defence of their freedom.' (Ibid. vol. i. pp. 382-3.)

The French Republic passed away with its attendant Empire like a thunderstorm. After the Treaty of Vienna the little

democracies of Switzerland emerged like rocks from a subsiding flood, and they remain in the nineteenth century a mere expansion of what they were in their heroic ages.

In these primitive republics the claims of birth, wealth, and numbers did not come into conflict. In Florence they did, and the discords to which they gave rise are thus summarised by Machiavelli:—‘In prima si dividono intra loro i nobili, dipoi ‘i nobili e il popolo, e in ultimo il popolo e il plebe.’ The struggles between the ‘popolo’ and ‘plebe’—capital and labour—the aristocracy of wealth and democracy proper, have been described with so much penetration and knowledge in a recent number of this Review, that any notice of them would be useless repetition. But the character of the previous conflicts is more lightly touched. We barely notice them in order to illustrate the contrast between a republic, in the infancy of which its natural leaders abandoned their duties, and one in which those duties were faithfully and generously performed.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Florence contained a stout and not unprosperous commonalty and a number of noble families who possessed in every street their fortified houses surmounted by lofty towers and filled with armed retainers from the country. By the help of these they righted themselves and wronged others as best they could, ready enough to fight for their city against enemies without, but giving within to the municipal authorities about the same consideration as the Douglasses or Hepburns might have given to the Provost and Baillies of Edinburgh under a feeble Scotch King.

During 130 years, from the murder of Buondelmonte in 1215 to the *cacciata de’ nobili*, the city was in constant disorder from the feuds of these great men. The intervals of peace were together not more than fifteen or twenty years, and during these the citizens were not safe from outrage. The nobles despised the government till it was strong enough to chastise and disfranchise them. Then they struggled to recover their share in it; but it was too late. The well-to-do bankers and manufacturers and tradesmen wanted quiet, and by the aid of their civic force were determined to have it, even if it were necessary under their famous *ordinamenti* to behead, without evidence of guilt, every nobleman charged with an outrage, and to pull down the houses of all his second cousins once removed. To these arrangements the nobles could not be expected to submit. The sword only could decide such a difference. And the sword did decide it. After a stout defence the nobles were stamped out of history. Their ruin, says

Machiavelli, 'was so complete that they never again dared to take arms against the people, but became continually more meek and spiritless (*più umani ed abietti diventarono*): il che fu cagione che Firenze non solamente di armi, ma di ogni generosità si spogliasse.'

And now came the familiar course of events which, as we have said, has been recently described in this Review. The internal government of Florence had been a government of combat. The necessity of self-defence against the great disturbers of the city had held together rich and poor as a popular party. But the unrelenting virulence of the combat had expelled from men's minds all that moderation which is a condition of successful self-government. And when the pressure was removed the elements of discord burst forth. Picturesque and most instructive in its details, the story is absolutely trite in its outline, and may be summed up in three words, Ciompi, Albizzi, Medici; or in four phrases, factions among the rich, a popular outbreak, an aristocratical reaction, and the Cæsarism of a popular favourite.

The early history of Berne contrasts with that of Florence. In each there resided side by side a number of burghers possessing the municipal franchise and of noble families who owned castles and exercised feudal jurisdiction over their retainers in the neighbouring country. But there were differences between the two cities which gave a contrary direction to their histories. In the first place, Sir Erskine May observes that the physical character of Switzerland enforced on its inhabitants daring and hardihood. It thus taught them to rely on clubs and halberds, while it afforded little room for the manœuvres of mounted men-at-arms. Next, the houses of Berne were of wood, and, like the modern cities of North America, were always in a blaze. In 1288 even the walls of the city were wooden; for it was said, when the Bernese had repulsed an imperial army of 30,000 men, that Berne had walls of wood but citizens of gold. About this time, after one of the periodical conflagrations, a few stone houses were built; but it was not till a century after that they became common. The Bernese nobility, therefore, having no urban fortresses and being surrounded by pikemen and clubmen of singular strength and courage, found it to their interest to be sober and orderly. Lastly, Berne was not, like Florence, obliged to struggle into shape under a constitution given by the wise Dukes of Zähringen; it sprang at once into full municipal life, with its body of burghers, its elective council, its burgomaster, and its armed force. The nobles or gentry, to whom it was a

safe and pleasant residence, at once took their place in it as active and of course eminent citizens. It became soon a free imperial city 'with its government of knights and burghers,' extending its dominion over some of the neighbouring territories, and united by treaties of *combourgeoisie* with others.

That the nobles should come to the front in war was a matter of course. But the Boubenbergs and Erlachs kept a steady hand on the helm in peace, and, governing wisely, were not ashamed to maintain by judicious concessions the popularity which they gained by leadership in the field. They accordingly had their reward in the loyal support of their fellow-citizens.

But this bold, capable, and patriotic aristocracy was accessible to the temptation of public and private greed. It was Berne which led the other cantons into the conquest of Argau—a sacrifice of duty to interest, which was the first great outburst of Swiss cupidity. And the lust of money completed what the lust of territory had begun. The individual Swiss had already contracted the habit of selling himself to cut the throats of men with whom neither he nor his country had any quarrel. Even a Boubenberg, after performing great public services, had retired from office under suspicion of corruption. And at last a comparatively new man—one Nicholas Diesbach—let in a flood of venality by selling himself for gold to Louis XI., and inducing his own and other states to do the like. The Burgundian war, though glorious beyond precedent in its victories, was, perhaps, the critical sin which determined the course of Bernese demoralisation, from self-controlled ambition to cold and sometimes ferocious rapacity, and from this to a venal dependence on France. The government of the few became more narrow and less noble, yet with aristocratic tenacity of life it hung on through the great monarchical period, till, in the general ruin of Europe, it fell before the arms of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Our portrait gallery would be incomplete without a rapid notice of a Swiss commercial democracy. Zurich, like Berne, became early a free and imperial city. Like Berne it fell at last under the government of an oligarchy. But for a long time it was in many respects the Florence, as Berne was the Venice, of Switzerland. Its position at the foot of the lake of its name gave it commercial life and importance. Arnold of Brescia, whom it for a time sheltered, gave an impulse to thought in the direction of civil and religious liberty. The ardent imperialism which it shared with its sister cities brought it under Papal excommunication, which the lessons of Arnold had taught

it to defy, and of which the only effect was to destroy the influence of the clergy. That of the great men soon followed. One Rodolph Broun, himself apparently a venal, cruel, and cowardly man, reformed the constitution in a popular direction, expelled the refractory nobles, and seized the government. The *fuor-usciti* trying to force their way back were defeated and destroyed. Their city of refuge, Rapperschwyl, was taken and burnt, and its inhabitants, without distinction of age or sex, driven out to live or die, houseless, amidst the snows of a Swiss winter.

But the city increased in wealth and intelligence. 'If you want good counsel,' said the proverb, 'you will find it at Zurich.' And again, 'God gives to the man he loves a house at Zurich.' They added a proverb of their own, that 'Zurich prefers loss to dishonour—Berne dishonour to loss.' But this, perhaps, meant little more than that the Bernese aristocracy looked sharp after Bernese interests, which they did, while Zurich gave more way to popular impulse. In truth, the passionate and somewhat shifting character of Zurich's policy does contrast with the steady encroaching self-aggrandisement of Berne. They were never '*bons confédérés*.' They did not share the devoted loyalty which the Waldstätten bore to the federation which gave them dignity and safety. Even when that federation had just saved them from the vengeance of the Austrian nobles, Broun almost succeeded in betraying it. They were jealous of their smaller neighbours, and ready to coquet with the common enemy. Nor again were their democratic theories based on any generous view of the rights of their fellow-men. They were rather the expression of a sturdy determination to keep what each man had, with an active readiness to get what he could. We have seen what their second great burgomaster Stüssi (the history of mediæval Zurich is the history of its great burgomasters) said to the men of Utznacht. And long afterwards the Zurichers were impatient of their small and rude neighbours. They desired to share with Berne the government of Switzerland and the bribes which it attracted from foreign powers. Zurich and Berne, they said, were the oxen which dragged the cart. They should not allow themselves to be driven by a majority of insignificant villages. Within or without, democratic Zurich, with all its culture and commerce, is more bloody than its aristocratic neighbour. But, like its Italian parallel, Florence, it seems to have been capable of inspiring the deepest attachment. When its third great burgomaster, a man of the highest courage and capacity, but profligate and cynically venal, was, after the customary torture,

led out to death—a death followed by those of his friends and avenged by those of his enemies—he did not justify himself or curse his ungrateful country, but only said: ‘God protect thee, O Zurich, my well-beloved city, and preserve thee from all evil!’

A generation later, the Reformation found a congenial soil in Zurich, and Zwingli gave the constitution a further democratic bias. But the wealth, organisation, and steady purpose of the few were, in the long run, too strong for the multitude. Early in the seventeenth century a practical oligarchy had established itself, and in the eighteenth the government of Zurich differed in form rather than substance from that of the other great cantons, having become a narrow oligarchy, making the citizens comfortable, but exercising as well over them as over its rural dependencies a hard mastery, varied by occasional cruelty.

The preceding sketches illustrate two positions—first, that where political equality was founded upon equality of condition, as in the rural republics of Switzerland, democracy was capable of existing as a permanent institution; secondly, that where there were marked differences of wealth and consequent intelligence, as in Venice, Berne, Zurich, and elsewhere, democracy could only exist as a qualifying element of municipal institutions; and the only permanent government was that of the organised few.

The precise form of an old municipal constitution grew out of circumstances of time or place. But their underlying principles are easily seen. In governments not founded on mere force, or on any traditional authority, or sentiment of divine right, it is plainly reasonable that those who are liable to profit or suffer by the good or bad exercise of political power should be enabled to defend their interests, if they are capable of understanding them, by receiving some share in that power. This is the claim of numbers, sure to be thought just by the many, if they have the intelligence to think, and sure to be pressed by them in proportion as they have cause to be dissatisfied with their condition. It is also plainly reasonable that those persons or classes should have the greatest share in the direction of affairs who, from leisure, education, and what is called stake in the country, may be presumed to be capable and desirous of directing them well. This is the claim of the few, sure to be thought just by those who are conscious of the power of government and desirous of exercising it for the benefit of themselves and others. Both claims are respectable, and the State in which they are not both respected must, according to Aristotle, Sir Erskine May, and common sense, contain a

body of persons on the look-out for change, and, if the administration is intolerably one-sided, ready for revolution. The more liberal of the municipal constitutions of the Middle Ages endeavoured, at least at the outset, to satisfy these conflicting but not irreconcilable claims by giving the mass of the people a colourable if not a real share in the government, while contriving that the practical conduct of affairs should fall into the hands of those who were presumably best fitted for it.

And now, having already in some degree overleapt the second of our periods—that during which democracy was in abeyance—we must glance at the history of France and England before noticing Sir Erskine May's account of the third. France and England present, for our present purpose, the same kind of contrast as that between Florence and Berne. It was not indeed that the French aristocracy neglected its duties, but that France never had any aristocracy at all. Political writers would do well to maintain a clear distinction between an aristocracy and a nobility. By aristocracy we mean, or ought to mean, a body of persons taking part in the government of their country, by virtue of birth, or wealth, or both. By nobility we mean a number of persons who, by virtue of birth aided by wealth, hold a great place in society. France had at one time a cluster of small princes governing well or ill their subject districts. It had at all times a rich, brilliant, and courageous nobility. But this nobility scarcely at any time made even a passing effort to control the government of the country. Sometimes the authority of the princes of the blood royal was asserted by a party; and one or two appeals to the États Généraux may be cited to show that in the depths of the French mind a certain national authority was supposed to reside in the representatives of certain classes. But the history of France is that of a great monarchy, whose function it was, after expelling the English, to turn princes into courtiers. During the devastating internal wars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the *bonnes villes* of France, the natural nurseries of freedom, had enough to do to take care of themselves, like antique Florence—'ubbidendo ai vincitori, nè pensando ad altro impero che 'salvarsi.' The wretched peasants were, of course, slaughtered by thousands when they rebelled; and when they did not, they were not only plundered and ill-used, but put to ransom for their miserable lives by the holders of the petty *bicoques* by which the country was deformed. The nobles, when they quarrelled with the Crown or each other, gathered and dismissed their retainers always 'en mangeant le pauvre peuple'—a phrase which runs through the history like a piteous

refrain. The country was thronged with men like the terrible bastard of Vaurus, who ‘*courait les campagnes, prenait les marchands et les pauvres laboureurs, les attachait à la queue de son cheval et les emmenait à Meaux. Là il les mettait à forte rançon. Quand il n’en pouvait rien tirer, il les faisait pendre par son bourreau ou les pendait lui-même à un grand arbre. Rien n’était plus fameux et plus redouté dans tout le pays et jusqu’à Paris que l’orme de Vaurus, où il avait accroché tant de malheureux.*’* An act of unusual horror brought upon this man our Henry V., who hung him to his own elm with his banner round his neck. Such, however, was the feeling of the day that there were not wanting those who said ‘*que le roi d’Angleterre ne se comportait pas honorablement en faisant périr si vaillant homme.*’

This or that seigneur might be kind and popular; this or that noble might be a protector and benefactor. But in those heart-breaking times the classes of society were severed never to be effectually reunited, partly because the people were led to look upon king and nobles as alternative tyrants, instead of finding in them countervailing parts of a system of government, such that the one furnished some refuge from the oppression of the other. The French nobles, till they became appendages of royalty, were not taught to look beyond the necessity of aiding their king when he was in distress, or defending themselves against his usurpations when he was not.

In contrast with this picture we take, as typifying, and in their degree determining, the course of English history, the cognate policies of William the Conqueror and Henry II. The first resolved that his barons should not be princes, but a council; the second that the royal writ should run effectually in their baronies. Each in the main succeeded; and the result was to place the public interest under the constitutional guardianship of the baronage, and, without depriving the individual noble of local authority, to limit greatly by law his temptations to be odious. This constitutional position was consecrated in the Charter of King John, by the meanest of English kings, and more than respected by the greatest, in Edward I.’s Council of Barons. The effects may even have reached modern Italy by descent, and Berne by a side wind. For† Peter of Savoy—the little Charlemagne, as he was called—the predecessor of Victor Emmanuel, one of the first Protectors of Berne, and the first prince of these parts who made laws

* Barante, ‘*Les Ducs de Bourgogne*,’ iii. 167, 174.

† Daguet, viii. § 5.

with the assent of the nobles and commons (*statuts généraux . . . avec le consentement des nobles et des plébéiens*), had been one of Henry III.'s unpopular favourites in England, and must have had only too much occasion to study the policy of Simon de Montfort in its consequences on prince and people.

The alliance thus encouraged between the nobles and the commonalty bore fruit in the Wars of the Roses. We have seen what was the oppression of the French poor just before this period. Philip de Comines, after describing their mitigated sufferings from the *gendarmerie* of Louis XI., proceeds to notice the happier lot of England:—

‘Or, selon mon avis, entre toutes les seigneuries du monde dont j’ai connoissance où la chose publique est mieux traitée et où il y a moins de violence sur le peuple et où il y a moins d’édifices abatus ni démolis pour guerre, c’est Angleterre: et tombe le sort et le malheur sur ceux qui font la guerre.’ (Liv. v. p. 355.)

And so in another passage:—

‘Leur coutume (d’Angleterre) est que, quand ils sont au-dessus de la bataille, ils ne tuent rien et *par especial le peuple* (car ils connoissent que chacun quiert leur complaire, parce qu’ils sont les plus forts) *et si ne mettent nuls à finance*. . . . Mais encore m’a conté le roi Edouard qu’en toutes les batailles qu’il avoit gagnées, dès ce qu’il venoit au-dessus, il montoit à cheval et crioit *qu’on sauvast le peuple et qu’on tuast les seigneurs*—car de ceux n’eschappoit nul ou bien peu.’ (Liv. iii. p. 165.)

This was part of the general friendliness of classes which made the English archer possible. The loyal yeoman was part of the military strength of the country, and furnished material for its victories. The French, when they found his importance, attempted for a moment to imitate him and train the French peasantry to the use of the bow and arrow. But the endeavour was dropped. Jacques Bonhomme was, it may well be supposed, too cruelly oppressed to be trusted with this formidable weapon.

The English nobility and gentry had their sins and their punishments. With aristocratic selfishness, but probably with the support of yeomen and burgesses, they passed the oppressive labour laws of the fourteenth century. When they had ceased their iniquitous devastations of France, they took to cutting each other’s throats, and they were nearly hacked into a nobility by the Tudors. They were profligate under the later Stuarts and jobbed under the Georges, and in our own recollection an ugly symptom of degeneracy appeared, when, during the railway mania of 1844–6, it was scarcely noticed as discreditable that a member of either House of Parliament should

avail himself of his legislative power of obstruction to drive a bargain with a railway company. Such a betrayal of its very *raison d'être* by a great social and constitutional body might, if it recurred in the present condition of the English mind, be as fatal to aristocracy as a profligate court might be to monarchy. As yet, however, by luck or good guidance, they have never sacrificed their constitutional character or fairly broken with the people. In contrast with the urban republics of Switzerland, where the few were always encroaching on the authority of the many, the power of the English commonalty has been always on the increase. Its place in the Legislature was, we may almost say, forced on it. And the growth of its constitutional authority has been on the whole a regulated progress through not unwholesome obstructions. One great collision took place, when the destruction of the House of Lords was part of the state of things which necessitated the despotism of Cromwell. But on the whole the friendly tradition has never been fairly discontinued. The threads of varied association which, with little distinction of party, connect the greater and less *noblesse* with the middle and lower classes, have not been broken, and after every popular conquest the victors and vanquished—alike component elements of John Bull—have resumed their old English pride in each other.

And now passing over the second period of democratical history, on which we have nothing to say, we come to the totally new order of things which is introduced by the third.

Towards the end of the last century a great republic arose in North America, which adopted as the fundamental principle of government the doctrine that all men—or at least all freemen—are equal, and applied that principle unflinchingly to all the details of government over an extended territory. And after the lapse of a century this government, which has even deepened its democratic character, continues to exercise authority over one of the greatest nations in the world. In the North the original equality of condition among the citizens rendered political equality reasonable and absolute, and the subsequent growth of wealth has not shaken the democratic tradition which is fortified by uniformity of education, and, when M. de Tocqueville wrote, by a strange equality of intelligence. In the South the freemen, unequal among themselves, constituted, in relation to the slave population, an aristocracy of the most unmitigated kind, with that singular mixture of ruffianism with refinement, of lawless arrogance with political capacity, which is characteristic of a ruling caste and its hangers-on. This aristocracy perished utterly, like that of

Florence, fighting desperately for so-called rights, which were necessary for its own existence, but inconsistent with the laws of humanity and the good of society. By its suppression a national scandal was abolished, and the democracy was established without qualification. On the character of that democracy we shall have to say a few words hereafter. At present we are only concerned with the effect of this great American example on Europe, and particularly on France, which received its first shock.

Nothing could be more unlike than the conditions of the two countries. In the United States a sober but determined people had combined to resist a specific invasion of right; and after the conclusion of a struggle for independence, which welded together those who were to compose the body politic, proceeded, with a circumspect consideration of their condition, to that pure democracy which, on the whole, represented their relations to each other. In France the problem was to disintegrate—to shatter a perfectly organised system, shamefully administered with every aggravating circumstance of anomaly. Democracy in the United States was the natural result and constitutional completion of an existing state of society. In France it was an instrument to subvert what existed, and to replace it by a state of things of which no one had any experience, and which every man had therefore to imagine for himself.

The party of 'Thorough' were at first few: 'Nous n'étions pas alors plus de dix républicains en France,' said Camille Desmoulins. Later on Danton described the Republican party as one 'dont vous ne pouvez vous dissimuler l'extrême minorité;' and the younger Robespierre cried, perhaps with some exaggeration, 'All France is against us; our only hope is in the citizens of Paris.*' But the invention of 'clubs' had placed in the hands of enthusiasts the physical and moral strength of organisation which had formerly belonged to minorities only when they were in power. It soon came to be understood that bread was to be found for the poor, and the law administered in their favour, that privileges and pensions were to disappear, that the tax-gatherer was to be turned upon wealth, and, above all, that land was to be transferred from owners to occupants. It was readily believed, because it was true, that all this could only be done in the name of 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.' Under cover of these words it was done by a democracy which lasted seven years with great military glory abroad and

great slaughter of the people at home, and it left implanted in different sections of French society hatreds, fears, aspirations, and recollections, peculiar to that country, which are still struggling to the surface whenever an opportunity offers. Men of rank remember their old wealth and consequence—the army, their republican and imperial glories. The peasantry still dread the loss of the land they have acquired; the bourgeoisie a Reign of Terror. The Socialists recognise in what has come and gone the dawn of a day in which property shall be no more. The Red Republican workmen of the great towns are ready to assert with gun and pike the supremacy of labour over capital. And among all these conflicting forces French statesmen have had to pick their way, striving so to avail themselves of the remaining elements of order as to enable their country to recover its balance.

Under these conditions the history of the outcroppings of democracy in France for the last half-century presents a sad—but, selfishly speaking, not a discouraging—contrast with the orderly advance of popular power in our own country.

First came a struggle for reaction. Sir Erskine May tells us how one of the earliest necessities of Louis XVIII. was to put down, by one of those *coups d'état* which abound in French history, his own extreme supporters, *plus royalistes que le Roi*, and to establish a middle-class constituency. But the middle class, in turn coquetting with democracy and panic-stricken at it, frightened the king, and then, itself alarmed, returned a reactionary Assembly, which enabled him to reform the constitution in a Royalist sense, and so adopt a reactionary policy at home and abroad. It is hardly necessary to repeat how Charles X. exaggerated the less liberal part of his brother's policy, and after the three days of July had to fly the country before a revolution started by the populace, adopted by the National Guard, and permitted by the troops of the line. A tradesmanlike revolution produced a tradesmanlike king, who had to govern, in conformity with the tastes of the *bourgeoisie*, by promiscuous civility, unlimited corruption, and a large standing army.

The effect upon Europe of this second French outbreak was less violent than that of the first, but was very considerable. Sir Erskine May's catalogue of its consequences to Europe shows clearly how little the pacification effected after the battle of Waterloo had put to rest the aspirations which the Revolution of 1792 had aroused. The following is his account of its effect on France :—

‘ The main reliance of Louis-Philippe was upon the large society of
VOL. CXLVII. NO. CCCII. Y

the middle classes who dreaded democracy, on one side, and prerogative, on the other. And it became the policy of his reign to secure the adhesion of these classes, by favouring enterprise and industry: by placing the chief power of the State in their hands: by lavishing upon them patronage and profits; and by an extended system of political corruption. Unable to rely upon the traditions or sentiments of his people, he was driven to appeal to their interests. 'The *bourgeoisie* were naturally attracted to the sober rule of the citizen king; and their relations with their workmen, at this time, further ensured their adhesion. After the revolution of 1830, the principles of socialism, founded upon St. Simon, were more widely adopted by the working classes of Paris. Their creed was shortly this: that they should regulate the prices of their own labour, and distribute its products among themselves; that the inheritance of property should be forbidden; that marriage should be abolished; and that the community should take the place of families.' (Democracy in Europe, vol. ii. p. 248.)

The franchise was soon extended, and the number of electors⁹ increased from 99,000 to 224,000. The hereditary House of Peers was abolished. But before two years had passed the democracy rose at Lyons and in Paris, and had to be crushed by 100,000 soldiers. A Socialist insurrection of 1839 was easily suppressed. But in 1848 the *bourgeoisie* had become more afraid of the king than of the democrats. A proposed Reform banquet served, as anything else might have done, to collect excited mobs. The National Guard sided with them. The minister resigned, his successors mismanaged the troops, who thereupon fraternised with the people. Louis-Philippe disappeared from the Tuileries, and appeared in England under the name of Smith; and the Republic, imitating its elder sister in all but ferocity and the red flag, was installed in Paris.

This time the effect on the Continent was terrible. Those countries which had not, like Belgium, Spain, and Portugal, been constitutionalised by the revolution of 1830, were now convulsed. Lombardy, with the aid of Piedmont, rose against the Austrians. Sicily was already in revolt. The Dukes of Parma and Modena fled. The Grand Duke of Tuscany put himself in the hands of his subjects. The different members of the Austrian Empire rose against their sovereign, who had to reduce Vienna by siege, to call in the aid of Russia against Hungary, and to abdicate in favour of a more efficient heir. Prince Metternich disappeared from history. The King of Bavaria abdicated, those of Saxony and Hanover gave constitutions. 'At Berlin the king . . . bowed down before the people, and accepted the revolution. He rode through the city wearing the colours of the German democracy, and promised to take

‘the lead of German liberty and unity.’* Crowns were dropping around like rotten fruit, and nobody could tell what next. But meanwhile what happened to England? What had been the effect of the revolution of 1830? What was to be the effect of that of 1848?

The French revolution of 1830 had occurred at a critical moment of English constitutional history. The Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel—honest and powerful men, earnestly desirous of improving the working of existing institutions, little disposed for organic change, slow to recognise, but prompt and unflinching in closing with the inevitable—had just broken up their own party by passing the Roman Catholic Relief Bill. And the Radicals, the Whigs, and some of the ultra Tories combined in pressing a measure of Parliamentary Reform, which, it was supposed, was to shift political power from the upper to the middle, if not the lower classes. The movement was sternly resisted, when the growing anger of the people received an impulse from events in France. And William IV., then scarcely seated on the throne, by dissolving Parliament in the Liberal interest, provoked the caustic remark of Prince Talleyrand: ‘Voilà l’abdication sans les trois jours.’

The acutest of continental statesmen little understood the sobriety which underlies political movements in Great Britain. The squall had taken the vessel aback while she was in stays, but her stability was equal to the shock. The Reform Bill passed. A great transfer of political power took place. The Conservative party as a whole accepted the necessity of conforming their policy to the new order of things, and a series of complementary laws, with which we are now all familiar, were accepted by the nation almost indiscriminately from Liberal and Conservative ministries. Real discontent there was none. Class hatred there was none. Apprehension for liberty, tranquillity, life, and property, there was none. But there was in 1848 an organisation of persons calling themselves Chartists, who convened a monster meeting, as the phrase was, in the neighbourhood of London on April 10. Abroad nobody doubted the gravity of the occasion. Foreign courts were apprehensive, Republicans exultant. And an Englishman was set down as a mere braggart, if he expressed in a foreign *café* his conviction that the streets of London were not to flow with blood. The panic was not shared in this country. But every possible precaution was taken. The meeting was declared

* *Democracy in Europe*, vol. ii. p. 277.

illegal by proclamation, 170,000 special constables (according to Sir Erskine May) were sworn in to keep the peace, leaving the whole police force available for the business of the day; and in case the police force should prove insufficient, bodies of troops carefully concealed from view were disposed in important situations.

But the very natural anxiety of Europe, and the very wise and complete precautions of the Government, gave a character of absurdity to the result. Large numbers of people collected and dispersed without a thought of mischief, though rather vexed at having been out in the rain for nothing. Those who loitered on Westminster Bridge, in the line of the proposed movement, with constables' staves in their pockets, will remember the aspect of the crowd—rather sodden, perfectly orderly, and scarcely so curious as if they had been waiting for a Lord Mayor's show. The convener of the meeting had his pockets picked, and a monster petition which he presented to Parliament was ascertained to be a ludicrous imposture. The whole passed off like a hoax—a strange testimony to the value of steady progress and constitutional freedom.

Frightfully different was the course of events in France. The attempt of the Republican Government to give effect to Socialist theories broke down, and the Assembly had to dismiss 120,000 workmen from the national workshops. The exasperated Communists flew to arms under audacious and skilful leaders, well prepared for what was coming. But General Cavaignac was prepared also, and after four days of desperate fighting, unexampled even in Paris, succeeded at last in shooting down all that resisted him; and gave supremacy to a reaction of terror which, groping about for something to lay hold of, fell into the arms of the Empire. We have heard from Prince Albert Louis Napoleon's theory of his position. Others, he said, had governed by favour of one million of the population; he had laid hold of the other twenty-nine. That is to say, he neglected rank, riches, and educated intellect, and held himself the creature of a conservative democracy of landowners, differing in this from the rural democracies of Switzerland, that, instead of covering the whole area of society, it lay helpless and ignorant between the unappeasable democracy of Communism on the one flank, and the discontented aristocracies of birth, wealth, and education on the other. Such a state of things could only repose on the army. The army could not be kept quiet without war. Failing in war, the Empire was put down without resistance by a cry of *déchéance*; but before France was well quit of her invader, the Com-

munists rose in ferocious revolt, and had to be exterminated by a ferocious soldiery.

As after the personal government of Charles X. in the interest of the old *régime*, as after the personal government of Louis Philippe in the interests of the *bourgeoisie*, so after the personal government of Louis Napoleon in the alleged interests of the peasants, we have the same familiar sequence—first, a comparatively bloodless assertion of liberty; next, a sanguinary outbreak of enthusiasts, indignant that classes which had not toiled and suffered like them should reap the fruits of their victory; then an unrelenting suppression of the insurgents by the army; and lastly, the establishment of a terrified quietude under military protection. Three times in half a century events have thus followed each other with the monotonous regularity of a peal of bells. The first reaction betook itself to a constitution, the second to a despotism, the third did not know what it wanted; and such are the impracticable vitality of French party, and the instability of the popular mind, that for a moment the old royalists who perished in 1792, and died a second death in 1830, seemed to have the game in their hands, and the other day three incompatible parties, collected rather than combined under the word Monarchy, exercised a great influence on affairs, and ultimately held the reins of government. This fourth reaction has been displaced, according to precedent, by a great and peaceable national movement; and a comparatively moderate party has been lifted into power under M. Dufaure. But what next? We have learned the power of an audacious minority. We know that the Red Republican minority is audacious and ineradicable. We see that M. Dufaure is old, and the President not much of a politician. We are told that those who dictate policy, if they do not hold power, are what are called ‘opportunists’—politicians who would accept an opportunity for going farther, if only it offered itself. We see no sufficient relaxation of the old rule, ‘*Væ victis.*’ We remember also the lamentations of such Republicans as MM. Erckmann-Chatrian over the backsliding which arrested the great revolutionary war of propaganda. We hear it said that in such a war France might yet hope to have the discontented masses of Germany as allies against their rulers. And lastly, we have seen that in France a constitutional victory is the natural prelude to a convulsive outbreak.

Under such a state of things, we have all the strongest reason to hope that a Conservative republic, set up with the despairingly negative recommendation of being *ce qui nous divise le*

moins, may succeed in consolidating itself, and that the statesmen who have peace at heart may be able to enlist in that cause the immense majority who must desire it. But if not—if France is only moving down the old inclined plane, the now usual alternative meets us at the bottom—an audacious republic, aggressive abroad and subversive at home, or a military suppression which will add one to the rising stratocracies of Europe.

And while these are the perplexities of our neighbour, we in England are thinking, in the first place of course of foreign politics, but after these of a Burials Bill and the agricultural franchise—the removal of a sectional grievance and the taking up of a loose stitch. True, there is more in the distance—disestablishment, universal suffrage, and equal electoral districts; an attack on the House of Peers may come in time. But of these reforms the nation seems, to say the least, little desirous, and even if they were effectively taken up, a contest about political power or ecclesiastical privilege, in which both sides are usually led by men of substance—men who have social comforts and do not intend to lose them—is carried on with a circumspection and proneness to compromise which disappear when those who have wealth are arrayed against those who want to take it away from them.

Our position, therefore, is promising enough in the present and immediate future. But how is it beyond the *paulo post futurum*? Popular power is rising about us, sometimes tranquilly and imperceptibly, sometimes in convulsive flux and reflux. That it should so rise is an inevitable consequence of diffused intelligence, increased power of organisation, and, it is to be hoped, increased well-being. In what form and with what results does the government of the multitude promise or threaten to establish itself amongst us?

The democracy which is advancing upon us is not that of Athens, in which a multitude of quickwitted idlers supported by slave labour were amused and educated by attending theatres kept up at the public expense, and by taking part, with or without a fee, in the courts of justice and sovereign assemblies of the people. It is not that of rural Switzerland, where all men are equal and acquaintances, and where political prizes are too poor to be a great object of illegitimate ambition. It is not the democratic bias of the mediæval cities, which, though capable of fierce outbursts, was subject to class restrictions which held back the multitude from the conduct of affairs. Least of all is it the torpid proprietary democracy of Louis Napoleon, which only roused itself to endorse a despot. It

will be a democracy founded on the principle that one man is as good as another—a principle which liberal Europe is receiving with a strange absence of hesitation from America, and applying by the machinery of representation to the government of great empires. That machinery consists of two parts—the constitution established by law, which provides the method by which the multitude shall select its governors, and the clubs, caucuses, or other combinations of active persons, created by individual will outside the law, which by manipulation, persuasion, or intimidation, direct, or control, or combine the wills of the electors. The second is in a great degree the complement of the first, and presupposes two or more antagonist parties, devoted to the acquisition of power or the accomplishment of objects, and equipped with the usual contrivances for consulting, speaking, writing, registering, and all the other activities which, by causing coherency and increasing momentum, command success.

This is the democracy which is partly present, partly nearing us; and it is liable to two great dangers. One is suggested by the history of France, one by that of the United States. The first is that the dominant multitude may so legislate against wealth as to provoke civil dissension or to involve common ruin. The other is that class jealousy and the difficulty of obtaining political power without loss of self-respect may deter men of high spirit and cultivated mind from adopting a political career, and that the administration of affairs may become first coarse and then corrupt.

It is unquestionable that the rights and advantages of property may be, and probably in every age and country have been, abused; and when this abuse is in a way to become dangerous to the common weal, it is the duty of the supreme power to suppress it, and, if possible, so to mould these rights and advantages that the machine of society shall work tranquilly and for the general good. So much should never be forgotten; but from this it is easy to proceed onwards, and to rebel against that irremovable anomaly of civilised life, that some persons, by no merit of their own, should be far better off than others. This pure discontent at inequality of condition, though it must occasionally oppress the minds of men who think about it, and must rankle in the minds of many who are unhappy, has as yet no place in English politics. Yet we are not without organised forms of antagonism to property. Such an antagonism may take two forms—the desire simply to appropriate to ourselves that which belongs to another, and the

desire to control the use of capital, that is of property applied to the payment of labour.

The desire to appropriate usually fastens itself on land, because the occupier, by whose toil the produce is raised, easily persuades himself that he ought to have the whole of it, and that rent is not so much a payment for value received as an unrighteous tax on his labour. Few people, unless they are mere rogues, desire to appropriate a jewel or a picture which is in the corporal possession of a neighbour; but the wish to be quit of an incumbrance is a different affair, and highly respectable persons are not ashamed occasionally even to repine over the long life of an innocent annuitant. So of rent paid to an invisible landlord. In England the tenant farmer is himself so much of a capitalist as to see both sides of economical justice—and besides, he goes to his landlord for repairs. But in Ireland the desire of the occupier to have in the whole what he already has in part, has become a popular force, and has allied itself with a political movement—the holders of land returning to Parliament a phalanx of persons who, it is supposed, will assure proprietary change by subverting the political relations. A kind of agrarianism is therefore powerful, and under a democracy would be overwhelmingly so.

In England it is otherwise. Here agrarianism only makes itself heard in the mild regret felt by some persons at the course of events which has made land either a luxury or a source of remote profit, and has thus extinguished the race of small yeomen, who cannot indulge in the one or await the other. Schemes founded on this sentiment seem, when 'thrashed out,' to resolve themselves into proposals for facilitating the transfer of land, which are at least as useful to the rich man who wishes to enlarge his park as to the poor man who desires to own his garden. But though England rejects, or has outgrown, the disposition to appropriate the fixed property of individuals, it has not outgrown, but is in the midst of, a conflict between labour and capital.

When it is urged that the extension of the suffrage will place education, and capital, and independent competence, and all those existing institutions of which modern democracy is notoriously jealous, at the mercy of the ignorant and numerous majority, it is replied that this majority is too heterogeneous to unite; that it has its separate interests, and is accessible to different local and personal influences; and that politics will organise themselves, so to say, not horizontally according to social strata, but vertically, according to moral, religious, or geographical interests. But the force of these considerations is

much affected by a word and a fact. The word is 'wages,' the fact 'Trades Unions.' The terms of labour affect the whole labouring class—that is to say, the overwhelming majority of the population. And the immense organisation of 'Trades Unions,' which, with much of tyranny and brutal violence, evinces, in some respects, a degree of thought, sagacity, and determination which would do credit to the rulers of a State, affords a machinery of unknown capability, and visibly tending to unite this great multitude round that common interest.

These organisations have probably done good and harm. On the one hand they have assisted that rise of wages which, though some of it may have gone in drink, must have tended to increase the comfort and contentment of the labouring class. On the other hand they have injured each other by obnoxious interference with liberty of labour, and have in certain places caused great loss to their employers and themselves by attempting to extort from capital terms which trade would not bear—a result peculiarly mischievous in exhausting the workman's savings, which form the best guarantee for his loyalty to the State which protects them, but not without its use, as it shows to the workmen themselves, by the extinction of this or that local industry, that their employers are not trifling with them when they allege that the enhancement of wages or interference with the organisation of labour would bring about a common ruin.

Under a more democratical constitution it is not improbable that if a fully developed organisation of Trades Unions were to take it into their heads that the Legislature could profitably prescribe terms of labour in their interest, they might be able to pass laws which would in a very few years involve themselves and their employers in general calamity, or, stopping short of this, might cripple ruinously peculiar trades, and destroy the power of secure forecast, which is essential to great industrial operations.

But what is really encouraging at present is, that no tendency of this kind has yet shown itself. Discontented multitudes treat the quarrel as a merely sectional one, to be settled between them and their employers with such arms of industrial pressure as the unrestricted right of combination affords them. Nor does their antagonism extend to the strata of society to which their employers belong—from which, indeed, when arbitration is resorted to, they appear perfectly ready to receive arbiters. Neither do they show distrust of the Legislature. They do not apparently expect from Parliament what it cannot give, or ally themselves with any political

party to obtain their objects. They show, it is true, less disposition than could be desired to repudiate some of those intolerable modes of coercion which a government worthy of the name is bound to repress inflexibly; but with regard to these they come in to plead their cause, only asking a fair field, and showing no disposition to question the just intentions of the Legislature. Although, therefore, the powers possessed by these combinations have been abused, and will probably be abused again, and although it must be always possible that the comparatively poor, who must, under an extended suffrage, form the large majority of the voters, may combine in blindly oppressive laws against the wealthy, yet neither the attitude of our own workmen, nor, we may add, in spite of recent disturbances, the example hitherto of the United States, holds out any probability of their combining for that purpose on the only ground on which these great multitudes are likely to have a common interest.

But if this is so, it may be asked why we still hesitate to trust the masses implicitly. The answer is, because we do not trust human nature; we do not trust an irresponsible man; we do not trust an irresponsible clique; and we do not trust an irresponsible multitude. All alike will do wrong if they have the uncontrolled power of doing it. And a democracy is uncontrolled as no other government is. Beneath the purest despotism or oligarchy there is some form of public opinion which is too powerful to be wholly defied, and of which rulers must stand in some apprehension. But democracy is that public opinion. There is nothing beneath or beyond it; for its corruption or injustice political machinery supplies no check or correction. Nothing less than the moral regeneration of the country can cure it.

A large unrepresented, or imperfectly represented, proletariat thus exercises an important function of its own. It keeps in order the holders of political power by the knowledge that though they are left very free in the choice of means, they may at any time be held sharply responsible for results. We see a great deal of this in England. We are greatly governed by an aristocracy on its good behaviour. Anyone who looks through the names which compose an English Cabinet will see that it is, on the whole, made up of picked men of birth or wealth, with a sprinkling of the very ablest of those who have forced themselves into political or semi-political eminence. But this aristocracy, besides being jealously supervised in details by a fairly intelligent middle class, interested like itself in the existing state of things, is made constantly

sensible of a further responsibility to a mixed multitude who can see what is very plain and feel what is very sensible, who must in some degree be humoured, and who are best humoured by being made comfortable as they ought to be.

It may be said that this state of things, resting a great deal on custom and allowance, is but a transitional state of unstable equilibrium. And so it is. Unstable equilibrium is the condition of that which lives and moves. A runner is in unstable equilibrium or perhaps in none at all. If his momentum fails him, he falls on his face. So he does if his head goes too fast for his heels, especially if he is going downhill. And thus in politics. The problem is not (as some appear occasionally to imagine) to devise a position of rest for a lifeless body, but to regulate the pace and pick the steps of a living one, so that each movement shall introduce the next safely, and carry us, on the whole, whither we have to go.

Diffused capacity for political affairs will command political influence. This has been so, will be so, and must be so. And this principle—that power must follow intelligence—supplies the political momentum which in this country we have to regulate. If its progress is abruptly checked, no doubt we shall fall. But so shall we fall if it outruns itself—that is to say, if power is conferred beyond the limits which our present state of intelligence demands; and we are led to fear such a catastrophe when we hear it said, not that the franchise should follow education, which is wise and just—but that it should be conferred as a means of educating, which seems a dangerous inversion of the laws of prudence. We are wholly averse from instructing the ignorant by giving them the country to practise upon.

Nor is it necessary to do so; for the true school of energy is not political power, but personal freedom—not the opportunity of giving this or that vote in a matter on which the voter's knowledge must be superficial and in a great measure borrowed, but a state of society in which, at a certain age, men are thrown on their own resources, free to choose their courses of life, with indefinite opportunities of advancement, and with large and recurring occasions for the exercise of industry, promptitude, and sound judgment. That such a state of things is itself the outcome of free institutions is true, but nothing to the purpose. A man will be educated in virtue of free institutions who has never taken part in administering them. Indeed it is worth observing that ordinary political dabbling has a direct tendency to impair one faculty which has a strange protective value in the concerns of life—that of distinguish-

ing clearly between what we do and what we do not understand. And this is a great deprivation, for we see every day clever men who, from want of this faculty, are of little use to themselves or others, and men of remarkably limited intellect whose success in life can only be referred to an unerring perception of insecurity when out of their depth, so that though they are often unable to understand a good reason they are never taken in by a bad one.

And now we come to the danger which announces itself from America. The political progress of the United States bears a kind of inverse analogy to that of Europe. Here the great men who alone were capable of power at once assumed, and of course abused it; but the excluded classes asserted the claims of number as their intelligence and political capacity approached that of their rulers. In America equality was the starting point, and numerical majority was recognised at the outset as the only legitimate source of power. But now the upper classes are leaving the lower behind them, and, seeing the country misgoverned, are indignant at a state of things which refuses to class capacity those advantages which, in the public interest, capacity ought to have.

When the Commonwealth was founded, conditions were on the whole equal; and sixty years after the Declaration of Independence, De Tocqueville (as we have already observed) remarked a corresponding equality of intelligence. His words are worth quoting:—

‘Il s’est établi en Amérique dans les connoissances humaines un certain niveau mitoyen. Tous les esprits s’en sont rapprochés, les uns en s’élevant, les autres en s’abaissant.’

Few Americans, he told us, were then rich enough to dispense with a profession. All at the age of fifteen had to begin money-making; and consequently no man had time for self-cultivation till he had lost the taste for it. Such a state of things justified pure democracy. Yet, at the bottom, well-to-do Americans were already little pleased with institutions which were beginning to show their darker side.

In the forty years which have elapsed since De Tocqueville wrote great changes have taken place. On the one hand, the level has been lowered by an uneducated immigration from Europe. On the other, fortunes have so increased that they can scarcely fail to give those who inherit them time to think. Extraordinary progress has been made in every branch of art and literature. A love and knowledge of antiquity has increased. History, philosophy and poetry, science and me-

chanics, sculpture, and, in a less degree, painting (why not music?) have been cultivated with such signal success as to change the intellectual place of America among nations, and to make De Toqueville's *niveau mitoyen* absolutely out of date. A demand for a higher education has made itself felt, and produces in the political department the extended learning, the calm analysis, and the searching criticisms which appear in Mr. Woolsey's book. And as in Europe the improving many called in question the misgovernment of the few, so in America the improving few begin to call in question the misgovernment of the many.

Before taking Mr. Woolsey's evidence, we make one preliminary observation. The question is not whether America is rich, prosperous, and animated—whether it abounds in thriving farmhouses, successful enterprises, scientific, literary, and religious institutions. All these are the natural produce of a young people in a new country at liberty to make the most of their extraordinary shrewdness and enterprise. The question is whether the particular form of government which we call democracy performs well or ill, corruptly or incorruptly, its proper office of governing.

This is the point on which we are concerned to receive instruction, and Mr. Woolsey is a competent informant. He has been professor in the University of Yale, he is evidently a man of honour and conscience, of vigorous and steady thought, serious even to sadness in his reflections on the state of his own country, and as learned in the past as he is observant of the present. Indeed, considering the broad scope and philosophical spirit of his book, we are half ashamed of using it for the comparatively narrow purpose for which our extracts are made.

With regard to the mode of electing officers and representatives he describes to us 'what is happening in hundreds of districts and towns, and in all the states of the Union.' An irresponsible caucus meets before an election, and publishes a list of the officers for whom the party is expected to vote.

'Then a day or two perhaps before the election another caucus determines the candidates for the Legislature, or perhaps only for the House of Representatives. Not one in a hundred of the voters has his opinion asked in regard to the selection. Many of the names are those of unknown persons, some of them those of persons in whom their neighbours have no confidence, but who must be floated onward by the general popularity of the ticket, and by the habit of voting *en masse* for all the names upon it.' (P. 398.)

'I believe the system to be an emanation from universal suffrage: that the *stratum* of society which would be excluded from the poll by a very small property qualification needs to be informed whom to vote for; that while in general they desire good government they are not competent to decide what it is or who ought to administer it, and that thus they are left in the hands of men who have their own points to carry by means of such constituents. They would not as they do if suddenly raised in intelligence and character. But as long as there is such a class there is a demand for demagogues. And what is worth noticing, when, by the help of such a class, the leaders carry their points, the followers think they have gained the victory, and it is a great cause of the solid coherence of parties after mistakes and weaknesses that they who only vote and scarcely know why are as eager for the party's success as any others; whereas from the beginning they may not have put forth one independent thought. No relation of subservience is more strikingly sad than this—that there are multitudes in the freest countries who can only vote according to the will of others, and yet all the while think themselves free and independent.' (Political Science, vol. ii. p. 122.)

And what are the points which such men want to carry by such means? In the infancy of the republic, Madison declared that a President who should remove an efficient public officer on account of political differences would deserve impeachment. But Jefferson, when elected by the democratic party, did it a little. Jackson did it much, and now the advent of any party to power involves the removal of any officer whose place is worth having, for the benefit of those who have served that party effectually. To such claims

'every recent administration is obliged more or less to yield. The attempt to introduce a system of civil service based on competence and character has ignominiously failed. The country and the government cannot, without extreme difficulty, get out of this rut of corrupt political bargaining; the best nominations must often be defeated; men otherwise worthy have to be agents for the reward by office of those whom they despise. Independence and personal honour are gradually driven out of politics. The whole subject is inconceivably disgusting.' (Ibid. p. 284.)

The natural result is one which Mr. Woolsey records as a fact while ascribing it to a different cause—namely, to the mere size of the constituencies. In large democracies, he says—

'we lose our interest in political life, and a certain active patriotism which loves the State for itself and not for its benefits. We lose to a considerable extent our sense of responsibility; we lose political training; we lose our value as political units. . . . Hence multitudes will not go to the polls in this country, because a vote more or less among so many will be of no account.' (Ibid. p. 104.)

Such being the methods and objects of an election by universal suffrage, we observe that their educational tendency does not appear to be great or good, and proceed to ask what kind of legislation they produce. ~ 'In general,' says Mr. Woolsey, the temptation of representatives is 'to follow the wishes of their constituents timidly and unrighteously.' But cases of downright corruption have not been wanting; and 'within the last few years, in the United States, instances of this kind have either been very frequent, or at least suspicion of bribery within legislative walls has been very general and seemingly well founded.'

This decay of integrity is found equally in the general and the state legislatures. But is this central defect alleviated by local self-government? In the country districts it may be so, but

'our large cities are the hotbeds where caucuses, managed by obscure politicians, private bargains of office-seekers, devices for the purchase at great expense of things needed for public buildings, erection of buildings by dishonest contracts, and all sorts of base jobs flourish. Why is this so? It seems to be so partly because so many who vote are not taxpayers in the city, and are led by others; partly because there is not sufficient control lodged in the mayor's or other chief officer's hands.' (Ibid. p. 376.)

Universal suffrage again! And under such auspices the debt of the city of New York has risen in twenty-seven years from twelve to one hundred and thirteen million dollars, and the tax levy from three to twenty-eight millions. Rich men pay such taxes as they cannot escape by change of residence, and wash their hands of city management, and Mr. Woolsey anticipates extended municipal ruin unless something can be done.

Now, all this and possibly more has been done in England. Borough nominations have been sold, individual votes have been sold, representatives have been sold. But our statesmen have always been among the most eminent men of the country; and some of them have at most times employed themselves in stirring the people to the reformation of abuse. So we have destroyed rotten boroughs, reformed corporations, limited patronage, and are trying with some earnestness, by ballot and otherwise, to wipe off that peculiarly English scandal, bribery at elections. Knowing what they have done, reformers are sanguine as to what they can do. Very different is the half-despairing tone adopted by Mr. Woolsey in a country where the people itself is the sinner, and the trade of politics has become one on which the better class of people look askance.

'The writer of these lines was taught in his boyhood that a wide suffrage was a very serious evil, and the doctrine continued to be common long after democracy was triumphant in national affairs. . . . At present multitudes have the same faith, but regard it as hopeless to take steps backward, unless at some future day socialistic agitations should render restrictions on suffrage a measure of public safety ; and they put all their hopes for the future in a better education—perhaps compulsory on all—and in an intelligent farming population. . . . But suppose all the better part of society, those who have intelligence and those who have character, to be faithful in discharging their political duties—suppose them to be neither discouraged nor overawed, how are they to act in the purification of parties? Can they do good by forming a new or third party, intended to serve as a check on the two others? If successful, this would draw to it bad materials from the existing parties, and would soon become corrupt itself. Can they accomplish their work by entering into the other parties, according to their political convictions, and insisting on having a share in all those primary arrangements for office, caucuses, conventions, and the like, of which they complain so much now? The probability is that they would be met and worsted by new intrigues, without gaining anything for the cause of political honesty. I see no way in which they could act so well as by acting within the existing parties, and yet determining to cast their votes, each individual for himself, for no one who is a political intriguer or untrustworthy man. They act in this case without any forced combination, by the power of a vote which is silent, but well understood. Suppose this to begin in one of the parties, and that this party loses the election on account of such independent action. Can the party fail thenceforth to make a selection of better men? And if this is to be its principle, will not the other be more careful in choosing its candidates? If thus there is understood to be a quiet body in both parties which will rebuke all improper selections for office, this one thing will go far towards creating a moral revolution in State and in country. Staying away from the polls on account of the badness of parties is an unworthy course ; but going there and rebuking your party for its improper candidates is something honourable for every good citizen to do.' (P. 567.)

Such being democracy in America, the question arises, far too large to be answered at the end of an article, whether and under what conditions it will give us good government and honourable governors in England. Some advantages we have. The civil service of the country is placed on a footing in which it could scarcely become a prey for adventurers. Caucuses in the American form are out of place among our comparatively small constituencies, electing at most three members, whose qualifications may well be known to the body of the electors. In the administration of towns and parishes not only is the voting confined to ratepayers, but there is a scale of voting which gives an advantage to wealth. For the present we have

not yet arrived at universal suffrage, and the anomalies of our representative system still favour, in some degree, the return to Parliament of a class of independent members (much coveted by Mr. Woolsey) who would decline either to be the nominees of a political club, or to catch votes by trimming or exaggeration. We have a very imperfect attempt at a representation of minorities, in what is called the three-cornered constituencies; and any large extension of the suffrage or removal of valuable anomalies might well be accompanied by measures which would prevent the more cultivated classes from being what is called 'swamped.' Lastly and most important, we have a traditional disposition throughout the country to be content with an upper-class government so long as it behaves itself well; while in that upper class itself the distinction arising from political eminence and the talents by which it is acquired are by no means losing their value.

All this gives us hope that England may hold on safely to the course which she has always pursued, of so enlarging the basis of political power as never to break with the immediate past, or shake the traditionary relations of class to class. And without attempting to marshal all the lessons derivable from our neighbour's experience, we may also express a fervent trust that our country may never be cursed with any constitutional change, under which politics shall cease to furnish a life-long career for the best men of the leisured class, and with the public service become a precarious spoil for adventurers who can make themselves useful to a party.

ART. II.—*Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). An Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes, with Personal Sketches of Contemporaries, Unpublished Lyrics, and Letters of Literary Friends.* 8vo. London: 1877.

As the latest survivor of a generation of poets, essayists, and critics, more illustrious than have appeared simultaneously at any other period of English literature, Mr. Procter is entitled to the respectful interest of an age which, with all its faults, has not lost reverence for literary traditions; and the publication of this volume gives him a fresh claim to our grateful regard. It includes a series of biographical sketches, found among his papers, which are evidently portions of a work designed to perpetuate the memory of his

long and cordial intimacy with most of his leading contemporaries. Such a memorial could not fail to attract public attention, and the notices which the book has hitherto received have been almost exclusively directed to this section of it. No just estimate, however, can be formed of its value as a record without taking into account the character and status of the writer himself; and it is with these, which have run some risk of being overlooked, that we now propose chiefly to deal. Many of the fine intellectual and spiritual qualities which Mr. Procter's friends still cherish in remembrance are here faithfully, however imperfectly, reflected, partly through the medium of several fragments of autobiography, and partly in the outline of his career drawn up by the friend to whom these materials have been entrusted for publication. It would be unreasonable to expect that this outline should be complete as a biography, and the editor's evident desire to do justice to his subject forbids our criticising his work severely. Of its many deficiencies as a narrative of Mr. Procter's literary life we need say nothing, since it is possible to supply them by reference to the writings upon which his reputation was built. What is more to be regretted is the scanty light here thrown upon certain characteristics of the man which were to the full as marked as those that he possessed as an author; these features, which a biographer, who was also a friend, might have brought into view with ease and advantage, can be only inadequately noticed within the brief limits to which this article must be restricted.

It may seem strange to those who remember the diminutive stature and the frame, enfeebled by age, of the late poet, but we should say that the quality which most distinguished him from his literary contemporaries was his high masculine spirit. He had not a trace of effeminacy about his character. He liked deeds of strength; in his youth he hunted with passion and is said to have ridden well across country; he was not indifferent to the fives court and the prize fight, then not yet repudiated by humanity and good taste. The same quality pervaded his moral nature—a high-spirited man, capable of strong resolutions, incapable of a mean or paltry thing. Yet all this vigour of character was accompanied by manners wholly devoid of pretension, and expressed in the gentlest tones of voice. Only, now and then, a flash revealed the fire and energy within.

Outside the domestic and social circle which he blamelessly and honourably adorned for nearly ninety years, Mr. Procter

may be said to have led two public lives, one literary, the other professional and official, the joint action of which was mutual and is traceable in his writings. His literary career, which was the earlier and the later in duration, is no doubt that by which alone he will be remembered, but its course was so checked and modified by the other that it cannot be considered independently. As to the influences which combined to mould his character and direct the bent of his mind, these autobiographical fragments afford some suggestive hints. Born (November 4, 1787) in the upper middle class of society, and educated at Harrow, where he was the school-fellow of Byron, he received a classical training that qualified him more than many of his contemporaries for the extravagant worship of Greek mythology and art which was the reigning literary fashion of the period when he commenced authorship. A more enduring effect was produced upon his young imagination by the reading of Shakespeare, to whose works among others he was introduced by a female servant of unusual intelligence and cultivation who lived in his uncle's family. 'The world beyond his own,' into which, as he tells us, he even then obtained an insight, was from that time forward the highest aim of his intellectual ambition. From Shakespeare he passed to the perusal of 'all the English poets, from Chaucer down to Burns; almost all the classics which had been converted into English; most of the histories accessible to English readers, and all the novels and romances then extant without a single exception' (p. 31). These studies conclusively determined his bias to literature, and at the outset were incompatible with more than a fitful attention to the legal profession for which his parents designed him. The term of pupilage, however, which he passed as articled clerk to a solicitor in Wiltshire was not unprofitable to him. Residence in the country brought him into familiar contact with the quiet natural beauty, the healthful habits and simple joys and sorrows of life, with which the tranquillity, gentleness, and purity of his own disposition best fitted him to sympathise. The reflection of these early associations is never absent from his subsequent writings, and constitutes much of their charm.

On his return to town in 1807 he was temporarily prevented by illness from prosecuting his legal studies, and he then selected literature as a profession. He was shortly afterwards rendered independent of its drudgery by succeeding to a small property on the death of his father, but, tempted by his generous inclinations and love of field-sports into an excess of

hospitality, he was obliged to retrench and resume the pen as a means of increasing his income. Of his first attempts in verse no particulars are known, but he graduated as a contributor to the 'Literary Gazette' from the year 1815. An introduction which he soon obtained to Leigh Hunt brought him into a large literary group, and the privilege of intimacy with one of its prominent figures, Charles Lamb, the most sympathetic of critics, whose influence in the direction of his tastes was thenceforth paramount, although frequently disturbed by counter attractions. In the study of the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists which Lamb pursued with so much ardour, Mr. Procter became an adept, and his latest poetical work bears evidence of the permanent fascination which they exerted over his mind. To Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt he was scarcely less indebted for guidance to the 'wells of English undefiled' in the poetry of Spenser and Milton, and to the wealth of romance and scholarship, fancy and humour in the best Italian writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The atmosphere of refined æstheticism and liberal culture in which his new associates lived and breathed, thoroughly permeated his sensitive mind, and, without consciously imitating the manner of any individual member of the circle, he soon caught its prevailing tone and spoke its language. Another, and to some extent antagonistic, spell was for a while still more potent. During some years previous to his first appearance as an author, Byron, his schoolfellow at Harrow, with whom he had since renewed acquaintance, was at the height of poetic popularity, and the allurements of sentiment, passion, wit, colour, and melody, which explained and justified the existence of that popularity, were too irresistible for the young poet to withstand. To a third contemporary influence, far calmer and healthier than this, and in deeper consonance with his natural sympathies—that of the Idyllic school—he was at the same time impressionable, although in a less marked degree.

The concurrence of all these tendencies is clearly perceptible in the 'Dramatic Scenes and other Poems,' which he published in 1819, under the pseudonym of Barry Cornwall—an imperfect anagram of his real name. Of these Scenes, 'The Return of Mark Antony,' 'Ludovico Sforza,' 'Love cured by Kindness,' 'Juan,' and 'The Way to Conquer,' are the best, and reflect more or less faithfully the tone of the school in which Lamb had set him to study; Shakespeare and Fletcher being most obviously his models. 'Lysander and Ione,' a dramatic love-passage between a nymph and an Arcadian youth, sounds like an echo of Keats; a paler and

chaster version of 'Endymion.' 'Werner' is not less plainly indebted to Byron's 'Manfred' for its inspiration. Several of the miscellaneous poems also are reminiscences or imitations of the contemplative mood which evoked the finest soliloquies of that drama and passages of 'Childe Harold;' but there is no attempt to simulate the morbid cynicism by which they are disfigured. In such poems as 'The Haunted Stream' and 'Flowers,' there are traces of the Spenserian direction which Hunt had given to his friend's reading. In others, especially 'Rosamond Gray' and the sonnets, the gentle sway of Wordsworth makes itself felt. While there is no sign of original power in the volume, a certain character of individuality is imparted by the happy fusion of such diverse poetic elements into a pure and graceful style. The expression is often weak, but, by avoiding the worst faults and blending the salient beauties of its several ingredients, the composition acquires an eclectic flavour of its own. The following lines afford a favourable example of it:—

‘There the rose unveils
Her breast of beauty, and each delicate bud
O’ the season comes in turn to bloom and perish.
But first of all the violet, with an eye
Blue as the midnight heavens; the frail snowdrop
Born of the breath of Winter, and on his brow
Fixed like a pale and solitary star;
The languid hyacinth and wild primrose,
And daisy trodden down like modesty;
The foxglove, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes her sweet music; the narcissus (named
From him who died for love); the tangled woodbine,
Lilacs, and flowering limes, and scented thorns;
And some from whom the voluptuous winds of June
Catch their perfumings.’

The book reached a second edition in 1820, and was followed in the same year by 'A Sicilian Story, Diego di Montilla, and other Poems.' There is no marked difference between the quality of this volume and its predecessor, except that it displays more of the scholar's skill in echoing the tones of his favourite master, and a greater command of language. 'Diego di Montilla' and 'Gyges' are obvious imitations of 'Beppo' and 'Don Juan,' reproducing not only their mingled strains of humour and pathos, but their *ottava rima* and colloquial diction. As before, the writer's native tact prevents him from copying the flaws of his model. The humour, if thin, is neither coarse nor flippant, and the pathos is unexaggerated. 'A Sicilian Story' is an expansion of the tragic legend recounted by

Boccaccio, which Keats, with far greater power, had rendered in his 'Isabella.' Leigh Hunt evidently stood sponsor both for this and 'The Falcon,' a dramatic version of another of Boccaccio's stories; and they reflect not ineffectively his agreeable manner. Interspersed here and there among these reproductions were touches drawn from the poet's own observation and genuine feeling which afforded an earnest of his future development. The following description of a pauper's funeral, thrust almost at random into a quite inappropriate connection, is singularly impressive. Mr. Emerson, writing to the author in 1847, says that he had known it 'by heart five-and-twenty years before,' and regretted not to find it reprinted in the new edition of 'English Songs and other Poems,' which had just been sent to him:—

'I saw a pauper once, when I was young,
Borne to his shallow grave: the bearers trod
Smiling to where the death-bell heavily rung,
And soon his bones were laid beneath the sod:
On the rough boards the earth was gaily flung.
Methought the prayer which gave him to his God
Was coldly said: then all passing away
Left the scarce-coffin'd wretch to quick decay.

'It was an autumn evening, and the rain
Had ceased awhile, but the loud winds did shriek
And called the deluging tempest back again.
The flagstaff on the churchyard tower did creak,
And through the black clouds ran a lightning vein;
And then the flapping-raven came to seek
Its home: its flight was heavy, and its wing
Seemed weary with a long day's wandering.'

The choice of delicate symbols and dainty phrases is another redeeming feature of this volume, giving promise of the writer's ultimate success as a lyrical poet. It may be illustrated in such lines as these:—

'At night

The moon ran searching through the woodbine bowers,
And shook o'er all the leaves her kisses bright,
O'er lemon blossoms and faint myrtle flowers.'

And

'The soft welling of a Naiad's urn.'

The book received a kindly and discriminating notice from the pen of Mr. Jeffrey in this Review,* and reached to a third edition.

* Vol. xxxiii. pp. 144-155.

‘*Marcian Colonna, three Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems,*’ followed within a few months. The principal tale, the subject of which is drawn from Italian sources, is composite in design, Byron and Hunt being about equally responsible for its treatment. It has some striking passages, but is uneven in execution. The influence of the old dramatists, which had seemed to be waning, reappears in the Scenes, and still more in ‘*The Last Song*’ among the miscellaneous poems, which is in Fletcher’s tenderest vein. The promise displayed in this volume elicited another expression of approval from Jeffrey, and a word of encouragement to proceed cautiously in the preparation of the drama upon which the writer was known to be engaged.* The caution either came too late, or was not taken to heart enough to render him proof against the temptation to haste which presented itself with the opportunity of having his work accepted for performance at Covent Garden. Mr. Procter’s own account of ‘*Mirandola*,’ that ‘it was a very hurried and ‘imperfect production,’ and that had he ‘taken pains’ he ‘could have made a much more sterling thing,’ is not to be disputed. Here, as elsewhere, he exhibited some skill in the management of dialogue, but its lack of point and vigour is more than usually apparent. The tenderness, wherein he rarely fails, is here diluted to flatness, and in his efforts to express passion he becomes strained and turgid. For the moment, however, thanks to the ability of Macready, Charles Kemble, and Miss Foote, who filled the leading parts, the play was a success, if not ‘the event of the dramatic season’ of 1821. It had a run of sixteen nights, and produced with the copyright a return of 630*l.*, but it was never revised or improved by its author.

No amount of praise or success, however flattering, was sufficient to disturb his moral equilibrium, and he seems to have erred, if at all, on the side of self-distrust. At a time when literary jealousies were unusually rancorous, his indifference to his own laurels and generous concern for the fame of his fellows won for him the tribute of their common goodwill. With the most distinguished members of the circle in which he habitually moved, he was on terms of close friendship. Charles Lamb saw him continually, and corresponded with him confidentially, speaking of him familiarly as ‘my dear boy,’ and, in reliance upon being ‘seen home’ by his aid, contriving to sit beside him at the festive dinners given by the publishers of the ‘*London Magazine*’ to their staff, of which

* .Vol. xxxiv. pp. 449–460.

both were members. This intimacy continued to the close of Lamb's life, and is recorded in the 'Memoir' which was the latest of Mr. Procter's literary labours. His intercourse with Leigh Hunt also, though severely taxed by the drain which one so chronically impecunious made upon his ever-open purse, remained unbroken till death. With the unsociable Hazlitt he was on a cordial footing, seeing him 'almost every day at 'certain seasons,' and records as an 'unparalleled occurrence' having been once asked to dine with him alone. Of Coleridge and Wordsworth he saw less, but enough to know them well and observe them attentively. His relations with Keats were so pleasant as to make their brief duration a matter of regret, and the noble sonnet on Chapman's 'Homer,' which the death-stricken poet gave him before leaving for Italy, was prized among his choicest treasures. Byron, whose published estimates of his old schoolfellow's writings were discordant, had a personal liking for him, and wrote to him with a semblance at least of frank confidence. At the hospitable board of Rogers Mr. Procter was a constant guest. With George Darley, Thomas Hood, Allan Cunningham, Henry Cary, and his other coadjutors in the 'London Magazine,' he was generally popular, and a chapter of his last work contains his kindly reminiscences of them. Outside the Liberal hemisphere of the literary world, he had fewer acquaintance but no enemies, and even the savage Tory critics of 'Blackwood' abused him with bated breath.

In 1823, after an interval of two years, he published 'The Flood of Thessaly, the Girl of Provence, and other Poems.' The first named, a brief epic founded on the myth of Deucalion and Pyrrha, attests the persistent fascination of classical themes for his mind, but a firmer and more independent method of handling them than he had yet manifested. If any influence is apparent, it is that of Milton, from whose 'Paradise Lost' one or two features of design have been evidently borrowed. The style, though still too diffuse, is more vertebrate than heretofore, and the blank verse, which had as yet followed the halting step of Byron's, now advances with a more nervous stride. We extract, in illustration, part of a description of the sympathy of Nature with the happiness of newly wedded love:—

'The winds sang at their nuptials gentle tunes,
And roses opened on whose crimson hearts
The colour of love is stamped, and odours rare
Came steaming from the morn-awakening flowers,
Which then forgot to close. Thessalian pipes
Were heard in valleys, and from thickets green

The Sylvans peeped delighted, then drew back
 And shouted thro' the glades.
 The nightingale lay silent in the leaves,
 For joy was grief to her: the timorous sheep
 Were silent; and the backward-glancing hare
 Lay close, and scarce the wild deer stirred the fern.'

In 'The Girl of Provence' the tender tragedy of the young enthusiast who died of her passion for the Belvidere Apollo is told in very sweet and musical verse, which betrays the influence both of Shelley and Byron, either of whom, however, would have handled so sensuous a theme far less delicately. The seductive grace and pictorial redundancy of Shelley's earlier style are recalled by such a description as this:—

'The populous forests thick with life,
 Which, deep and cool as Faunus ever knew,
 Are haunted only by melodious strife
 Of birds and insects when the year is new,
 Feeding upon the fragrant summer dew;
 And there the untiring seasons bring for aye
 To night rich slumber and fresh life to day.'

The concluding stanzas that narrate the catastrophe are worthy of the master who has melted so many hearts with pity at the doom of Parisina and Haidee.

'She died mad as the winds, mad as the sea
 Which rages for the beauty of the moon,
 Mad as the poet is whose fancies flee
 Up to the stars to claim some boundless boon;
 Mad as the forest when the tempests tune
 Their breath to song and shake its leafy pride,
 Yet trembling like its shadows so she died.

'She died at morning when the gentle streams
 Of day came pouring through the far east sky,
 And that same light which brought her maddening dreams
 Brought back her mind. She awoke with gentle cry,
 And in the light she loved she wished to die.
 She perished when no more she could endure,
 Hallowed before it like a martyr pure.'

The volume was dedicated in some stanzas, over-ornate in imagery, but pardonably exaggerated in sentiment, to an unnamed lady who proved to be the poet's *fiancée*, and became his wife in the year following its publication. Marriage, a critical event in every life, was especially critical in his. It was the immediate occasion of his relinquishing the higher provinces of the art which he had steadily cultivated in favour of the professional career which he had till then neglected,

and, since Nature was too strong to be expelled, indirectly led to his winning the lower poetic wreath which is enduringly entwined with his name. His slender private fortune and literary gains being insufficient for the support of his new obligations, he turned with a quiet courage, for which a superficial observer of his slight frame and unassuming demeanour would not have given him credit, to a course of studies as far as possible removed from those to which his tastes and habits inclined him. His wife was the step-daughter of Mr. Basil Montagu, eminent both as a law-reformer and as the editor and biographer of Bacon. Under his auspices, Mr. Procter became a conveyancer, and, stimulated by the increasing responsibilities of family life, worked more assiduously for fortune than he had ever worked for fame. Fame, however, came to him unasked, and was assuredly earned by a toiler whose habit it was 'to sit 'up on an average two entire nights a week.' His career was unexpectedly prosperous, and he enjoyed its modest triumphs heartily. 'I do not think,' writes his widow, 'that any literary successes ever gratified him so much as when some solicitor on 'the adverse side, pleased with his work, employed him.' In the exercise of his legal calling he manifested a strict mental discipline of which none who knew him only as a weaver of poetic dreams could have suspected the coexistence. The pupils confided to his tuition during the short period of his practice as a conveyancer were from forty to fifty in number.

Domestic happiness was more than a compensation to him for any immediate surrender of literary distinction that it appeared to entail. His nature was singularly fitted for the serenity of the life which he had chosen, and in the relations of husband and father he disclosed a depth of feeling which had been hitherto unsounded. The vitality thereby imparted to his later as compared with his earlier writings is no small part of their superior claim to be enjoyed and remembered. Literature, though no longer compatible with his engrossing duties as a study, was still pursued as a relaxation. In default of the requisite time for attention to lofty themes and great works he cultivated the branches of lyric and song for which his aptitude had been already apparent. The 'English Songs' which he gave to the world in 1832 were the fruit of this pleasant toil. Himself a trained musician, and gifted with a fine ear for verbal and metrical harmonies, he ran no risk of falling into the modern error of supposing that any fugitive verse upon a familiar subject of thought or feeling may be appropriate for musical association. His songs (proper) are written to be sung, and in their choice alike of theme and

language present no difficulties either to composer or singer. Many of them, allied to the score of Neukomm and Henry Phillips, were as household words to the generation before our own, and there are still some unset which invite the skill of a sympathetic musician. In a few examples the accomplishment of their definite function may be held to constitute their sole value, but a large number of them deserve a higher distinction. If clear thought, generous and tender emotion, delicate fancy, simple language, and melodious versification are entitled in combination to the name of poetry, it cannot be withheld from the best of these songs, however unaspiring may be the range of their art. They are drawn, not, like his youthful poems, from merely imaginative dreams, intellectual studies, or sentimental moods, but from the living sources of matured experience and expansive sympathy. 'The Poet's Song to his Wife,' 'The Wife's Song,' 'Song over a Child,' 'Touch us gently, Time,' and 'A Prayer in Sickness,' these and many like them are unmistakable outbursts of strong personal feeling; while many more, such as 'Within and Without,' 'Thirteen Years ago,' 'Lowly Pleasures,' 'The Poorhouse,' 'The Pauper's Jubilee,' and 'The Rising in the North,' are as obviously evoked by genuine impulses of joy, pity, or indignation, that pass into a wider sphere and recognise no barriers of social caste. In some examples, such as 'London,' and 'To our Neighbour's Health,' a vein of quaint humour and lively satire is worked with admirable success. In others, the essential friendliness and geniality of the poet's nature find characteristic utterance, notably in the epistles 'To Charles Lamb on his Emancipation from Clerkship,' to Robert Browning, D. Maclise, and the author of 'Eothen,' as well as in the frequent invocations to good cheer and fellowship. Mingled with the songs are several lyrics, the offspring of occasional reverie or thought, and very unequal in execution, but containing passages of remarkable beauty and force. One or two illustrations must be given of his power in dealing with contrasted themes. 'A Dirge' will display his faculty of pure song and the eloquence of simple pathos:—

'Farewell! Day is done!
Love died at the set of sun!
Joy we found;—but it is lost:
And life is weary, and tempest-toss'd.

'Farewell! World of Gold!
Nought of ours was bought or sold;
Hearts were given, sweet for sweet;
But our summer is now in its winding sheet.

‘ All that God, the giver, gave,
Sleepeth now in a virgin grave ;
A flower above, and the mould below ;
And this is all that the mourners know.

‘ Farewell ! The torches burn ;
But Hope, the seraph, will not return ;
Love died at the set of sun ;
And darkness falls, and the day is done ! ’

‘ A Chamber Scene,’ which might be the transcript of a picture by Titian, embodies the glowing effect which long study of the best Renaissance art had wrought upon his imagination :—

‘ Tread softly through these amorous rooms,
For every bough is hung with life,
And kisses in harmonious strife
Unloose their sharp and wing’d perfumes !
From Afric and the Persian looms
The carpet’s silken leaves have sprung,
And heaven in its blue bounty flung
These starry flowers, and azure blooms.

‘ Tread softly ! By a creature fair
The deity of love reposes,
His red lips open, like the roses
Which round his hyacinthine hair
Hang in crimson coronals ;
And Passion fills the archéd halls ;
And Beauty floats upon the air.

‘ Tread softly—softly, like the foot
Of Winter, shod with fleecy snow,
Who cometh white, and cold, and mute,
Lest he should wake the Spring below.
Oh, look !—for here lie Love and Youth,
Fair spirits of the heart and mind ;
Alas ! that one should stray from truth ;
And one—be ever, ever, blind ! ’

‘ The Prophet ’ is tuned to a strain of grave earnestness to which he has seldom given such weighty expression.

‘ Day broke :—the morning of a mighty year
Came forth, and smiled ;
And, in its sunny arms (like waters clear),
It bore—a child.

‘ Time flew. Quick life along his arteries sang,
Love’s pulses beat ;
And from his burning temples thought outsprang
And truth, complete.

- ‘ Time flew. The brightness of a poet’s sight
Enlarged his eye;
And strength and courage knit his limbs for fight,
To live—or die.
- ‘ Time flew :—Sad wisdom from his heart arose,
And touched his brain;
And he stood up ’midst all a Prophet’s woes,
And spoke,—in vain !
- ‘ He spoke :—Men hearkened to his piercing cry,
With smiles, with scorn;
But the dim Future felt his threatenings nigh,
And shook,—unborn !
- ‘ He died : and race to race did still succeed;
And suns did shine;
And centuries passed; and still no eye could read
His awful line.
- ‘ You mourn ? Mourn not, nor deem his history vain,
Nor vain his strife :
To breathe, to feel, to hope, are worth the pain
Of death, and life.
- ‘ And now (as generations rise, and far
Like vapours roll),
Some few begin to gaze, as on a star,
And scan his scroll.
- ‘ And, in its inspiration, vaguely shown,
We seem to trace
The march of revolutions, come and flown;
And of man’s race
- ‘ The history. Amidst blots of blood and tears,
The verses run
Until we lose their light in distant years,
And—all is done ! ’

The traces of borrowed inspiration in the volume are few or none, but there is a definitive abandonment of all his former models of style, with the exception of the old dramatic song-writers and lyrists, to whom his allegiance remained unalterably devoted. Perhaps no modern poet has made a nearer approach than Mr. Procter, at his best, to that choice simplicity of musical diction which attained its highest perfection in Fletcher’s ‘ Faithful Shepherdess ’ and the early poems of Milton. The resemblance is increased by the frequent use that he makes of their favourite eight-syllabled verse, a metre not easy to manage, but in skilful hands lending itself sooner than any other to the service of pure and intelligible English.

The resistless appeal of their quiet and familiar beauty to the common heart has given the 'Songs' a place in our literature which it can scarcely be doubted is secure. They passed through several editions in their author's lifetime, and became as well known in America as in his own country.* Minds so diversely framed and endowed as those of Landor, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, and Swinburne have united in admiring chorus to approve the popular verdict. It can be poetry of no ordinary worth in which 'the people' and men of the highest culture alike take delight.

Other labours of less moment occupied Mr. Procter's intervals of leisure. The letterpress to a portrait series of the English poets ('*Effigies Poeticæ*,' 1824) is written with much skill and freshness. A biography of Edmund Kean (1835), compiled from the scanty materials put at his disposal by the actor's widow, is only noteworthy for its candour and tact in dealing with a difficult subject. A memoir of the life and writings of Ben Jonson, prefixed to Moxon's edition of the dramatist in 1838, displays considerable critical acumen. He composed several tales, also, as contributions to Keepsakes and Annuals, and a few essays, one or two of which appeared in this Review. A new sphere of activity debarred him from completing these undertakings with the care that he would have otherwise bestowed upon them. Having been called to the bar in 1831, he was appointed in the following year to the office of Metropolitan Commissioner of Lunacy, which he contrived, during ten years, to hold consistently with his practice as a conveyancer. The accurate and punctual discharge of his official duties won for him the esteem of his superiors and the thorough confidence and regard of his colleagues. The appointment, which was "nominally impermanent," was yearly renewed until 1842, when he was made a member of the permanent Commission, and retired from professional practice.

During the early part of his married life Mr. Procter resided with his father-in-law in Bedford Square, but afterwards removed to a house in Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, affectionately commemorated in the poem which he wrote on leaving it ('*A Farewell to Home*'). His next change of residence to Upper Harley Street brought him into closer intercourse with the society in which he best loved to mingle, and

* His Transatlantic reputation appears to be very great. The edition of his songs printed for American readers includes a large number that he thought it desirable to omit, but which, on the ground of their popularity, the publishers refused to spare.

his house became pleasantly famous for its *réunions* of distinguished guests. No hostess was better qualified than Mrs. Procter to dispense the graceful hospitality his love of which almost amounted to a foible. An instructed and unwearied love of art, combined with competent means, had made him the possessor of a fine collection of paintings and drawings by the old Italian masters, and many of his happiest hours were spent in poring over these with some like-minded enthusiast.* There was scarcely an author, artist, or composer of note, during his long career, by whom he was not known and honoured, and the attachments of his middle and later life were not less intimate and cordial than those of his youth. Landor's 'Address to Barry Cornwall,' Thackeray's dedication of 'Vanity Fair,' Dickens's reference to him in the preface to his daughter's 'Legends and Lyrics' as 'an old and dear friend,' and Mr. Swinburne's memorial stanzas on his death, are successive testimonies to the affection which he to the last inspired. From another friend, less illustrious in literature than himself, but hardly less known and beloved by contemporary men of letters, John Kenyon, he received a substantial token of regard in the unexpected shape of a large legacy, the coincidence of which with a considerable reduction in the amount of his official income made it doubly welcome. The secret of his universal fascination is not far to seek. The entire absence of self-interest in his nature was not less remarkable than the presence of an active, unobtrusive kindliness. No one would be found to dispute the faithfulness of the portrait thus painted by one of his latest intimates, the American author and publisher, Mr. James Fields:—

'Who that ever came habitually into his presence can forget the tones of his voice, the tenderness in his grey retrospective eyes, or the touch of his sympathetic hand laid on the shoulder of a friend? The elements were, indeed, so kindly mixed in him, that no bitterness, or rancour, or jealousy, had part or lot in his composition. No distinguished person was ever more ready to help forward the rising, and as yet nameless, literary man or woman who asked his counsel and warm-hearted suffrage. His mere presence was sunshine and courage to a

* Of this collection he was subsequently obliged to dispose in consequence of having sustained a heavy loss by the repudiation of an American State loan in which he had largely invested. Miss Martineau's statement in her 'Biographical Sketches,' p. 482, that he took this step out of an apprehension that a revolutionary period was at hand which would 'overthrow taste and its objects,' has, as we are assured on the best authority, no foundation in fact. Few men were less likely to be the victims of political panic.

newcomer into the growing world of letters. . . . Indeed, to be *human* only entitled anyone who came near him to receive the gracious bounty of his goodness and courtesy. He made it the happiness of his life never to miss, whenever opportunity occurred, the chance of conferring pleasure and gladness on those who needed kind words and substantial aid.*

Miss Martineau, while unable to forbear her usual strain of moral censure upon any shortcomings from her own rigid standard of duty, bears unreserved testimony to Mr. Procter's loving and loveable character. 'There was no misapprehending,' she says, 'a mind so true and upright, or a heart so guileless.'† The systematic beneficence to the needy, which she reproves in him as a weakness inconsistent with his avowed distrust of human nature, will not be generally considered to require defence. His present biographer refers to it as characterised by an unostentatious and timely sympathy which, while it doubled the value of the gift to the receiver, redeemed the giver from any suspicion of sentimentality or indiscriminate Those who knew Mr. Procter best recognised the fund of practical good sense which underlay his impulsive temperament. Probably the cynical speeches which Miss Martineau construed so literally were nothing more than a mask, such as is often worn by a philanthropist who is also a man of the world, with the object of evading detection.

Nowhere was this radiant warmth of heart more evident than in the discharge of his official duties, which, from 1842 to 1861, involved his undertaking periodical tours of inspection to provincial lunatic asylums. A remarkable instance of the effect produced by his persuasive tones and manner upon a patient supposed to be 'incurably violent' is mentioned by his biographer. The scenes which he was called upon to witness must have been singularly painful to him by reason of his extreme nervous sensibility. They did not pass from his memory without a characteristic record. Two, at least, of the occasional poems which he from time to time added to successive editions of the 'English Songs' ('The Rake's Progress' and 'The Modern Cymon') would seem to have been suggested by experiences thus acquired. Infirmary of health obliged him to resign his commissionership in 1861, to the great regret of his colleagues, who took occasion to testify their appreciation of his worth by presenting Mrs. Procter with a marble bust of him by Foley.

* 'Barry Cornwall, and some of his Friends,' in 'Harper's New Monthly Magazine,' vols. li., lii. (1875).

† 'Biographical Sketches,' 1875 (4th edition), pp. 475-487.

Not until far advanced in years did he wholly lay aside the pen, and some of his latest work, both in prose and verse, is among his best. The collection of 'Essays and Tales' which he allowed Messrs. Ticknor and Fields to publish, for the benefit of his American admirers, in 1853, contained a few of recent date. The essay on the life and genius of Shakspeare, which is the most important member of the series, though written some years earlier, had probably the advantage of his maturer revision. It abounds in passages of acute and just observation, the result of a long and loving study not of the master only, but of the great contemporaries also with whom he worked, and whose writings have been mingled with his own. At a time when there is reason to fear that the explorations which are being carried on with renewed vigour in the field of Shakespearian criticism may fall to the conduct of hypercritics and pedants, it is refreshing to turn to the records of Mr. Procter's sensible and discriminating analysis. But a single example of it can here be cited. After expressing his concurrence with Darley in opposition to Leigh Hunt's preference for the versification of Beaumont and Fletcher, he observes that the use of double and triple endings, in which the twin-dramatists habitually indulge, 'has a tendency to retard the dialogue in all cases, and therefore they should be very sparingly used except in soliloquy or narrative passages. In those cases where the object is not to hurry the interest, but in part to operate as a relief or pause from the excitement of the play, these endings may be adopted with advantage; and accordingly we find that Shakspeare, who knew how to profit by all things, has recourse to this species of verse in the soliloquies of Hamlet and other places. In those parts where events are rapidly proceeding, or where the *carte* and *tierce* of dialogue are fiercely going on, these endings are abandoned as an incumbrance.'

Mr. Procter himself possessed a considerable, though not a remarkable, share of the dramatic faculty which he thus keenly apprehended, but its quality could not be illustrated without exceeding our limits of space. The 'Dramatic Fragments' appended to the later editions of the 'English Songs' attest his command of the language appropriate to scenic and declamatory emotion, and it is seen to even better advantage in the 'Dramatic Scenes' which he republished in 1857 with large alterations from the editions of 1819-20. Both these and the new ones which he added show some skill in characterisation and in reproducing by means of selected imagery and descriptive touches the particular locality in which the action is laid. They do not, however, impress us with any other

evidence of special aptitude for his favourite form of art. The miscellaneous poems, which compose a distinct section of the last volume, are of higher value, and include several of his finest productions. If somewhat of the freshness and colour of youthful fancy is wanting to them, they attain a serener level of thought and feeling than most of his earlier lyrics; their range of variety is wider, and their style more tense and stately. 'Above and Below,' 'Questions to a Spiritual Friend,' and 'An Interior,' would be creditable to any poetic artist of our time. They must be read in their integrity, and are too long for quotation; but a verse or two from another poem of the same mould, although less finished, will illustrate the workmanship.

'CELATA VIRTUS.

' You give me praise for what I do ;
 You blame me for what's left undone :
 Alas ! how little is piercèd through,—
 How little known of the lost or won,
 Under the sun !

' For every common thought I print,
 How many a better lurks unsaid,
 That wants the stamp, and leaves the mint
 Unhonoured by the monarch's head,
 And good as dead.

' How many a towering tree hath sprung
 From seeds which winged wanderers spill ;
 How many a daily deed is sung
 As good, which hath its source in ill,
 Do what we will.

' Our world-opinions, half alloy,
 Pass well : the rest aside are thrown ;
 And inmost deepest notes of joy
 Move not ; their own great meaning known
 To the heart alone.'

Many of the lyrics, especially 'An Acquaintance,' 'Ex Fumo,' 'Phryne,' 'Le Scélérat,' and 'The Victor,' have a semi-dramatic character which recalls the type of Mr. Browning's compositions, whose genius Mr. Procter was among the first to recognise. While the sensibility which he had always manifested to the influence of more original minds than his own thus continued persistent, age had largely increased his power of fusing the borrowed with the native element so as to evolve an individual product, and the resemblance which these poems bear to their model is quite distinct from ordinary imitation. In such pieces

as 'Seeing,' 'Hearing,' the 'Epistle from an Obscure Philosopher,' and 'Sisters of Music,' his appreciative knowledge of the two arts most allied to his own finds eloquent expression. The genial humour manifested in so many of the 'Songs' is pleasantly revived in 'Proverbial Philosophy' and 'Jack Turpin,' and the keen vein of satire to which the superabounding sweetness of the poet's nature seldom permitted a vent breaks forth with rare force and brilliance in 'Vanity Fair,' 'To a Myth,' and 'The Parish Doctor.' Pithy, tender, and musical utterances of various moods compose the rest of the volume. It concludes with a touching 'Farewell' to the Muse-friend of many years who had never done him wrong.

'Farewell! The plumage drops from off my wing.
Life and its humbler tasks henceforth are mine.
The lark no longer down from heaven doth bring
The music which in youth I deemed divine.
The winds are mute; the river dares not sing;
Time lifts his hand—and I obey the sign!'

It is probable that, like many another parting of an artist from his beloved mistress, this was not final. Several of the poems, complete or fragmentary, which are collected in the volume before us, may be assumed to be of later date. The old charm of his graceful hand is wanting to few of them, and one or two are in his happiest manner. The apostrophe to Giorgione's pictured 'Unknown' is remarkable for imaginative force, and 'Ex Humo,' the last song of unrequited love, is full of pathos.

The latest of his literary toils were consecrated to the service of friendship. In 1863 he joined with John Forster in preparing a selection of extracts that should testify to the wide range of Mr. Browning's poetic power, and hasten the advent of a public recognition of it which had been too long withheld. In 1866 he published a memoir of Charles Lamb, a friend of still older standing, and almost the only guide of his youth whose influence he had not outgrown. A tribute more generous and affectionate has never been rendered by one man of letters to another. It is a study of character illuminated by the insight of thorough sympathy. The mingling of regretful and mirthful reminiscences in the veteran's narrative as he recalls the scenes in which his companion and he took part, and the familiar figures that gathered round them, his discriminating estimate of intellectual qualities and kindly tolerance of moral infirmities, combine with the mellow calm and gentle dignity of his tone and style to place

this among the most delightful contributions ever made to literary biography.

Two years later, when in his seventy-ninth year, Mr. Procter commenced the series already referred to as constituting the most popularly attractive feature of the present volume, a collection of memorials touching all the eminent contemporaries in literature and art with whom he had come in contact. His strength did not serve him to complete the execution of this design; but such portions of it as are here preserved are finished sections rather than fragments of the whole, and show no traces of decline in the writer's faculties either of accurate remembrance or critical discernment. The portraits of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt are especially noteworthy for firmness and delicacy of handling. The sketches of Wordsworth and Coleridge are slighter, but scarcely less truthful. Of Scott as a man Mr. Procter knew little, but the opinion here expressed upon his characteristics as a writer strikes us as admirably just. Except in two or three cases wherein he had, or believed himself to have, ample grounds for severity, the judgments which Mr. Procter passes upon his literary brethren are lenient to excess. His tone throughout is that of a man whose experience of his fellows has not shaken his confidence in them nor chilled his love, and who, at the close of a long and happy life, desires to take a kindly farewell of the world.

In its prevailing tenor, up to its final scenes, his life may unquestionably be pronounced happy beyond the average. Two great sorrows, indeed, fell to his lot. In 1832 he lost his son Edward, a boy of great promise, at the age of six, and in 1864 his daughter Adelaide when in the bloom of womanhood and at the height of a poetical renown which has transcended his own. But, deeply as he felt these bereavements, the one occurred early enough in life for him to experience the healing effects of time, and the other late enough to warrant his indulging the hope of speedy reunion. The tender solicitude of his wife and surviving children, the warm attachment of several intimate friends, and the reverential regard of a large circle of admirers at home and abroad, a secure literary eminence, and sufficient worldly fortune were possessions which he retained to the last. He gradually withdrew from society as the infirmities of age crept on, to find congenial occupation in the company of favourite books and the memory of old associations. Though for some time before his death deprived, by a slight paralytic seizure, of the power of speech, his mental and many of his physical faculties remained unimpaired. He died full

of years and honours, October 5, 1874, and lies, by his own desire, in the cemetery at Finchley, a spot endeared to him by the recollections of childhood.

The gentle refinement and wholesome sweetness of his nature have imparted their flavour to his writings. His preference for the bright, the noble, and the tender aspects of humanity above all other themes, make him a companion whom in almost every mood we are glad to seek and loth to leave. With a naïve egotism that never offends, he takes his readers into confidence, and invites them to share his likes and dislikes. His books pleasantly stimulate or lull the mind without putting any undue strain upon thought, imagination, or emotion, so that one rises from their perusal with a sense of quiet enjoyment akin to that produced by the outlines of a Kentish landscape or the tones of a melody by Mendelssohn. As must always be the case with writers who are not original, he is rarely quotable, and, with the exception of some of his songs, it may be doubted if any of his works have vitality enough to be reckoned among the classics of English literature. But, for the reason adverted to at starting, we believe that his name, apart from his writings, is as unlikely to be forgotten as any in the illustrious circle of his habitual associates. In almost every such constellation of brilliant intellects there are to be found lesser lights, men who in point of genius are not comparable to their great contemporaries, but whose title to rank with them is nevertheless unquestioned. Devoid of any ambitious pretensions that savour of rivalry, they excite no animosities, and their modest successes in the humbler fields to which they confine themselves are hailed with general satisfaction. With an affinity of tastes and culture that makes them acceptable as acquaintance, they unite a readiness of helpful sympathy and some gracious spell of moral or spiritual attractiveness that makes them beloved as friends. Among the wits of our so-called Augustan age this place was filled by Gay, and in the circle of which Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, and Sheridan were leading ornaments it was filled by Goldsmith. The literary peerage-roll of this century, upon which the names of Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, Coleridge, Landor, Lamb, and Hazlitt are prominently inscribed, would not be complete unless that of 'Barry Cornwall' were added. That he survived to record his memories of their fame and friendship cannot fail to cement this union the closer. 'They were 'lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they are 'not divided.'

- ART. III.—1. *Scepticism in Geology and the Reasons for it.* By VERIFIER. London: 1877.
2. *The Freedom of Science in the modern State.* By RUDOLF VIRCHOW, M.D. London: 1878.
3. *Geology for Students and General Readers.* By A. H. GREEN, F.R.S., &c. 2nd Edition. London: 1877.
4. *Manual of Geology.* By the Rev. S. HAUGHTON, M.D., D.C.L., &c. 4th Edition. London: 1876.
5. *Manuals of Elementary Science. Geology.* By T. G. BONNEY, M.A., F.G.S. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge: 1874.

THE advance of positive science up to the present time is mainly due to the collection, analysis, and decipherment of facts. The attention of students was formerly directed to what, it was assumed, must be. Certain postulates were laid down; and on them the blank skeleton of science was supposed to rest. Anything that fell without this arbitrary scheme was summarily rejected. It is almost a matter of wonder how, under such a system, the human mind could have advanced to the point of questioning the verity of the system itself. That once done, the whole artificial structure collapsed. Ceasing to study what must be, men began to observe what is. By the rise of one of those great waves of thought which have so often surged over the intellectual world, facts long unknown, obscure, or misunderstood came almost simultaneously into view in nearly every portion of the field of human survey. Chemistry yielded a knowledge of its elements to those who sought it by the test-tube and the scales. Physical law became unveiled in its majestic simplicity. The acquisition of power over nature followed or accompanied the acquisition of knowledge of her laws. Watt and Stephenson had yoked the steam-spirit to the pump, the ship, and the car, before Grove had illustrated the correlation of physical forces, or Joule had determined the mechanical equivalent of heat. Advance and victory, all along the line, crowned every persevering effort. The accurate osteological knowledge which Cuvier first obtained from comparative study, enabled that great student of nature to lay the bases of palæontology. To the mighty sounding-line thus let down into the darkness of the past was added the second means of discovery afforded by lithological analysis. A pebble, intelligently interrogated, was found to bear a long record inscribed on its face. It yielded

to the enquirer information as to whence it came; of what primary or later rock it had once formed a portion; whence and to what distance it had been transported by the motion of ice or of water; and by what currents, eddies, and waves, it had been ground into shape. While entirely unexpected light was thus streaming in upon the student, human history recovered much of her lost speech. The hieroglyphics of Egypt, and the yet quainter characters in which Assyrian, and, before them, Accadian, scribes had indented history, chronology, grammar, political apophthegms, memoranda of purchase and sale, and records illustrating the whole course of daily life, on the humble but durable material, clay, became vocal. Much that had been vague in past history started at once into exact and definite order. It may perhaps be said that in the same way in which written records are more reliable than oral tradition, sculptured and graven inscriptions are at once more durable and more authentic than those committed to the perishable keeping of papyrus or of parchment. But still more exempt from error than the most elaborate tablets of the hieroglyphic sculptor, or the *terra cotta* scribe, are the notes graven by the hand of Nature herself on cliff, and boulder, and pebble—the records of past events which bear the very autoglyphs of terrestrial change.

In the pursuit of a study so new, so fascinating, and so positive in its bases, it was to be expected that error and extravagances should at first occur. It is in physical research alone that the elements of knowledge are absolutely true. Any error or falsification must be in the reader. We may authenticate an inscription as that of a great monarch. Past doubt we may have it as he uttered or authorised it. But who shall say how far he coloured the facts—how far, consciously or unconsciously, he ordered the graving of something more like a bulletin of Napoleon than a true military or political chronicle? But the *striae* on the face of a cliff, or the teeth in some archaic form of jaw-bone, are free from any possible error as records. The only misguidance of which they can be accused is due to the ignorance, the haste, or the prejudice of the student. Hence we can afford to look with patience on such errors, assured that, in due course of study, the true testimony of the primæval archives will be disentangled, and the message of Nature, telling of her past revolutions, will fall plainly and intelligibly on our ears.

In the contest and struggle attendant on the introduction of the new order of study, it is natural that much should occur to shock venerable prejudices. We use the word in its

proper meaning—not as a term of contempt or abuse, but as expressing an unquestionable fact. Fore-judgments are necessarily made, by those who attempt to decide at all, upon imperfect data. When these fore-judgments are the simple outcome of the facts, as far as they are known, they perform the important function of scientific hypothesis.

It will be at once admitted by all those who are familiar with the subject that nothing, since the time of the re-promulgation of the physical, or Pythagorean, view of the solar system by Galileo, has raised a fiercer contest between what were asserted to be old truths, and what were brought forward as new discoveries, than the facts brought to light by the progress of geology. The first shock of that contest is now over. It was never comparable in its intensity to the effect produced on men's minds by the announcement of the motion of the earth, although it has proved more disturbing than the results of any subsequent advance in human knowledge. But as we are now perfectly content to use the terms 'sunrise' and 'sunset,' while we know that they are only apparently, not physically true, so we find many of those who once frantically denounced the opposition of the views of Cuvier and his followers to what they held to be the revealed statements of Moses, or at least many of those on whom the hoods and gowns of the old assailants of the geologist have descended, ready to admit that they may too hastily have adopted a servile and puerile interpretation of Semitic language; and that history written on papyrus may perhaps best be understood by the aid of history written on the very surface of the earth herself.

It is as a volunteer in this contest that the author of '*Scepticism in Geology*' has made a spirited and well-executed attack on what he terms 'certain excrescences on the great and incontrovertible truths of geology, which aim at proving the earth 'to have been fashioned by mechanical processes still going on.' Interesting in its argument, the book is illustrated by cuts, one or two of which are so apt in their elucidation of the author's views as to approach ocular demonstration. Although to some extent the actual energy of recent geological phenomena is undervalued, and although the most authoritative utterances of modern geology must be taken to be rather more in harmony with some of the views supported, than with those most successfully attacked, by '*Verifier*,' we have no hesitation in characterising the book as one calculated to advance the aim of the writer, namely, 'to sift the truth.' But the questions which underlie the subject are of far deeper moment than the enquiry how far any geological writer may have cari-

catured a tentative theory. We fear that the unrivalled popularity that has hailed the appearance of certain works, which have propounded new theories, or carried old theories to new results, with reference to the organised species of the natural kingdoms, has not been due, in the main, to a genuine interest in natural science. It is idle to disguise the fact that the contest in its present phase, although it may be unfair to say that it is carried on under false colours, is one which concerns the safety of positions of a very different importance from the outposts around which the skirmish as yet rages. The 'uniformitarian' doctrine of geology, or the perfect explanation afforded to all the half-read mysteries of the bygone course of organic life on the globe by the doctrine of Natural Selection, are subjects as to which comparatively few persons are sufficiently educated to form an opinion which is worth consulting. Yet it is to such persons alone that the purely scientific interest of the questions is limited. Popular attention is commanded, not by the direct, but by the indirect, results of the debate. There can be no doubt that, on the one hand, there is an uneasy and but half-confessed fear, and on the other hand an eager and hostile expectancy, that the progress of science, or the definitive statement of the positive knowledge at which the most cultivated students of the day are gradually arriving, will prove absolutely inconsistent with the maintenance of certain religious tenets very dear to the former, and very obnoxious to the latter, disputants. It is not as affecting the authority of Cuvier, but as impairing or maintaining traditions which were supposed to have the positive sanction of religious authority, that such a doctrine as that of development rivets the attention of the great mass of readers.

It is idle to bewail the existence of a tendency which, however strong it may be at the present time, had tenfold power in the time of Galileo. But when the student is beset by the din of conflict from without—when eager hands are outstretched to snatch the result of each new experience, in order to use it, not for scientific, but for polemical, purposes—the most honest searcher for truth is liable to become heated and hurried. The clear light of intelligence is troubled by the hot breath of debate. Thus, for example, the enquiry as to whether certain Egyptian dynasties were contemporary or successive is a purely historical question, for the solution of which certain data exist, more are in course of collection, and as to which the attainment of ultimate certitude may be confidently expected. But there is an incompatibility between the attribution of such a date as most Egyptologists assign to the fifth

Egyptian dynasty, and—not the book of Genesis, but the ordinary interpretation of the book of Genesis. The builder of the Great Pyramid lived, there is little room to doubt, six hundred years before the date usually assigned as that of an universal deluge. There are three parties, or three propositions, to be reconciled. The position which should be most readily given up is that of the comparatively unsettled enquirer, who is shocked by a discrepancy which after all may only appear to exist owing to his own ignorance. But this is usually the last explanation thought available. That the discoveries of Mariette and of Brugsch and the statements of the book of Genesis are irreconcilable is at once taken as a fact; and thereupon one disputant proceeds to revile Brugsch as an infidel, and the other to vilify the Pentateuch as a fable. That the two records are, in point of fact, both veritable, and that the apparent discrepancy is due to an overhasty interpretation, is a simple issue from the difficulty which is ever the last to find favour with the ordinary disputant.

The effect of this oblique disturbing force becomes evident in the unduly positive terms in which writers of admitted eminence maintain statements as to which the utmost that can be said is, that, in our present imperfect knowledge, they are not facts or truths, but conceivable hypotheses. Thus we find one writer, distinguished for an erudition in natural history of a high order, bringing forward all his learning, and taxing all his reasoning powers, to support the assertion that ‘the most distinct genera and orders within the same great class—for instance, whales, mice, birds, and fishes—are all the descendants of one common progenitor, and we must admit that the whole vast amount of difference between these forms of life has primarily arisen from simple variability.’ The truth which underlies this ridiculous over-statement is, that a certain general type, platform, or design may be recognised as underlying the vertebrated form of life, and as developed with wonderful diversity, so as to suit different conditions of abode, of food, and even of medium of life. The idea of the ‘common progenitor’ is not only purely gratuitous, but is one so opposed to all the phenomena of the distribution of animal life, and indeed so far transcending the limits which physical science imposes on the conceivable duration of life on our planet, that it is difficult to imagine why a writer should have weighted his argument with so unnecessary an approach to a mathematical absurdity. In such a sentence as we have quoted the term ‘variability’ ceases to have any scientific meaning. As to the object with which it was introduced, however, we are not left in doubt. ‘No

‘ shadow of reason,’ Mr. Darwin continues, ‘ can be assigned
‘ for the belief that variations, alike in nature, and the result
‘ of the same general laws which have been the groundwork,
‘ through natural selection, of the formation of the most per-
‘ fectly adapted animals in the world, man included, were in-
‘ tentinally and specially guided.’ We think that it is
tolerably evident that the interest excited by the desire to
justify or to condemn such an utterance as the above, has
little claim to the title of scientific interest.

It is plain that two entirely distinct issues are raised in the
words which we have quoted from one of the later works of Mr.
Darwin,* in language which has, at all events, the rare merit
of being both intelligible and precise. The first (and, as we have
said, gratuitously conditioned) demand on our assent is the thesis
that all forms of animal life, as far at least as the *Vertebrata*
are concerned, have been derived, by the ordinary process of
descent, from a common ancestor. The second, and no less
gratuitous, proposition is, that during the long descent, through
a series of transformations which could only have been possi-
ble in consequence of the primary provision of adaptability,
no direct, creative, providential, or divine design has been
kept in view; that no controlling wisdom has directed, or ren-
dered possible, the course of development; but that man has
been evolved out of a fish, a sponge, or a speck of jelly, by
the preservation, during the battle for life, of varieties which
possess any advantage in structure, constitution, or instinct. It
is important, as giving the fullest exposition of this view, to
cite the words of Mr. Huxley. ‘ A nucleated mass of proto-
‘ plasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural
‘ unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in
‘ its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units; and in its
‘ perfect condition it is a multiple of such units variously modi-
‘ fied.’ ‘ All vital action may, with equal propriety, be said
‘ to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm
‘ which displays it. What justification is there, then, for the
‘ assumption of the existence in the living matter of a some-
‘ thing which has no representative or correlative in the not
‘ living matter which gives rise to it?’

When we find writers thus laboriously go out of their way,
content to part company with the sobriety of reason, so that
they may administer a slap in the face to what they may re-
gard as an inconvenient superstition, are we not fully justified
in the statement that the popularity their works have attained

* *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, vol. ii. pp. 430, 432.

is mainly due to something very different from the desire of the mass of their readers to be enlightened in the truths of physical science? Nothing is more contrary to true scientific method than the confusion of theory and of facts, or the transplanting, to one order of investigation, of details appertaining to a totally different field of research. Thus it may be possible to state in terms, or perhaps even in some queer sense to hold, the low and semi-brutal theory that no proofs of wise purpose and design are to be drawn from that perfect adaptation of type to conditions of existence which forms the general law of organic nature. But we might expect that a student afflicted with so unfortunate a form of intellectual colour-blindness would be careful, by a judicious silence, not to draw attention to his damaging deficiency. When, on the contrary, we find him volunteer a statement so wide of the mark as to say that not 'a shadow of reason can be assigned' for a more symmetric and more complete view of nature, we feel at once that we can accept no statement at his hands without control or verification. Again, we might expect that a man sufficiently familiar with the rudiments of chemistry to be able to describe, in terms of scientific notation, the chemical elements of protoplasm, would be one of the first to be aware that there was a something in living matter which is not to be found in the carbon, and oxygen, and hydrogen, and nitrogen, of which he tells us that such matter consists. It is a something which he cannot by any means detect in non-living matter. He is unable to put it into any similar mixture, with whatever accuracy he may compound it. It is precisely the presence of 'a something' 'which has no representative or correlative in the not living matter' which composes the contents of an egg, that makes the difference between an addled and a good egg—a difference which, on the argument of Mr. Huxley, would be altogether imaginary, or at all events entirely unaccountable.

It is impossible to appreciate the true bearing and import of such questions as those raised by 'Verifier,' if we regard them as casual or isolated subjects of enquiry. While we deprecate, with the utmost earnestness, any attempt to decide a question appertaining to one department of enquiry on grounds drawn from a different province of thought, we hail any symptom that those who believe the asserted discoveries of scientific enquiry in any branch or portion to be false, are addressing themselves to grapple with such errors on scientific grounds. If 'Verifier' opposed to the demands of the geologist for an immeasurable period of past time such arguments as those with which the early geologists were encountered, we should take but little

interest in his work, whatever the ability which it might display. But when a writer who, whether rightly or wrongly, opposes the teaching of any school, abandons the ground of its questionable tendency, and directly attacks the accuracy of the asserted scientific basis, he does good service to the cause of truth. The weapons of scepticism are used in our times with great effect to assail and shake some of the fundamental principles of morality and religion. We must say that we feel at least an equal amount of scepticism in relation to many of the dogmas of modern science. They are, many of them, as we have said, mere hypotheses; there is an admitted failure of evidence to raise them to the rank of demonstrated truths; but they are promulgated and proclaimed with an arrogance and intolerance worthy of the infallible priesthood of an absolute creed. There is in truth more reason in these days to complain of the intolerance of science than of the intolerance of religion. Few names in science are more illustrious than that of Dr. Virchow, but the services he has rendered to his art are in our judgment surpassed by the service he has rendered to truth in the vigorous protest delivered by him at Munich last autumn against 'the tyranny of dogmatism which undertakes to master 'the whole view of nature by the premature generalising of 'theoretical combinations.' A very large proportion of these daring hypotheses are literally unsupported by facts, and even opposed to facts; and we cannot sufficiently applaud the manly and independent spirit in which Dr. Virchow rejects the attempt to inculcate these unsettled opinions as fundamental truths. His discourse well deserves the honour of translation, and we hope it will be generally read.

The great battle of which the question of the truth or falsehood of what are called uniformitarian views in geology is one of the incidents, began with the discovery of the telescope and the true laws of planetary motion. It is not easy to conceive that any discovery remaining to be made can produce so violent a moral and intellectual earthquake as did that of Galileo. Those who are familiar with the literature of his day are aware how thoroughly men's minds were stirred. The Church did not fear to nail her colours to the mast, and to declare that the central position and immobility of the earth were articles of the Christian faith. How that faith has maintained its hold on the world unimpaired, while men have gradually become aware that it is not the sun but the earth that moves, we have ceased to wonder or to enquire. We are content to remember that the advisers of the Papacy took much for granted which turns out to be incorrect. A similar though

a very much less violent shock attended on the first promulgation of geological discovery in our own time. The point which here was in question was more narrow than that which physical astronomy had raised and decided. It was taken for granted, before the time of Cuvier, that the earth was only about some 6,000 years old, and that the Bible taught us that such was the case. No person of any claim to be considered as educated is now unaware that the antiquity of the earth is not to be measured by a few thousands of years; nor does it now appear that the Bible, read by itself, was ever intended to throw any light on the question of the earth's age. We enquire into the evidences of telluric and organic changes and periods of existence with as much calm as we evince in listening to the demonstration of Newton as to orbital motion. We simply note that a connexion was imagined to exist between the sacred records and the history of physical events, which never really existed or was intended to exist. It is true that the same kind of discomfort which was first awakened by the discoveries of Galileo, and then reawakened by the march of geology, now attends the discussion of the questions of descent, of evolution, and of specific change. But a calm appreciation of the nature of the enquiry leads to the same conclusion as in the former cases. Geologic action, specific history, evolution, are all subjects to be studied apart, on their own foundations, and by their several proper methods. The moralist or the theologian may await with perfect calm the outcome of scientific enquiry.

In the vast field of intellectual contest, which ranges from the facts of physical astronomy to the profoundest investigations of physiology, and to the decipherment of the long-hidden records of a history earlier than that of Rome, of Athens, or of Jerusalem, is to be observed as confused an association of heterogeneous allies as can be found on any battle-field of the day, whether military or political. Viewed abstractedly, the contest is between ignorance and knowledge—between the spirit of authority resting upon assumption, and the spirit of doubt, which proposes to test the solidity of the ground for every fresh step with the sagacity of the elephant. But on the side—fated as it is to lose—of the defence are ranked some of the most venerable and most conservative of influences, and even of institutions. On the part of the attack we too often witness that insolence which is irreconcilable with real reverence for truth. There is a dissociation and counterchange between the parties. Moral beauty is opposed to intellectual light. Real advance, profound culture, the religious spirit, and

the scientific method, instead of being united, are forced into mutually damaging opposition. The man who has the opportunity to look most closely into the work of God is heard to declare, with the loudest vulgarity, that such workmanship made itself. The man whose graceful fancy might have fitted him sooner than any other to accomplish the task left to his successors by Linnæus, and to limn out, with intelligent sense, the true order of organic life, is the first to declare the inversion of all that can be shown to be historic, to be the true and necessary course of nature. For this reason, among others, we welcome any effort to unite religious sentiment with scientific boldness, and to apply the methods by which truth may be discovered to the service of that party which is chiefly anxious that truth should be respected and maintained.

The geological enquiry, apart from palæontology, occupies so small a portion of this great field of contest, that the positions contested by the author of '*Scepticism in Geology*' may be described in comparatively few words. The writer—we wish that he had allowed us to designate him by his real name—commences his first chapter with the remark that 'of all the sciences the most rapid in its rise and general popularity has been geology. Since the beginning of the present century a band of illustrious men, contemporaries in this and other countries, all striving with one aim, and reminding us of the group of authors in the time of Queen Anne, and of artists in that of Leo X., have developed this branch of learning, and rendered it perhaps the most attractive of the natural sciences. . . . To have recovered so many records of the past existence of our globe, and of its inhabitants, was a precious addition to the book of knowledge.' The objections which are urged by the writer are thus confined to the region of speculative geology. This, confessedly the least advanced and most uncertain portion of the study, can hardly yet be said to have crystallised into any accepted form. Theories are almost as numerous as writers. As the works of such a student as Sir C. Lyell pass through edition after edition, while the purely descriptive portions of the book are enlarged by continued observation, the floating sequel of the speculative doctrine undergoes constant modification. The difficulties which are regarded as especially obnoxious by the author of '*Scepticism in Geology*' are those 'which environ the doctrine of uniformity, or the operation of modern causes; the elevating power of earthquakes, erosion of rocks by rivers, and the antiquity of man upon earth.'

It is the opinion of '*Verifier*' that the elevating influence of

earthquakes has been much overrated. If any geologist should now attempt to account for the elevation of great mountain chains by any such action of earthquake as has been known to occur in historic times, he would find it difficult to hold his own against our author. And the expression, so constantly used that we shall hardly be able to avoid adopting it, of the 'upheaval' of mountain chains, may certainly be regarded as objectionable, if it be taken to imply the protrusion of these chains above the ordinary sea or land level by such forces as are now known to be active. But that permanent elevation of large areas of land does occur in our own time has been distinctly witnessed in 1858. The earthquake of that year was most intense in its energy in Calabria and Basilicata, where many lives were lost, and many buildings overthrown. In Naples the principal shock was so severe, and caused so much alarm, that almost the whole population of that city passed the night in the open air, in fear of being buried in their own houses by a return of the shock. In point of fact, however, not a house was thrown down in Naples, and very few were appreciably injured. But the entire circumference of the Bay of Naples, from Sorrento to Baiæ and Misenum, rose during that night from six to eight inches above its former level, as was apparent by the marks of animal and vegetable life on the rocks that lined the bay. Nor did the ground thus elevated return to its former level, certainly for six years, or, we apprehend, up to the present time. The doubts thrown by 'Verifier' on the famous phenomena of the elevation and depression of the Temple of Scrapis at Puzzuoli would have been removed by familiarity with the spot. Granting the improbable theory, which would not have commended itself to a visitor of the locality, that 'the site of the temple' 'was originally gained from the sea by artificial means,' the question of level would by no means be thus simplified. The admirable chapter in the 'Principles of Geology,' which describes the evidence existing for the alternate depression and elevation of the site of this famous temple, has neither needed nor received any correction in the tenth edition of that work. Its great accuracy will only be confirmed by local research; and there are facts connected with the advance of the shore line at Ostia which have not hitherto been collated with the phenomena of the Bay of Naples, which show that what we may term a pulsatory motion on the seaboard of this part of Italy has not been limited to the immediate vicinity of Vesuvius.

It must be said that the statement of 'Verifier' (p. 17)—

‘From all these circumstances, recited by Lyell himself, and from others which it would be tedious to quote, the permanent effects of earthquakes are discredited’—is altogether erroneous. But we can only blame the author of ‘*Scepticism in Geology*’ for having done, on one side of the case, what he shows that Professor Geikie has done on the other—that is, so overstated views, in themselves correct, as to present them under the form of caricature. The true argument—as to which the difference between ‘*Verifier*’ on the one hand, and the most careful and authoritative geological writers on the other, is one only of detail and degree—is this. Earthquakes within the historic time, and even in the memory of living witnesses, have effected changes in elevation of considerable districts of country which, regarded in themselves, are very notable. But if compared with such phenomena as the elevation (supposing it to have occurred) of such districts as the Alpine range or any other mountain nucleus, the evidences of any recent action are almost inappreciably small. What may follow from this argument is another question; but that its outcome is thus correctly stated, we think few impartial students of fact will deny.

The second point urged by the author of ‘*Scepticism in Geology*’ is thus stated by him:—‘Among assertions which have been accepted as facts, and assumed to be verities by geologists, is the theory of the erosive power of running water, and the conclusion that the valleys, gorges, and beds of rivers, many of them composed of the hardest and most indestructible of rocks, in all parts of the world, have been cut by the streams now running through them, however inconsiderable.’ The only evidence brought forward to show that the above is a correct representation of accepted geological theory is taken from the works of Mr. Geikie, with one additional quotation from M. Lartet. To that part of the question, therefore, we must return. But taking the argument of ‘*Verifier*’ as presented both in his text and in four very aptly selected woodcuts, there can be no doubt of its truth and weight. Mechanically regarded, we question the propriety of the phrase ‘erosive power’ as applied to water at all, if the substance cut through be of the nature of solid rock. There is no doubt that water occasionally contains chemical elements which attack and eat away certain rocks; as, on the other hand, other streams contain elements which deposit in crystalline form beneath our very eyes. Such is the case in the dropping well at Knaresborough, and in several travertine-forming streams of Southern Italy. The action of drip on paving

stones under the eaves of houses is, perhaps, mainly of a chemical nature. Again, water has an enormous battering power, especially if it be exerted in the way of lifting masses of stone under which a wave strikes. Yet again, the action of water removes friable materials, particle by particle, and thus eats away a channel or undermines a cliff. When whirling along in its course pebbles or sharp sand, water communicates a grinding movement to these bodies, and also directly assists their action by the removal of the particles ground off, which otherwise would deaden the abrading force. Apart from these modes of action, we must be permitted to disbelieve that water has any cutting power. We see rocks exposed to the fury of the waves, or to the force of rapid currents, covered with the humbler forms of vegetable and of animal life. It is idle to pretend that the force of water, which cannot wash a limpet or an *alga* from a rock, can cut through the solid material of which that rock is composed. Thus in the view of the gorge of the Danube below Belgrade ('Scepticism in Geology,' page 62), where the vertical cliffs, 2,000 feet high, are represented as an example of geological erosion by running water, 'Verifier' clearly exposes the ridiculous absurdity of such an assumption. The same remark applies to the cut on page 63, the *Via Mala*, with its sarcastic little note—'according to geologists, 'scooped out by rain, frost, and running water.' The birdseye view of the falls of the Zambesi is, if possible, yet more conclusive as an argument against any such unmechanical theory of erosion.

'The fall,' says the author, 'is twice as high and twice as wide as Niagara; but differs from it in that, immediately opposite to the fall, rise three successive natural walls of rock of the same height as that over which the river leaps, separated from one another by narrow rifts. These triple barriers consist of wedge-shaped promontories of rock, with vertical sides, projecting alternately from the right bank and from the left, like side scenes in a theatre, but entirely overlapping one another. Out of the first deep trough the river, after its descent, is compelled to find its way through a gap only eighty yards wide in the first opposing rock wall. A second wall here confronts it, by which the stream is turned at an acute angle to the right. It is next forced round the second promontory; then, reversing its course, round a third, and before it is allowed to escape to the sea it is compelled to double round a fourth wider headland.' *

We freely give up to the deserved sarcasm of 'Verifier' the unlucky remark of the writer who observes as to this doubling and redoubling of a stream through rifts and frac-

* Scepticism in Geology, p. 67.

tures of basaltic rocks, such as may be seen to be produced by cooling in the lava of Vesuvius or of *Ætna* at almost any eruption: 'The stream seems to have cut its way backwards through this winding ravine.' 'The discovery of the Zambesi falls,' our author, with more justice, says, 'would seem to have been reserved until the present time in order to refute a leading tenet of modern geology, and to prove the utter impotence of water to cut through hard rock.' Mechanical science is so thoroughly at one with those who denounce the absurdity of a belief in such kind of aqueous action, that the only weak point in the attack is the question how far the writer is justified in calling the expressions which he so justly ridicules the authoritative utterances of geologists.

The third *bête noire* of the author of 'Scepticism in Geology' is the part which he states that geologists assign to sub-aerial denudation in modifying the surface of our planet. 'It surpasses all other modern causes in the power that it is said to be still exerting, and in the effects it produces. The wonders which it has performed, and is performing, are best set forth in the very words of its advocates. "Mountains and valleys are due to it; it has carved them out of the solid rock. The great river systems are excavated by it."' It is true that 'Verifier' is, to some extent, justified in relying on this quotation, for even in the last edition of 'Principles of Geology' the illustrious author uses the expression, 'the uniform nature and energy of the causes which have worked successive changes in the crust of the earth and in the condition of its living inhabitants.' But it should be borne in mind that even in this phrase, which may be taken as a dogmatic statement of uniformitarian hypothesis, the period during which existing causes are said to have operated with unchanged energy is limited to that of the presence of animal life upon earth. The sixth chapter of the 'Principles of Geology' is, in point of fact, a protest against the introduction, into geological theory, of the action of imaginary causes. As such there is no doubt that the object, if not the basis, of the hypotheses of Lyell is philosophically true. We must regard the argument as critical and controversial rather than as constructive; and thus as liable to be driven, by the impetus of controversy, not only beyond the true mean, but even beyond the position which the author, if undisturbed by contest, would himself have chosen. M. Elie de Beaumont postulated the recurrence of long periods of repose, interspersed with brief periods of paroxysmal violence, from the earliest geological periods. This assumption was peculiarly repugnant to a mind that had a

philosophical abhorrence of the jumbling up of observations and imaginations. Impartially regarded, the question of uniformity of action must necessarily become subordinate to those of time and of degree. Any speculative geologist who regards an earlier condition of planetary existence than that which now prevails, whether he assumes the nebular hypothesis or any other theory, admits by that very assumption the occurrence of change in energy of action. Good service is done to science by bringing this fact distinctly forward. But we do not admit that the leading geologists of the day are so far removed from the views of 'Verifier' as he considers to be the case.

'The doctrine,' writes one of the authors whose works we have enumerated at the head of the present article, 'that the forces which have produced geological changes have been practically the same, both in kind and degree, during the whole of that portion of the earth's past lifetime of which a record has come down to us, is one not much touched on in most of the text-books. Judging by the rate at which changes are going on now, the time required to bring about past geological changes, if the rate were unaltered, would have been very great indeed. Physicists, guided by the doctrine of the dissipation of energy, are not disposed to allow as much time as geologists were at one time disposed to demand. It is very possible, however, that the limitation of the physicist may be as much too stringent as the demands of the geologist are excessive.' In these candid and moderate words the actual state of the question, in so far as the demand for past time is concerned, is fairly represented. The energy required to effect certain changes would, of course, be a function of the time occupied in their production. This simple mechanical relation, however, is obscured by the language of too eager theorists. It is impossible to put the erroneous views, which have been thus allowed to distort speculative geology, more strongly than in the language quoted from Mr. Geikie's 'Scenery of Scotland' by our author: 'We make the fatal error of forgetting that, in the geological history of our globe, time is power.' It would be as correct to say time is space. But we can only regard such an expression as a too hasty metaphor, used by a laborious student and powerful writer, which he would be one of the first to wish to qualify or to withdraw. If we turn to the account given by Mr. Geikie in 'The Great Ice Age,' of the action of the weather on rocks, erosion by running water, and denudation, during the

last inter-glacial period, we shall find that, while his language is graphic, his reasoning is close.

‘Let us recall,’ says Mr. Geikie, ‘the appearance presented by the Scottish mountains—bold hummocky masses of rock, for the most part, but often bristling with splintered crags and shattered precipices. See how frequently the hill-tops are buried in their own ruins, and how the flanks are in many places curtained with long sweeps of loose angular blocks and rubbish, that shoot down from the base of cliff and scaur to the dark glens below. All this is the work of rain and frost. . . . Under the influence of rain, soil is continually trickling down from higher to lower levels; rills and brooklets are gouging out deep trenches in the subsoils and solid rocks,—streams and rivers are constantly wearing away their banks, and transporting sediment to the sea. The gravel and sand and silt that pave the numerous water-courses are but the wreck and ruin of the land; and it is easy to see that, since the close of the glacial epoch, immense quantities of material have been thus abstracted from the country. The streams and rivers have been working deeper and deeper into the bottoms of the valleys, and leaving behind them terrace after terrace of alluvial detritus to mark the different levels at which they formerly flowed. And if we tried to estimate the amount of material which has been thus cut out of the valleys and carried seawards, we should no longer feel inclined to undervalue the erosive power of running water.’ *

With the exception of the adjective ‘solid,’ the use of which requires some qualification, there is nothing in the above quotation with which we are able to find fault. The existence of gravel and detritus, the lithological origin of which can be traced, in the delta of a river which descends from the abraded hills, is a piece of material evidence which it is hard to misapprehend. We have to remember that the question of slope is one which is of primary importance in the case. It is only when descending with a certain velocity that water exercises a great transporting power. The bed of a river running through a plain or down a very gentle slope has rather a liability to silt up than to cut a deeper channel. We are unable, indeed, to resolve the compound expression, and to say how much of the deposit is due to time, and how much to greater intensity of energy in the transporting element. A certain velocity of stream can be shown to have been requisite for the transport of gravels or boulders of a given size—a velocity for the most part greater than that of to-day. We are driven to suppose either that rainfall was formerly much more abundant, or that the slopes were formerly steeper, than at present. Mechanical laws, we cannot doubt, are unchanging,

* The Great Ice Age, 3rd edition, p. 321.

but we can only point to the gross results. We cannot exactly measure either the time during which they were produced or the intensity of the transporting forces. They are functions of one another. But that the periods of formation have been very long, and that the transporting forces have gradually diminished in intensity, are facts which it is very difficult to deny.

It is, however, undoubtedly the case that the knife of the critic should be boldly and freely applied to remove many of those expressions which are yet left to disfigure our text-books, and which, however rhetorical they may be in form, lack the essence of rhetoric, the power of persuasion. Thus, in the careful and practical '*Geology for Students and General Readers*,' by Mr. A. H. Green, we find a quotation from Playfair, which, when read by the light of the recent quotation as to the course of the Zambesi, can only be called absurd.

'On observing the Potomac, where it penetrates the ridge of the Alleghany mountains, or the Irtysh, as it issues from the defiles of Altai, there is no man, however little addicted to geological speculations, who does not immediately acknowledge that the mountain was once continued quite across the space in which the river now flows; and, if he ventures to reason concerning the cause of so wonderful a change, he ascribes it to some great convulsion of nature, which has torn the mountain asunder, and opened a passage for the waters. It is only the philosopher, who has deeply meditated on the effects which action long continued is able to produce, and on the simplicity of means which nature employs in all her operations, who sees in this nothing but the gradual working of a stream which once flowed over the top of the ridge which it now so deeply intersects, and has cut its course through the rock in the same way, and almost with the same instrument, by which a lapidary divides a block of marble or granite.'

The philosopher, in this case, has drawn, in our opinion, far more unwarrantably upon his own imagination than the man 'little addicted to geological speculations,' whom he despises.

But while we agree with the author of '*Scepticism in Geology*' in disbelief of the statement that the zigzag course of the Zambesi, or the profound and branching canons of the Colorado river, have been cut by the action of running water, we have no sympathy with his alarm at the tendency of that action of degradation and transport which the rivers of the world are constantly exerting. What may have occurred in past time is matter of speculation; what is now occurring is question of measurement. The degrading or denuding effects of rivers are measured by the annual growth of their deltas. We know enough of the operations of the Nile, the Danube, the Rhone, the Brenta, the Ganges, the Godaverri, and many other rivers to trace the constant annual action of degradation,

transport, and deposit, and even to obtain some approximate figures as to the relations of rainfall, slope of descent, and amount of detritus. In a recent number of the 'Edinburgh Review' we gave some particulars as to the growth of the delta of the Nile. The result of actual measurements gives an annual deposit of 240,000,000 cubic yards, a rate of increment which solved the difficulty formerly existing as to the statements of Herodotus. Even the comparatively small stream of the Brenta, since, in 1839, it made its way into the lagoon of Chioggia, has reduced by its deposits the water-surface of that basin by 138 acres annually from 1839 to 1871, and by 153 acres per annum from 1871 to 1874. It is the opinion of the Italian engineers that, unless the course of the Brenta be diverted, the lagoon will be irretrievably ruined within thirty-eight years.

'The result then,' says 'Verifier,' 'of the most approved geological philosophy is to reduce the great globe, and all that it inherit, to a DEAD LEVEL!!' * The theory of natural development applied to geology ends in deterioration, monotony, and stagnation. According to it the earth is to be planed smooth and bare, deprived of all that makes it beautiful, useful, and habitable; converted into one monotonous plain, barely capable of keeping its head above water, save by the aid of occasional earthquakes.'

The author mistakes. This cannot properly be said to be a matter of geological theory. That all the loftier and more exposed portions of the earth are in the course of slow disintegration and degradation, and that the spoils of the winter frosts are borne seaward by torrents and floods year after year, is not theory, but fact. The rate of such degradation can in many cases be measured. In some districts it has been actually measured. Whatever be the rate of denudation, whether that which our author thinks so incredible—a foot over the entire surface of a continent in 6,000 years, or more or less—as to the fact of the continued action there is no doubt. The theorist is the man who says: 'That the work of the creation of the earth was one of perfection defies all disproof.' The word 'perfection' is vague. But that rain and frost, dew and vapours, storms and floods, rivers and torrents, summer and winter, have been, and still are, changing the surface of the earth year by year, from the first epoch which has left any monument, is not a question of opinion. It is a matter as to which ignorance is possible, or knowledge; but which admits of intelligent doubt only as question of dogma.

* The capitals and notes of admiration are in the text.

In this little burst of genuine but misdirected indignation, the author of '*Scepticism in Geology*' forgets the implied promise of his opening chapter to expose the errors of geologists as to the antiquity of man upon the earth. Under the influence of the sympathy which we feel for the aim of the writer, and of our respect for the ability with which he has handled certain portions of his theme, we can hardly regret that this is the case. Unconsciously, but very decidedly, as he has approached this portion of the subject, '*Verifier*' has edged off from the safe ground of enquiry into fact into the perilous bog of assumption of what must have been. 'The hunger of the mind to see every natural occurrence resting on a cause, and the vanity of believing that modern science can account for and explain everything, appear to create in the scientific mind a stubborn resistance to the belief in a first cause.' Entertaining this view, the author opposes to it his own hypothesis in the words: 'Is there any inconsistency in supposing that when a potter moulds a vase out of a lump of clay, he should put forth his greatest energy, and exert his utmost skill, to finish and turn it out perfect? That achieved, would there be any reason for his continuing to revolve his wheel slowly for an indefinite time?' The author is, as is but natural, misled by an inappropriate metaphor, as well as by inexact use of terms. If perfection be the adaptation of structure to condition, it would be impossible to deny that the mail-clad ganoids of the old red sandstone, or the gigantic reptiles of the neocomian series, were as perfect as any fish, lizard, or beast of the present age. We may here contrast the undisputed range of the earlier tyrants of the seas or the shores with the failing resistance of the red races of mankind to the firewater and the rifles of the American settler, or with the depopulation of Central Africa before the slave-trader. Our duty is not to predicate what we imagine that a great First Cause ought to have done, but to trace, as far as we are able, the course of the historic revolutions of our planet, as indicated by the changing forms of palæontological life and the evidence of lithological degradation or deposit. It is possible to do this with as reverent a spirit and as profound a recognition of the action of Almighty Wisdom as it is to assume as inadmissible 'a solution of the problem of cosmogony involving the absurdity that the work was left unfinished, and needs constant alteration by means of certain mechanical self-acting operations.' As far as the inorganic world is concerned there is no doubt that a constant change is in actual progress, of which the details are minute and often unobserved, but of

which the aggregate is enormous. 'Verifier' allows himself to prophesy: 'It will eventually be acknowledged that, at the time and in the process of fashioning the globe, a power was exerted totally different from the present course of nature.' Perhaps it will; but we prefer taking no such leap into the dark. That mighty changes have occurred, for example, in the adaptation of the state of great districts of the earth to the support of different forms of life, or to the support of life at all, is one of the earliest discoveries of geology. No more lofty or truthful idea of a Divine cause is formed by supposing changes in the method of its operation. If such changes have occurred, we shall no doubt in course of time become aware of the fact; and it will then be our duty to endeavour to understand the mode, and to ascertain the reason, of such change. For a longer or a shorter duration, with equal or with varying intensity, as the old order has changed, giving place to new, it has still been true that

'God fulfils himself in many ways.'

A word must be said as to the sudden and unexpected outburst of unnecessary indignation poured out by a nobleman, of whose motives all must speak with respect, on Mr. Bonney's most modest and inoffensive 'Manual of Geology.' In simple language Mr. Bonney has stated the main facts which have been ascertained as to the past history of the earth, and the inferences on which the students of those facts are in the main agreed. 'It was long believed,' he says, 'that the human race did not appear upon the globe till a comparatively short period before written history began. . . . Numerous facts, however, oppose themselves to this belief, of which the following are too brief a sketch.' The faith which is staggered by such a plain statement of truth as this is certainly not of the kind that removes mountains, unless they be mountains of evidence. It is painful to have to refer to such intolerant impatience of the light.

The assertion of Professor Huxley, made on the authority of the survey of the Dead Sea by M. Lartet, that 'rain and running water, working along the old line of fracture, ultimately hollowed out the valley of the Jordan,' is contrasted by 'Verifier' with the evidence of a section across the valley in question, copied from M. Lartet's work. 'Just as plausibly and with as much probability,' is the comment, Mr. Huxley 'might attribute the image on a rusty bronze medal to the rust which corrodes it, and not to the die which stamped it.' We are in possession, however, of more information on this

subject than was collected by M. Lartet. A paper drawn up by Lieutenant Conder, R.E., the officer in command of the Ordnance Survey of Palestine, was read before the British Association in 1874, which throws an entirely new light on the geology of Syria. Bearing testimony to the minute accuracy of the study given by M. Lartet to those parts of Palestine which he visited personally, Lieutenant Conder remarks that the map of that explorer, which in many parts is an absolute blank, in others is disfigured by false conclusions, drawn apparently from hearsay evidence. After mentioning the extent of country covered by black basalt, south of the Sea of Galilee, before undescribed, the trappean outbreak on Carmel, and the evidence of the former existence of a tertiary volcanic lake south-west of that mountain, Lieutenant Conder says:—

‘The western shore of the Dead Sea is bounded by steep, precipitous cliffs, at the foot of which are marls and conglomerates belonging to an ancient sea level. At the top of these cliffs are marls of a similar character, giving a second level; and from these the marl hills rise rapidly to a third level, that of the Bukeyn, or raised plain, situate at the foot of the main chain of hills, and below the Convent of Mar Saba. This gives a series of three successive steps, each of which seems at some period to have formed the bed of a lake, under conditions similar to those of the present sea. There is, however, a very curious feature observable, the narrow valley running north and south, and separating a line of chalk cliffs immediately adjoining the Bukeya from the hard dolomite beds of the main chain. It is, in fact, evidence of a fault or sudden fold in the strata, the existence of which seems to have been hitherto unsuspected. Advancing north, we find a broad basin north of the Dead Sea, in which Jericho stands; which has an exact counterpart on the east side of the valley. The same contortion of strata is remarkable, and the higher level is occupied by beds of a reddish marl, and of the famous stink-stone or bituminous limestone; evidence that at this early geological period a lake existed under conditions similar to those of the present Dead Sea. From this point we succeeded in tracing an ancient shore line at a level equal to the second step on the west shore for a distance of over twenty miles up the valley. Thence a narrow gorge, with strata less violently contorted, extends for some ten miles. The valley then broadens again; and the shore deposits and red marl reappear and extend along the side of the upper basin south of the Sea of Galilee. I have submitted these observations to professional geologists; and their opinion confirms that which I formed upon the spot—that the Jordan valley was caused by a sudden and probably violent depression in times subsequent to the late cretaceous period; that it presented at first a chain of great lakes; and that no less than three levels for these lakes are to be found, the area of the most ancient being the greatest.’

, It is highly probable that the depression of the Jordan

valley, which is such that the level of the surface of the Dead Sea is 1,300 feet below that of the Mediterranean, and which, there is much reason to believe, is still slowly increasing, may be due to volcanic action in Galilee and the Lejja. The date of activity in this district is not accurately known. It is, at all events, as late as the tertiary age. It is interesting to see how one of the latest contributions to our knowledge of physical geology bears witness to the comparatively recent operation of forces on a scale now unusual, although probably by no means rare in earlier geologic time.

In Mr. Haughton's little book, which bears the same relation to some other text-books that wax bears to honey, or the work of the bee to that of the ant, all the collected store having passed through the alembic of a reflective mind, the question of geological time is thus stated:—

‘Any person who has paid even the slightest attention to the science of geology must be aware of the fact, that the whole of our knowledge with regard to age in this science is confined to relative age, and that with respect to absolute age we have little or no real information; and in this absence of positive knowledge as to the absolute age of rocks, geologists have sometimes indulged in the wildest and most extraordinary statements and speculations.’ (P. 79.)

‘That the advent of man,’ says Mr. Woodward, ‘took place very much earlier than our forefathers imagined, is a point about which there can be no question whatever; and although this conclusion is repugnant to many minds of a conservative nature who are unable to receive the facts upon which it is founded, it is nevertheless a conclusion which is fully established as true. . . . This we do know, that man lived in this country and throughout Western Europe with the lion and hairy elephant, the hyana and woolly rhinoceros. . . . In his weapons of warfare and of the chase he resembled the dwellers on the shores of Arctic seas; and, judging from the associated animals, he probably lived in an age when continental conditions and higher mountains produced much greater extremes of climate than are found in the same countries now. . . . Although we cannot assign a date to his first appearance, we must refer him to a period so remote that wide valleys have been scooped out, and whole races of animals exterminated, since his time; but how long it took to bring this about we cannot yet tell.’ *

In fact, as part of a view at once modest and profound, of the great series of authentic monumental records which are inscribed on the stony leaves of the successive strata of the earth's surface, the question of longer or shorter time becomes comparatively unimportant. We have not, at present at least, the means of translating geological into astronomical

* *Geology of England and Wales*, p. 432.

time. We ought not to undervalue the importance of such a relation, a key to which we may perhaps hereafter discover; but at all events such value is but small, in comparison with that of the main features of the teaching of the rocks. While one school of naturalists is very anxious to convince the world that everything is as it must have unavoidably been, and that organic nature has organised itself, we must confess that a loftier conception of the order and sequence of the palæontologic record seems to us both more rational and more noble. That the mighty maze is not without a plan, can only be denied by those who lose their way in the labyrinth. That the plan made itself is not, to our view, a very rational theory. The greater the delicacy of self-adaptation, as evinced in the history of any specific form, to changing conditions, the higher, it seems to us, must be the idea formed of the power and wisdom under the exercise of which the parent form first had being, and the steady progress was effected. In our limited capacity for knowledge it may seem less wonderful that a man should be the descendant of a fish or of a sponge than that his first parent should have stood upright and conversed with his Maker. But the incapacity for self-origination is not more obvious in the one case than in the other; and if we look at the formative power as exterior to the living form, the humbler the first nucleus of life, the more prescient and potent must the exercise of that formative power appear to the imagination.

It is true that the efficacy of the principle of natural selection, as the law accounting for the development of all existing forms of life, has been implicitly abandoned by the author of the theory. The admission of the power of sexual selection, as some of Mr. Darwin's disciples have more or less dimly perceived, is fatal to the unity of the former theory. If an organ or a quality be of use to the animal, as the trunk to the elephant, it is due, we are told, to the gradual growth of the snouts of successive elephants, because such growth was a convenience, and the longer-snouted creature obtained food with more ease than the shorter-snouted one. Were this the case, we should expect that, instead of finding at this period of time the varied lips of the elephant, the peccary, the horse, and even the hog, we should find the most useful general type to have been attained by a common pachyderm snout. The result of natural selection, if it were so potent an influence as its believers urge, would be, in our opinion, to produce unity rather than diversity of type. The whole order of palæontological development evinces an increase in diversity of form

and in specialisation of function. Natural selection, we apprehend, would be a more tenable hypothesis if the order of succession were absolutely inverted. However that may be, when the action of a second independent principle is introduced, the value of the first, as a sole or even as a controlling element, is destroyed. The tail of the humming-bird or of the peacock has been of no advantage to the creature in procuring food. It must rather have been an obstacle than otherwise to its pursuit of sustenance, or to its care of its young. When asked how this, and other useless beauties of the organic world, have come into being, we are therefore referred to the principle of 'sexual selection.' Hen humming-birds and hen pea-fowl have so long and so steadfastly admired tufted and ocellated tails in their mates, that the birds better provided in this way than their fellows have always had the choice of the strongest hens; and thus, in the succession of ages, have grown their tails to their actual development.

With regard to this, however, the same doubt occurs about the major proposition that arose in the former case. Is it likely that there should have been such a steady sexual taste? All our experience, whether of the human race or of the animal tribes, points in the opposite direction. What care the breeders of pigeons have to take to provide against an aberrant sexual selection in the hen birds of valuable varieties! How often a pure-bred tumbler, or pouter, or fantail will select some absolute mongrel for a mate, rather than delight in the nobility of her own blood, if the chance be possible! Do we find that black beards, or brown beards, or red beards, are developed amongst ourselves by the steady effect of feminine admiration? Do we find, as a rule, that like does select like? Are not the majority of instances just the reverse? Does not the small man admire the stately woman, the dark man admire the golden or flaxen blonde, the negro worship the white woman? Sexual taste, so far as we know, if not absolutely capricious, is rather awakened by unlikeness than by likeness. Its tendency, so far as we can see, is therefore not to form permanent varieties, but to obliterate them.

Let us suppose, however, that this view is erroneous. Let us admit, as matter of hypothesis, that the secular development of the most useful structure, from the very fact of its utility, tends to produce, and not to diminish variety. Let us admit also, under the same reserve, that the tendency of the mutual admiration of the sexes is in the direction of the production and maintenance of distinct varieties of form, and not in that of rendering permanent an average or common type. How do these

opposite laws accord in their operation? Two primary influences are said to be at work; the one is utility, the other caprice. To ascertain the working of the first, we have only to discover what is actually useful for the maintenance of animal life, but to the second we have no key. The origin of the sexual admiration, leading to sexual selection, is absolutely obscure. Utility it is not, for in that case the hypothesis of natural selection would be brought into play. Whence does this useless emotion, which plays so powerful and so perplexing a part in the formation of varieties, spring? To say that it is pure caprice does not mend the matter much. A personal, automatic, incalculable element is admitted to exist alongside of the rational, calculable, iron force of utility. What is this but to destroy the whole logical value of the theory of natural selection?

One thing is certain, namely, that if these two forces, the certain and the uncertain, the calculable and the incalculable, do coexist and interfere, the problem of the resolution of such forces is utterly insoluble. The eye is struck by a graceful form or by a brilliant colour. The old-fashioned philosopher recognises in this one of the countless embodiments of those ideas of grace and of beauty which he believes to be part of a certain ideal excellence, after which the order of nature has been framed. The philosopher of the new school quietly tells him that such a notion is nonsense. 'No shadow of reason can be assigned for the belief that variations were intentionally and specially guided.' Necessity, or survival of the fittest, caused all variations, except those which were due to the fancy of the variants. If you ask how that fancy arose, there is no reply. Thus, if an organ or a development be of utility, it is due to natural selection; otherwise it is due to sexual selection. If it be doubtful how far it is useful, and how far only beautiful or quaint, it is doubtful to which cause it is due. It is also altogether unknown what is the origin of the second asserted cause of modification. And this is called a philosophic view of the automatic development of the organic world!

The author of '*Scepticism in Geology*' has not referred to the most powerful arguments yet adduced against what is called the uniformitarian theory. Geology, whatever be its actual advance, is but one branch of natural science. Not only must any sound geological theory, therefore, be in accordance with the ascertained truths of natural philosophy, but it must be controlled by those more general and more certain data which are to be obtained by the physicist and by the physical as-

tronomer. The address delivered to the Geological Society of Glasgow (Feb. 27, 1868), by Sir W. Thomson, 'On Geological Time,' has laid down certain lines and limits which no reasonable speculator can attempt to overstep. By reasoning as lucid as that of the *Principia* itself, Sir William has demonstrated the fact that a secular retardation of the rotation of the earth is caused by the tides. A second and independent proof that geological time is limited, deduced from the laws of heat, is to be found in the paper 'On Geological Dynamics,' by the same author, read to the same audience on February 19, 1869. In this, Professor Huxley's address to the Geological Society of London (Feb. 19, 1869) is submitted to a damaging, or rather totally destructive, criticism. From these masterly papers it is clearly evident that the enormous demands on time made by the uniformitarian geologists, so far from being based on any observed phenomena, are irreconcilable with an intelligent consideration of physical law. Almost everything, in fact, points to the conclusion that the erosive, transporting, and upheaving actions of nature were formerly far more active than is now the case. One thing alone stands on the opposite side of the question. The contrast is thus stated by Sir W. Thomson: 'The limitation of geological periods, imposed by physical science, cannot, of course, disprove the hypothesis of transmutation of species. But it does seem sufficient to disprove the doctrine that transmutation has taken place through "descent with modification by natural selection."' The only necessity for the assumption that 'a far longer period than 300,000,000 years has elapsed since the latter part of the 'secondary period' * is to give time for the operation of that law, which has been invented by Mr. Darwin, and which is thus proved to be inconsistent with well-known and established principles of natural science.

We take leave of the theory of self-creation. It is not by the insertion, three or four times in every page, of the words, 'by the process of natural selection,' that the existence of any such process can be proved. But it is difficult to see what better proof has been adduced. Confessedly, not a single pertinent observation can be cited in behalf of the fantasy. Variations, where their history is known, have been due to the action of controlling will. The deduction made from the fact is, that variability proves the absence of controlling will. There is good reason to hold that the action of such a law as that of selection, if it existed, would be the reverse of that

which is known to have occurred—that is to say, that it would have tended to diminish, instead of to produce, differences. The only assumed advantage of the imaginary law, its aptness to account for facts, is rendered nugatory by the enforced supplement of the equally imaginary law of sexual selection, which is also supposed to have worked in a direction contrary to observation. Finally, the attempt to obtain elbow-room for the operation of natural selection has driven its supporters to assume an invariability in cosmical action, and a secular permanence of existing conditions, which are inconsistent with known data of natural science, and are pronounced impossible alike by the astronomer and the physicist.

Space now fails for the pursuit of an investigation to which the utterances of the geologist and of the naturalist equally invite. A sketch of the order of nature, not in the organic world alone, but exhibiting how, so far back as the stony records of the past have been deciphered, certain great laws of fitness and of progress have operated with unvarying force, demands more room than remains now available even for the most elementary outline. The general thesis, that as far back as organic relics can be identified there has been a perfect adaptation of type or form of being to habitat and to condition, will not be disputed by the palæontologist. Neither will he deny that, during a succession of changes which cannot be as yet in any way measured by astronomic time, there has prevailed the same law of increase in specialisation of function. The earlier animals were at once more complex and more simple than the later tribes. They were more complex, inasmuch as they contained the germs or indications of organs, of which the developments have been wrought out, in fuller detail, in particular tribes of later origin. They were more simple, inasmuch as they possessed no organ so specially fitted for one sole function as is the case in many of the later births of time. Thus the fish of the Old Red Sandstone foreshadowed, and may perhaps have been the ancestors of, not only the bony fish of modern seas, but of the reptiles of the Permian and Lias rocks, and perhaps of the two great sub-classes of air-breathing quadrupeds that now inhabit the old and the new worlds. Mr. Darwin will not be the last to admit that anatomical research has traced forecasts of the structure of the whale, of the crocodile, of the salmon, of the platypus, and even of the kangaroo, in the cartilaginous masters of the ancient deep. From our point of view it would have been to be expected that the principle of natural selection would have tended rather to maintain, and perhaps to intensify, the general facul-

ties of the cartilaginous fish, than to split up its descendants into the various tribes we have named; to say nothing of subdivisions ranging to an almost infinite degree of variation. It will be replied that the latter has been the course that has actually occurred. That is so, no doubt. But it does not follow that it has occurred in consequence of the action of the principle of natural selection. To many persons it will appear more correct to say that the actual history of organic forms is the negation of the action of any such principle, at all events as a controlling law.

It is not, however, foreign to the considerations which led us to direct the attention of our readers to the arguments of the author of '*Scepticism in Geology*,' to point out the remarkable coincidence—hitherto, we apprehend, by no means duly described—between the succession of conditions through which our planet has passed since it was tenanted by living beings, and those ancient and venerable Hebrew records which, at a time when geology was undreamed of, mapped out the sequence of the days of creation. The geological record, as usually studied, ascends like a pedigree. We commence with the organic forms of to-day, and go back to those of yesterday, and then to those of the remoter past. For our present object we must reverse this order, and, giving only the headings of the successive chapters, begin at the beginning.

The first chapter of the self-recorded history of the planet Earth comprises a long period to which the name, now known to be by no means accurate, of the Azoic period has been given. The solid surface of the earth then presented a crystalline nucleus. From the primary and unstratified materials of the granite, syenite, porphyry, greenstone, and trappcan rocks—substances closely akin to the lava of to-day—the successive layers of gneiss, mica schist, slates, sands, and conglomerates were formed by the conflicting forces of nature. If we use the language of D'Orbigny and the French geologists, it must be remembered that the term 'upheaval' may be relative, and may denote such action as is now going on, or at all events has comparatively recently taken place, in the valley of the Jordan, as well as that of which Monte Nuovo gives us an example, within late historic times, on the shores of the Bay of Naples. At the time of which we speak, then, the mountain range of La Vendée was upheaved. Ten thousand feet of thickness attained by the Cambrian beds attest the immense duration of this first, comparatively lifeless, period. The astronomical elements of form and movement

seem to have been almost the only features that were common to the earth of this first day and that of our own time. Volcanic and thermic, rather than organic, agency, came into energetic play when the light was first divided from the darkness.

A vast oceanic period succeeds. An aerial atmosphere and an aqueous robe surrounded the no longer lifeless earth. The great groups of the placoid and ganoid fishes ranged the seas which deposited the Silurian and Devonian rocks. Together with animal forms of aquatic respiration and primary simplicity, existed large and heavily armed fishes, creatures of which the reptile affinities were so apparent to Linnæus that he classed the few remaining species as *Amphibia nantia*, animals which afforded in their structure the promise of future forms of a higher and more varied life. Such as they were, they were the fit lords of the earth, or rather of the ocean, of their day. Plinlimon and Snowdon rocks; sands, limes, and conglomerates; siliceous, quartzose, and slaty strata; sands, marls, and tilestones, forming the Old Red Sandstone of the Devonian series, mark the dividing of the waters from the waters of the terrestrial and the aerial oceans.

The third period, divided from the preceding by the upheaval of the Ballons, witnessed the deposit of the mountain limestone, of the millstone grit, and of the coal measures. The latter were the scene of a rich and fertile vegetation. The labour of the miner has brought to light ample evidence that the dry land had appeared and brought forth grass, and herb, and tree. Animal life, of air-breathing structure, was not wanting amid the giant forests. Insects flitted beneath their shade. A terrestrial *fauna*, as well as a terrestrial *flora*—if the term may include cryptogamic vegetation—testifies to the activity of terrestrial life during the great carboniferous period of the earth's history.

A new series of organic forms is introduced in the fourth great geological day, separated from the preceding period by the upheaval of the North of England range of mountains. Climates, and seasons, and tides, and winds, to some extent resembling those of our own time, have left marks of their course during this long herpetiferous period. The permian and triassic rocks, the lias, and the oolite, are all characterised by the predominance of reptile forms. Gigantic saurians swam, and waded, and crawled, and walked, and even flew. Forms which now defy the anatomist to rank in existing classes—feathered reptiles, birds with tails like squirrels—marked this stage of protochthonic existence. Insect life was busy.

Probably at no geologic epoch were the ideas of change, of progress, of development, and of an immense, and not very dimly indicated, future, so distinctly wrought out in the *fauna* of our planet. Reptile life, the animal life which of all kinds is most directly dependent on the sun, active in his rays, and torpid in his absence, reigned over earth on the fourth day.

The upheaval of the Côte d'Or ushers in the fifth great day. The most striking characteristic of the epoch has not hitherto been pointed out. It was a second oceanic period. It comprised the time of the deposit of the chalk, of the Purbeck and Hastings beds, of the Weald clay, the gault, and the green sand. During this epoch the waters brought forth abundantly. The characteristic inhabitants of the modern seas and rivers, the cycloid and ctenoid fish—the bony fishes, quite distinct in their anatomy from the cartilaginous fishes, such as the sharks and rays, which were the children of an older ocean—now first appeared. Remains of birds occur in the chalk, although they are, as is natural in marine deposits, rare. Great fish moved in the waters, and fowl flew above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

The Pyrenees form the mountain barrier, the upheaval of which marks the limit between the fifth and the sixth day. We have now reached the Kainozoic strata. Mammalia appear on the scene. Cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind, herald the advent of man. We can now trace step by step the progress of that well-ordered development of which we have only collected few and distant relics in the earlier portions of the scene. The action of the same law, however, is perceptible. Permanence of type, coexisting with modification of detail, appears to be the central rule of organic development. That modification of detail is continually in the direction of increased specialisation of function. Forms and organs of general, are replaced by those of special, utility. That this should be the case during any great inorganic revolution in the condition of the earth is not matter of wonder. As the amphibious and lacertine forms of life delight in the muddy confines of land and water, so we can imagine that a period of vast paludic life, when the dry land was only commencing its consolidation, and marsh and swamp, covered with cryptogamic vegetation, spread over vast areas of the surface of our planet, were especially suitable for that vigorous activity of lacertine forms which we know to have then existed. But it should be needless to point out the old fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. With the drying of the earth, and the gradual attainment of its actual physical condition, the

increase in detail and speciality of function of its animal inhabitants has, in point of fact, coexisted. It does not follow that it was thus produced; and many of the later phenomena of the varieties of species are not altogether consistent with such an hypothesis.

If the strata of which we have spoken as naturally divided into six great systems, or days, be graphically arranged and drawn to scale, an approach to the exhibition of a remarkable law of sequence will at once catch the eye. It is one of the same kind as that which is well known as Bode's law of planetary distances. We desire to speak with all due reserve. We are hardly in a position to catch more than a glimpse of the truth; for our measurements of the different strata are as yet so few, and so strictly local, that no geologist can give a reliable section of the crust of the earth as a whole, showing the average thickness of the successive strata of deposit. But with this caution it may be remarked that there is an approach to the diminution of deposit, and thus, probably, to that of lapse of time, somewhat approaching to the rate at which the spaces between the planets diminish as they approach the sun. The strata of the first system before described afford a known depth of 52,800 feet. Those of the second have been estimated at a little over 27,000 feet. The carboniferous systems, as before limited, have a total depth of 13,650 feet. The herpetiferous group of rocks is more than 8,000 feet in thickness. The cretaceous system has been measured at 3,350 feet. As to this it should be remarked that a deposit of the nature of the chalk, which modern research has shown to be at this moment going on at the bottom of the sea in some regions, will be far slower in its accretion than mechanical deposits, such as those of sands, limes, and clays. The tertiary strata have been measured at 1,350 feet in depth. We must repeat the caution that these measurements are not offered as a true average of the depths of the successive systems mentioned. But they are figures taken without alteration from the best estimates and measurements as yet published. It is possible that more extended information may show that no such regular decrease as is intimated actually prevails. But the subject is not unworthy of attention, and, whether such a relation hereafter prove to hold good or not, it will have been no waste of time to enquire into the actual sequence, and into the approach to an estimate of time which may be based on the measurement of depths.

As to the general theory of the advance in development of animal life, from creatures not only inhabiting but breathing water, through those of mixed abode and double respiration,

to land-walking, air-breathing quadrupeds and bipeds, and to the tribes that sport in the air itself, there is no room for doubt or question. The one point to which it is most important to call attention is, that the progress of development has not been what may be called purely mechanical. It has been in waves or bounds. In the very earliest times, when, as far as we can tell, no air-breathing creature existed on our planet, and when most of the water-breathing tribes were of very low and simple organisation, the cartilaginous fish showed a complexity and perfection of structure which is quite incompatible with the idea that a general self-development was the law of nature. So again in the herpetiferous period. The swimming, wading, and flying dragons of the fourth geologic day—the ichtyosaurs, plesiosaurs, and pterodactyls of the trias, lias, and oolite seas and marshes, contain developments of the reptile type far higher than any now existing in life. In families as well as in classes, the geological record shows, even from its present imperfectly collected data, that growth, progress, culmination, and decay have been the general law which each group of animal forms has successively obeyed. Perhaps, as we have heard it suggested by an ingenious friend, we are ourselves living in the seventh day or period of the creation, the evening of which has not yet closed on the destinies of the globe.

The more patient, exhaustive, and profound the study given to these records of nature, the more fully may we expect to understand the great secular and structural laws under which the development of organic life has taken place. So sensible are we of the enormous disproportion between the positive geological knowledge already attained, and that which we may hope hereafter to grasp, that we had some hesitation in calling attention to a parallel, which is certainly very striking, between the book of nature and another record of primitive tradition. We can only submit it for further illustration and verification. But even in this hypothetical form it is not without a certain value. It may serve to quiet the apprehensions of those who fear the progress of scientific research. Truth is one, although truths and facts are innumerable. He is not only a bold but a foolish man who thinks that he has grasped so central a truth that all other knowledge must group itself around, and in subservience to, his theory. If anything be known, really and fully appreciated, no freshly acquired portion of knowledge can disturb or invalidate that treasured verity. When contradiction seems to arise, the cause is not that the facts observed are delusive, but that our observation of those facts is imperfect. Even if a truth be

held, after long research, with a grasp which seems indisputable, a new discovery, without discrediting the former study, may show how far it was from being exhaustive. The colours of the rainbow, and the different refractive powers of various transparent bodies, were patiently investigated by Newton. His was a theory of light founded on true observations, before the dark lines of Fraunhofer were detected in the spectrum. Who could have dreamed of the probability of the latter discovery? Still more, who could have dreamed of its results? To the investigation of these lines of no light we owe our possession of a knowledge which Auguste Comte declared to be unattainable by man, and which it was therefore a waste of time to pursue—a knowledge of definite facts of sidereal astronomy. We now know something, thanks to the spectroscope, even of the chemical constitution of some of the fixed stars, as well as of the speed and the direction of their secular motion in space. Would Newton have dreaded this discovery lest it should have interfered with his views as to light, or with his fame as the analyst of the spectrum? If the religious man fails to sympathise with those who labour to promote the advance of positive science, it is not because he is religious, but because he is unscientific. His fear, in inner truth, must arise, not from the force, but from the half-unconscious weakness, of his religious convictions.

ART. IV.—1. *Letters of Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen.* 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1877.

2. *Memorials of John McLeod Campbell, D.D.* Edited by his SON. 2 vols. London: 1877.

3. *Memoir of Bishop Alexander Ewing, D.C.L.* By ALEXANDER J. ROSS, D.D. London: 1877.

IT has been sometimes made a reproach to Scotland that its theological creed is of the same uniform Calvinistic type. The implied reproach has been held by others as a compliment, and the wonder has been expressed that a people so united in religious faith should be so bitterly rent by ecclesiastical divisions. The Southern mind, looking at the surface of theological opinion and the Presbyterian constitution of the three churches to which the bulk of the population adhere, is naturally astonished that these churches should remain separate. But both the reproach and the compliment fail in gauging the full character of the national thought and feeling. Social and ecclesiastical rather than theological principles have always been the chief

causes of Scottish 'disruptions;' * and the apparent uniformity of belief has always covered deep-lying veins of thought quite at variance with Calvinism or what passes for Calvinism. Contrast, rather than uniformity, might be said to be the characteristic of the thought and life of Scotland all through its history, from the days, to go no further back, when Queen Mary and John Knox confronted each other in Holyrood, to the days, to come no further down, when Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Chalmers represented, with a like rarity of genius, different sides of the national mind and character. There are few national histories, in fact, more marked by picturesque contrasts. If it be said that Queen Mary was half a French-woman, and stands opposed to Knox in virtue of her French rather than her Scottish qualities, Maitland of Lethington was at least as much a Scotchman as the great reformer—he supposed himself the very type of a Scotchman, and did not hesitate to fling in the face of one of Knox's friends the scornful taunt, 'Ne sit peregrinus curiosus in aliena republica.' Yet what a living embodiment of antagonistic qualities the men are! The chivalrous Montrose and the crafty Argyle, the saintly Rutherford, the equally saintly Leighton, Robert Burns and James Beattie, John Wilson, and Dr. Andrew Thomson, all are equally children of the soil, and yet how diversified is the background of thought, not to speak of mere personality, that they represent! Uniformity of creed, uniformity of intellectual temperament, is so little what these and many other names—all equally Scottish—suggest, that one of the most intelligent and close-observing of American authors once said to the writer that, never having visited Scotland and only knowing it by its literature, he was quite at a loss to understand the broad differences which it presented; how the same country which had accepted, if not produced, the Confession of Faith, should at the same time enjoy so thoroughly the poetry of Burns. The severity of Puritanic Calvinism and the riotous fun of Tam o'Shanter and the Jolly Beggars meeting in the same hearts, or at least in the hearts of the same people, had always appeared to him one of the most unintelligible of national problems.

* In one of the volumes at the head of this article this idea is very well expressed. 'Peers and lairds choose Episcopacy; professional men and farmers choose an Established Presbytery, and the shopocracy a free Presbyterianism. Thus it now is in Scotland, and thus it will be in England (if disestablishment takes place). It is a matter of "clothes" after all.'—*Ewing's Memoir*, p. 498.

We have no thought of trying to explain this problem, even should the subject appear in the same light to any of our readers. But those who really know Scotland and are able to look below the surface of opinion know how little it deserves either the reproach or the compliment of uniformity in theological opinion any more than in many other things. It is true that the Scottish Presbyterians of the Revolution were more powerful than any other party in the country, and that they accepted as a creed the Confession prepared mainly by English divines at Westminster. This they did, because the Westminster Confession of Faith appeared to them to embrace the common creed of Protestantism, and because the Church had already accepted it (in 1647), when 'uniformity' was the common ambition of the party alike in England and in Scotland. This Confession remains nominally the creed of all the Presbyterian Churches. It is the type and symbol of that Augustinian theology with which all the Protestant Churches identified themselves, and which the Church of England has no less substantially, if in milder and more catholic phrasology, retained in the Thirty-nine Articles. But not even at the first did the acceptance of such a creed shut out all individuality of opinion and speculation. The dominant party in the Church may have designed this. It is a popular commonplace, from which it seems impossible to rid certain minds, that this is the necessary intention and result of creeds. Zealots within all churches find it their interest to foster this commonplace. It squares with their unworthy conceptions as well as with the popular notion of a Confession of Faith being a kind of bargain between the clergy of a church and the authorities of that church. But, in point of fact, no document of any kind can remain unchangeable in its interpretation or obligation. A Confession of Faith may be highly useful for the time; it may or may not be essential that every Christian church should have a definite creed for its basis—these questions are meantime quite beyond our scope—but no creed can remain binding on the national consciousness from generation to generation. Even if theological ideas were themselves immutable, which no rational student of theological history would maintain, the relation of the national mind to them necessarily changes with its changes and growth. There is in short no permanence here any more than in any other aspect of human thought. It is a simple fact arising out of the law of rational development, that uniformity of belief, even if temporarily enforced, cannot last. Time brings its alterations in theology no less than in philosophy; and the idea of uniformity has no application to the region

of history in which the courses of human opinion really run. Let a church set out with whatever creed it may, and make what ties it can to bind its adherents—in the course of time a change sets in, and the interpretations both of the creed and of the ties binding to it are insensibly moulded in conformity with the changing current of ideas. So true is this that the student of theological opinion is well aware that it is often those who believe themselves the most orthodox, the most faithful to the letter of a creed and to their own interpretation of the relation in which they stand to it, who have most truly departed from its original spirit. Nothing is so heterodox as popular orthodoxy, or the complacent dogmatism in the nineteenth century which supposes itself echoing the creed of the seventeenth or the twelfth or the fourth centuries. The same words no longer convey the same meanings even to the instructed, and still less to the popular intelligence.

If we have run into this digression, it is not at present for any purpose of argument, but only to explain how absurd the commonplace view of Scotland is, which supposes it to be the home of a uniform Calvinism, because its Presbyterian Churches all profess a Calvinistic creed. It is the same, only a less pronounced, type of Augustinian theology which, as we have said, lies at the basis of the national Church of England. Differences may be made out between the creeds of the two Churches, but that the Westminster divines were the legitimate heirs of the Elizabethan Reformers admits of no doubt whatever. And it might as reasonably be supposed, therefore, that the theology of the Thirty-nine Articles should condition all the development of theological opinion in England, as that the theology of the Westminster Confession should confine the Christian intellect of Scotland. In point of fact, both have exercised a powerful influence; but in point of fact also the Christian thought of both countries has followed natural lines of development, of which the original theologies of the Churches have only been one of the main causes. These lines have been far more rich and diversified in England, not because the original theology of the Church of England is really different from that of Scotland, but because the intellectual and Christian life of England has been so much larger, richer, and more fruitful than that of Scotland. The Presbyterian North is, after all, but a small country, and the result of this has been at once to intensify its party divisions, and to give more significance to its prominent types of theological expression.

How much force there is in these general observations

may be estimated by some attention to the remarkable movement in Scotland of which the volumes at the head of this article are more or less a memorial. The three men brought before us in these volumes were all representative of something very different from Calvinism in its ordinary acceptation, and yet they were Scotchmen of the Scotch. They were genuine 'sons of the soil,' bearing the impress of the best Scottish culture of their time, and directly representative of its religious thought. The men are only fully intelligible in the light of Scottish circumstances and opinions amidst which they lived, and, exceptional as they may be in some respects, each would have claimed a real interest in the religious traditions of their country, as that country has reason to be proud of all of them.

In bringing these men under the notice of our readers, it is not our intention to enter into any theological discussion. This is not the key-note we have wished to strike, and is certainly not our aim in the present paper. We have no intention even of describing fully the movement which they may be supposed to represent. This would require more space than we can afford, and carry us into questions which we have no wish to discuss. All we design now is to bring the men before us in their distinctive character, as illustrating the growth of a more diversified and richer type of Christian faith and thought than is generally associated with Scotland. In themselves the three men are deserving of commemoration, and it is impossible to tell their story and exhibit their character, as drawn in their letters or memoirs, without at the same time exhibiting the affinity of their religious ideas as so far the product of a common impulse, and indicating the manner in which the men were more or less associated for the diffusion of these ideas. Whether they can claim to be called a 'School,' or to what extent they may have founded one, or what is its worth, may appear in the course of our remarks.

The eldest of the three men described in the volumes before us was Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, a notable and picturesque figure as portrayed in his letters, and as known in his later years to many still living. Thomas Erskine was a Scottish gentleman of ancient descent, whose great grandfather, Colonel John Erskine of Carnock, the 'Black Colonel,' as he was called, was 'the great-great-grandson of the distinguished 'Earl of Mar, the wise Regent of Scotland, and the faithful 'counsellor of King James VI.' The 'Black Colonel' was evidently a remarkable figure in his own day, not easily turned aside from what he considered the right road, and somewhat

free and irascible in the use of his sword, as when he assailed the magistrates of Culross for burning kelp under his nose, notwithstanding his orders to the contrary. The famous author of 'The Institutes of the Law of Scotland' was a son of Colonel Erskine; and again, Dr. John Erskine, the colleague of Dr. Robertson, the historian, and one of the leaders of the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland in the eighteenth century, was a son of this well-known jurist, and therefore an uncle of the subject of our notice. His father, David Erskine, practised as a writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and was 'allowed by all competent judges to have been one of the ablest and most honourable men whom his profession has ever produced.' But he died at a comparatively early age, and the care of the son's education devolved upon the mother, a daughter of the house of Airth—where, or at Kippenross, in the neighbourhood, Thomas spent most of his early years. The first glimpse we get of him is at Airth Castle in 1793, when he was five years old. He told the Dean of Westminster that he remembered as a boy at this time the sensation produced by the death of Louis XVI., and Bruce the traveller coming in a snowstorm to communicate the sad tidings. The housekeeper, on being asked who it was who had arrived in such circumstances, exclaimed, 'Why, wha should it but Kinnaird' (the name of Bruce's house, and *Scotice* the familiar name by which its owner was called), 'greetin as if there werena a saunt on earth but himsel and the King of France.'

There is little to mark the youth of Thomas Erskine beyond the fact that he appears to have been a happy boy, as he was upon the whole a happy and well-circumstanced man. His life throughout was of a peculiarly placid and unembarrassed character, a fact not to be forgotten in estimating the tenor of his theological views. He had to lament, indeed, the loss of dear friends, and especially of an elder brother, who by the depth and power of his character seems to have made a strong impression on all who knew him; but there were no storms of any kind either of calamity or of passion in his career. Endowed with good health and abundant means, and troops of enthusiastic relatives and friends, it was certainly the sunnier side of this mortal pilgrimage along which he travelled, and that this sunniness had ripened and sweetened his nature, and given it—shall we say?—a vein of complacency, if not stolen from it something of strength, was plain to most of those who knew him in his later years. It left him free, moreover, to follow the bent of his own meditations and desires, which how few are ever able to do! His time was his own, his studies were what

he liked, and his theological opinions were moulded not only out of the deep and ever-enlarging experience of his own heart, but in some degree also out of the free and random turnings of his own will and thought, which owned few or none of those outward checks which after all bind the thoughts of most men in this world. This was an advantage. It gave a spontaneity and individuality to his religious development; but so exceptional an advantage is never without some drawback. The freedom of his life, the happiness of his circumstances, gave perhaps a tinge of arbitrariness no less than of independence to his judgment, and prevented him from seizing those broader historical connexions the recognition of which is so essential to the appreciative and intelligent estimate of religious no less than of intellectual phenomena. We shall have occasion to give illustrations of this as we proceed.

The death of his brother made Thomas Erskine laird of Linlathen, and left him absolutely at liberty to follow his own mode of life. The result was that he practically gave up the profession of the Scotch bar, to which he had been trained, and resolved to travel some years on the Continent. This was not, however, before a change had passed upon him from a state of semi-scepticism (vaguely indicated) to a state of profound religious conviction. His residence in Edinburgh, after passing for the bar in 1810, was coeval with the heyday of the 'Waverley Novels' and the early fame of the 'Review' in which we now write. Jeffrey, Cockburn, and Fullerton, 'with all of whom our young advocate was on terms of closest friendship,' were all in the full activity of their career. The influence of the society around him, and the course of his own reflections, he implies, led him to have misgivings as to the credibility of the Gospel history. But his misgivings were soon dispersed. 'The patient study of the narrative,' he adds, 'and of its place in the history of the world, and the perception of a light in it which entirely satisfied my reason and my conscience, finally overcame them, and forced on me the conviction of its truth.' His religious impressions were deepened especially by the death of his brother, already mentioned, in 1816. In reference to this event he writes in a pathetic strain of Christian confidence which shows how deeply and intelligently his faith was already grounded. He even drew up a paper as the record of his views and convictions, 'which he thought of putting into the hands of his companions at the bar when he parted from them,' and which was afterwards printed in 1825 as an introductory essay to the letters of Samuel Rutherford, so well known in Scotland. The germ of much of his after

thought is found in this paper, especially the idea he so often reiterated as to the moral or practical aims of all the Divine dealings with man in the Gospel.

‘A restoration to spiritual health, or conformity to the divine character, is the *ultimate object* of God in His dealings with the children of men. Whatever else God hath done with regard to men has been subsidiary, and with a view to this; even the unspeakable work of Christ and pardon freely offered through the Cross have been but means to a further end; and that end is that the adopted children of the family of God might be conformed to the likeness of their elder brother—that they might resemble Him in character, and thus enter into His joy. . . . The sole object of Christian belief is to produce the Christian character, and unless this is done nothing is done.’

These sentences are curiously interesting to the student of Scottish theology, marking as they do so clearly, on the one hand the impression which the customary religious phraseology had made upon Mr. Erskine, and on the other hand the divergence which had already begun in his mind from the commonplaces of evangelical theology, then and so long afterwards prevalent in Scotland. Even a professional theologian would hardly now write in such formal phrases. They are to be heard only in the pulpit, and even there not in the mouths of the best preachers. But they came as a common voice at that time to all who spoke or wrote about religion. Certain persons were ‘adopted children,’ and the blessing of Christ’s sacrifice was ‘pardon freely offered.’ The language of the older type of thought clings to Erskine, layman as he was, but he has already penetrated to the artifices which such language is apt to hide. The Gospel is nothing, he sees, if it is not a spiritual and moral good in all who profess to receive it. This was a decided advance, not, indeed, upon the theological belief—for it is impossible to conceive anything of the deliberate nature of belief sinking below such a self-evident proposition—but upon many of the religious commonplaces, of the time. Such ideas as ‘pardon’ and ‘adoption’ had been so traded upon and emphasised by themselves that they had passed into the popular, and even into the clerical mind, as abstractions summing up the meaning of the Gospel. Religion was supposed to consist in things denoted by these and similar phrases, with little or no relation to the life and character of many who made use of them. It was an evidence of the reality of Erskine’s faith that he saw beyond all this, and while using, in so marked a manner, the abstract and technical language of the religious world of his youth, he at the same time expressed so clearly the living connexion between pardon

and character—in other words, between religion and morality. This radical conception he never lost hold of, and it helped to steady him amidst the stress of fanaticisms which for a while seemed likely to carry him away.

Before Mr. Erskine went abroad in 1822 he published his first work on ‘*The Internal Evidence of Revealed Religion*,’ in which he pursued in a more extended manner something of the same line of thought as that already spoken of. His great aim was to show the divine origin of Christianity both from the fitting illustration which it furnished of the character of God and its bearing on the character of man; ‘to demonstrate,’ in his own words, ‘that its facts not only present an impressive exhibition of all the moral qualities which can be conceived to reside in the Divine mind, but also contain all those objects which have a natural tendency to excite and suggest in the human mind that combination of moral feelings which has been termed moral perfection.’ It is the same great idea of ‘character’ in relation to religion which is mainly before his view. There seemed to him ‘an intelligible and necessary connexion between the doctrinal facts of revelation and the character of God (as deduced from natural religion), as there is an intelligible and necessary connexion between the character of a man and his most characteristic actions;’ and again, he says, the belief of the doctrinal facts of revelation has ‘an intelligible and necessary tendency to produce the Christian character in the same way that the belief of danger has an intelligible and necessary tendency to produce fear.’ Christianity, in short, was to him self-evidencing, both in the light which it shed upon the nature of God, from whom it professed to come, and in the effects which it exerted upon man, for whose benefit it was designed. The Incarnation and Atonement, rightly viewed, prove God to be all that our hearts desire, and contain a power of good fitted to all human necessities. It is a false and unscriptural view of the Atonement which regards God as rigidly exacting punishment while ‘not much concerned whether the person who pays it be the real criminal or an innocent being, provided only that it is a full equivalent.’ Here, as more fully afterwards, he is working his way towards reality in the sphere of religious thought. All notions or abstractions about God or the ways of God are distasteful to him. It is God Himself as a moral Intelligence and Will whom he seeks to know. And the only religion worth anything is that which changes a man’s will from evil to good. This it is which stamps Christianity as divine, that it so necessarily elevates and transforms into moral beauty the character of those who really receive it.

We cannot linger over any of Mr. Erskine's foreign reminiscences. They have little value now, and they contain fewer indications of his personal feeling and individuality of thought than we had looked for. Altogether, it must be confessed that the letters in the first volume are somewhat disappointing. There is a lack of richness and diversity in them, and hardly any traces of the humour which was a marked, if not obtrusive, feature of his mind in later years. We have only met in the earlier letters with a single touch of the quiet vein of humorous reflection which used often to run through his talk. When in correspondence with Dr. Chalmers in 1827, he contrasts his friend, 'in the midst of 'the business of the General Assembly,' with himself in Rome, 'quietly looking upon the Seat of the Beast, and wondering at 'him, the manner of his existence, and at his duration.' He had evidently at the time a solemn interest in the fate of the Beast, for he represents himself as busy with Irving's book upon the Prophecies, which he speaks of as 'a magnificent 'book full of honest zeal;' yet he is also delighted with the story of a 'Romish priest' who, having fixed the year 1830 'as the termination of the wrath,' and applied to the Pope for permission to publish his speculations, received for answer that he should be allowed to publish in 1831!

Wherever he goes it is his own thoughts as to religion which chiefly occupy him and fill his letters. The true nature of Christianity as a power of spiritual education grows always clearer to his mind. He sees that if true at all there must be good in it for all. It must be a religion of universal love, and not a mere scheme of salvation for a few. There is little said as to the course of his thought in his letters, although they are full of general religious reflections; but he is found, on his return to Scotland from a second sojourn abroad, busy with the publication of a new volume entitled 'The Unconditional 'Freeness of the Gospel,' which appeared early in 1828. This appears to have been the first of his books which excited controversy, as it was the first which impressed some higher minds which were destined to exert a marked influence upon the religious thought of their time. Long afterwards Mr. Maurice spoke in warm terms of his obligations to this book: 'Have 'we,' he said, 'a gospel for men, for all men? Is it a gospel 'that God's will is a will to all good, a will to deliver them from 'all evil? Is it a gospel that He has reconciled the world unto 'Himself? Is it this absolutely, or this with a multitude of 'reservations, explanations, contradictions? It is more than 'twenty years since a book of yours brought home to my mind

‘the conviction that no gospel but this can be of any use to the world, and that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is such a one.’ It was about the time he published this volume, and when his mind was excited by the importance of the views it expounded, that he first became acquainted with Mr. M’Leod Campbell, with whom he immediately formed a warm friendship, and became closely united in works of Christian thoughtfulness and zeal. This union opens up the most significant period of Mr. Erskine’s religious history, and at the same time serves to bring before us prominently the second of our list of Scottish teachers.

Mr. M’Leod Campbell had been settled at this time about three years in the beautiful parish of Row, on the banks of the Gareloch, in Dumbartonshire. He had begun his pastoral work there with great success and high aspirations. A deep-thoughted man, with an independent and highly practical turn of mind, he was more intent upon doing his duty than upon identifying himself with either of the parties which then divided the Church. In preparing his sermons he used little but his Bible and Concordance, consulting commentaries only ‘to ascertain the precise translation of the original.’ He had no plans of working out a theology for himself, and still less of drawing attention to his mode of preaching. But the religious condition of his people greatly occupied him, and he considered much how he might awaken amongst them a higher spiritual life. An old man whom he visited soon after he commenced his ministry said to him on parting, ‘Give us plain doctrine, Mr. Campbell, for we are a sleepy people;’ and the simple and solemn words left an ineffaceable impression upon his mind. Mr. Story, minister of the parish of Roseneath, on the opposite side of the Gareloch, somewhat older in years, was a man of like mind with himself, full of thoughtful anxiety for his people, and with a beautiful saintliness and dignified simplicity of character that had already given him an honoured position in the parish and neighbourhood. They became fast friends, and Mr. Campbell enjoyed all the advantages of his friend’s more matured experience. Both were happy in their work, and neither dreamed of exciting the Church or becoming the centre of a religious movement.

But gradually, as Mr. Campbell’s religious views deepened, he began to preach in a vein which startled some of his more cautious and less convinced brethren. He began especially to speak of the assurance of faith, and of the universal love of God for all men, in a way which, as he himself says, awoke ‘opposition, or rather speculation.’ In his letters to Mr. Story,

who was away from home at this time in bad health, and also in his own 'Reminiscences and Reflections,' he recounts, with a quiet simplicity and an unhesitating confidence in his own judgment, the results of his new thoughts. 'I was enabled to declare the truth twice. . . . The Lord put it into their hearts to treat me with much respectful attention, although not giving in. But the truth has been scattered, and may yet take root. . . . I mean to speak as God will enable me from the delightful and appropriate words, "God is love." The present aspect of things is deeply interesting.' This was in December 1827; and shortly after this time Mr. Erskine seems to have heard Mr. Campbell preach for the first time. Returning from the church with a friend, he said, with great emphasis, 'I have heard to-day from that pulpit what I believe to be the true gospel.' Soon Mr. Erskine found his way to the parish of Row, and the two friends, with others, especially Mr. Scott, afterwards Principal of Owens College, Manchester, mutually strengthened one another in their higher views of the love of God and of the strength of faith.

But meanwhile a storm was gradually rising in the Church against Mr. Campbell's preaching. Many of his brethren began to preach in their turn against the 'new doctrine.' To add to the commotion, this was the heyday of Edward Irving's fame as a pulpit orator, when the grandeur of his earlier eloquence was just passing into the wilder tones and apocalyptic reveries of his later years. It was in the summer of 1828 that he gave his long-remembered course of lectures in Edinburgh on the Apocalypse to crowded congregations at six o'clock in the morning. Mr. Campbell sought an interview with him at the time, not, as he himself says, 'to consult him as one having "difficulties,"' but with the view of laying before him 'the conclusions at which he had arrived on the subject of the assurance of faith.' It was not unnatural in the circumstances that the older and more cautious heads in the Church of Scotland should have become alarmed at the invasion of novel doctrines, or what seemed to them novel doctrines; and none could have blamed them if they had dealt wisely and thoughtfully with the authors of these doctrines. What really alarmed one half of the Church, known as the 'Moderate' party, was undoubtedly the self-confident pretensions that lay under the movement, and the fanaticism to which it seemed in some cases fast tending. It is impossible for any impartial historian of the events of 1830-35 not to feel that there was some ground for this alarm. The aberrations of Irving, the delusions of Mr. Erskine himself, and the dogmatic assumptions of an

exclusive possession of 'the truth' which pervade both Mr. Campbell's speeches and letters on the occasion, and which no doubt equally characterised his preaching, were all of a nature calculated to provoke opposition, and to call for interference from the Church courts. Our own pages, in an elaborate article which opens the number of June 1831, entitled 'Pretended Miracles: Irving, Scott, Erskine,' bears evidence to the wide-spread excitement which had sprung up in the wake of the Row movement, especially connected with the alleged return of what were called 'spiritual gifts,' similar to those which prevailed in the early Church. The chapter on this subject in the first of the books before us cannot be read without some feeling of shame, even at this time of day, that so really wise and good a man as Mr. Erskine should have countenanced and apparently for a time believed in the reality of such pretensions. Mr. Campbell, although in their immediate neighbourhood, seems happily to have kept himself aloof from them, and to have discerned pretty clearly from the first the delusive foundations of the early Irvingite Church. Anything more melancholy than the account of the supposed gift of tongues—the evident ravings of religious hysteria—can hardly be imagined. Mr. Erskine was far too clear-sighted, and had seized on the moral side of Christianity, as we have seen, far too strongly, to remain long under any hallucination as to the real character of the wide-spread pretensions which rose in many quarters as the enthusiasm spread. His letters to Lady Elgin and Miss Rachel Erskine in 1833 show how he gradually and completely emancipated himself from such forms of enthusiasm, and came once more into the clear light of a moral gospel, whose function is not to promote excitement, even of the best kind, but to transform men's characters and change their evil into good. Any doctrine apart from this, he says, 'is a vanity and deception.' 'If we are faithful and patient, we shall have the life of God taught to us and nourished in us. But we are in such a hurry; we think something must be done immediately.' Again: 'My mind has undergone a considerable change since I last interchanged thoughts with you. . . . These gifts are but signs and means of grace; they are not grounds of confidence; they are not necessarily intercourse with God; they are *not holiness, nor love, nor patience*; they are not Jesus. The truth and substance of religion is the spirit of Christ manifested in the heart as the light and life of God. . . . You know that Mr. Scott is entirely separated from Mr. Irving and his church; believing it, as I understand, to be a delusion partly, and *partly*

' a spiritual work not of God.' Again, to another lady, Mrs. Macnabb, a sister of Mr. Campbell: ' We have had a great trial about the spiritual gifts. The spirit which has been manifested has *not been a spirit of union but of discord.*' Finally, to another correspondent, the Rev. W. Tait, in 1834: ' My dear friend, I see that you are much fixed on these things [the pretensions of Irvingism]. I believe them to be delusions. I see in them a return to Judaism.'

Before this time Mr. Campbell had been deposed from the ministry in the Church of Scotland for the teaching of heretical doctrine. That there was an element in Mr. Campbell's teaching calling for the interference and even the authoritative guidance of the Church courts, may be allowed. But no event could have been more unhappy than the actual conduct of the prosecution directed against him, and its violent issue. It is difficult to realise now the atmosphere of indignant alarm which rendered both not only possible, but apparently easy. His two alleged heresies of the assurance of faith and of a universal atonement, if not recognised by the Confession of Faith—which he did not himself contend they were, especially the first—are not yet in any direct manner negatived or condemned by it. It may to this day be fairly urged, as he himself urged at the bar of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, that the doctrines he taught ' were not inconsistent with the standards of the Church.' It is believed, Dr. Hanna, as editor of Mr. Erskine's letters, says, ' that the Church now would neither eject Mr. Campbell nor Mr. Scott' (whose views, on the subject of the atonement at least, were identical with those of Mr. Campbell). But it is not to be concealed that the mere attitude of being tolerated was not welcome to Mr. Campbell. Merely to urge that his doctrines were not ' inconsistent with the Westminster Confession appeared to him taking up an inadequate ground of defence.' ' I feel,' he says, ' that to take this ground would be failing in duty to the truth of God; and more especially at present, when it is so general a feeling that it is charity to be indulgent to all manner of opinions, and that to *speak dogmatically is necessarily an evil.*' Now and long afterwards there was that in Mr. Campbell, and indeed in Mr. Erskine, which made their profession of faith hard for others to bear. With all their personal humility and insight into the perplexities of the religious life, they were yet essentially dogmatic in their own assertion of the truth. They failed, as everyone connected with the movement did, in any appreciation of the historical growth of Christian thought, and of the manner in which its

higher and lower moments fit into one another in the great progress of the Church. They had no perception, consequently, of what both the 'Moderate' and the 'Evangelical' parties had to say for themselves—the real amount of truth that lay in their respective systems, equally extravagant as both were in their extreme manifestations. Mr. Erskine is almost uniformly unjust in his letters to the old Moderate clergy, such as Carlyle of Inveresk; and Scotland is 'torpid' and dead when it does not respond at once to the higher light which he and his friends represented. Neither he nor Mr. Campbell, in short, had then learned anything of those principles of religious latitude, which their country has been so slow to recognise. Diversity of religious opinion then appeared to them no less than to their opponents an evil instead of a good. Even so late as 1846 Mr. Campbell talks with some alarm of the 'latitudinarianism' which permitted Calvinists and Arminians subscribing a uniform formulary of confession at the Evangelical Alliance. There may have been difficulties in such a process; we know nothing of the alleged formulary; but the underlying conception of all this mode of speaking is that words are capable of doing what they never can do—define insoluble mysteries—and that forms of language of one school of Christian thought may have such an absolute value over those of another school of thought that 'the truth' is in possession of the one to the exclusion of the other. Such a notion, of course, was universal in Scotland at the time, and must always prevail where theology remains so much of a dogmatic, and so little of an historical, study. Religion, in such a case, becomes confounded with theology, and the enthusiasms and excitements of the one sphere are transferred to the other. Mr. Erskine and Mr. Campbell both lived to understand this matter better, and to recognise thankfully how much Christian reason and even good there might be in opinions very different from those which they themselves professed and taught.

In our rapid sketch we pass onwards to that later period of their life when the third teacher on our list also emerges upon our notice as the friend of both. The years that followed Mr. Campbell's deposition—those troubled years in Scotland known as the 'ten years conflict,' issuing in what is called the 'Disruption' of the Scotch National Church, make little mark on the lives of either Mr. Erskine or Mr. Campbell. They lived above the turmoil of the time, and part of it was spent by the former in a renewed visit to the Continent. All that he says about it is in a letter from Linlathen in 1844: 'The present time is a very trying one. I did not feel myself called

‘ upon to take any part in this movement [the Disruption], but
‘ I always expressed my conviction that it was one more of a
‘ political than of a religious character.’ In the light of later
events these words have something of that semi-prophetic cha-
racter that distinguishes not a few of his sayings.

But in the last thirty years the atmosphere of local and
provincial controversy, which has been such a bane to Scotland,
has greatly cleared away; and during this time both the friends
entered with a clear and noble intelligence, disciplined by
their former experience, into the higher questions which arose
for discussion. In passing to the second volume of Mr. Erskine’s
letters, and hardly less in passing to the second volume of Mr.
Campbell’s ‘Memorials,’ one feels himself breathing ‘a diviner
‘ air.’ The enthusiasms of Port Glasgow and the Gareloch have
passed into forgetfulness. Linlathen is the centre no longer of a
narrow religious circle, to which Mr. Erskine himself for some
time ministered. It is the home as much as ever of a beautiful
piety and constant ministry of love, but there is more of
rational as well as spiritual light pervading it. Mr. Carlyle is
a visitant and correspondent. Homer and Plato are familiar
studies. Some of the letters to Mr. Carlyle in this volume
are very interesting, and there is at least one very remarkable
letter from Mr. Carlyle, for which, however, we cannot find
room. We must content ourselves with the following brief
extract from the correspondence addressed to the Patriarch of
Cheyne Row from Linlathen in 1847:—

‘ I really hope that the next visit you pay to Scotland you will come
to us, and before that time I trust that this weary Fritz may be off
your conscience and thrown on the consciences of other men, as incen-
tive or warning as the truth of the matter may make him. I
suppose that he shows us what a strong will and a clear insight with-
out a conscience can do for a man. To me it is a most displeasing
spectacle—a German king confining his kingdom to leading armies
and extending frontiers, and setting up *par goût* as a French wit
and a ribald freethinker. I would much rather be honest Mrs. Braid
[an old nurse of Mr. Carlyle], selling flour and bacon, and lovingly
bearing the burden of her bed-ridden son.’

During all this time Mr. Erskine continued to hold to the
substance of the old faith which he had indicated in his earliest
writings; but he had also risen into a clearer and broader
atmosphere of thought. He had seen more of the world,
much of it as he had seen before; he had got more beyond the
influence of the narrow circles or coteries so apt to beset
zealous religious people, and poison with applausive echoes the
air they breathe; he had wisely abandoned his former attempts

at pulpit instruction, and the delivery of religious addresses in public. It was not, as the editor of his letters says, 'that his thoughts were less intently occupied with the great truths of Christianity,' but that he was satisfied that 'it was not in the direction either of controversy or outward activities of any kind that his strength could be best employed.' No doubt, also, it was that he had himself risen into a purer region—not of belief, but of thought. He saw around him better. The world was not so hopeless as it seemed, nor churches so dead, although they were still dead enough. There was Christian good working, and Christian truth taught in many forms, upon which he and some of his old friends, both at home and on the Continent (for there is no narrowness worse than that of the Continental Evangelical), had been apt to look askance. The spirit of liberality grew greatly in him, and was one of the chief charms of his later mood. Not that he ever parted with his old convictions; these remained as a sure anchor of his soul; but a higher light was shed upon them. His ideas of the Gospel, of life, of the future, of the love of God, of the sacrifice of Christ, became every year, if possible, more simple, less technical—more real, less dogmatic. He not only cast off the old clothes of an abstract Calvinism, but also the new clothes which some of his own school would have woven for him, and on all sides left his mind open to truth from whatever quarter it might come. And so all the religious literature and controversy of his later years had a lesson for him. Little as he liked the 'Essays and Reviews,' he felt that there was a sifting power in these and similar writings that was good for the trial of his own faith and the faith of the Church. To Dean Stanley he writes in 1864: 'Your Church seems to be in a sad mess at present, many truly earnest men, afraid that the foundation of all their spiritual hopes is to be swept away by criticism, and forgetting that any revelation, whether inspired or uninspired, must owe its whole value to its being the discovery of truth which remains true independently of that revelation.' Again, in his conversations with Miss Wedgwood, preserved in her valuable journal printed in the second volume of the letters, and upon the whole, as it appears to us, the best expression of his later and riper thought:—

'I think we shall learn to value the Bible more as we grow independent of it. I do value parts of the Bible exceedingly, but I do not feel that I depend upon it. When I find a small dispersed people from the first asserting a righteousness in the Divine Being which I do not find in the gods of more enlightened nations, I cannot feel that this is mere accident. This was the teaching of God. But then when I.

come upon discrepancies in the narratives which are very definite and striking, neither can I ignore them, and I feel that *this* is not inspiration. The records are the vehicle of principles which are true independently of the records, and which criticism cannot touch. . . . I have no difficulty in receiving the fact of miracle. But if anyone has, I do not conceive that he is thereby debarred from entering into the spirit of Christianity. The one is a fact, the other is a principle. The two things can never come into collision with one another.'

His old idea of life being an 'education' rather than a 'probation' became expanded under the influence of this loftier and more rational faith. Divine education became to him in its very nature an endless process which did not terminate with this life, but reached infinitely forward till all evil should be destroyed. God's purpose in Christ is 'to make men good'—repeating the key-note with which he started in his first book. For this purpose He has created us, and is constantly educating us; and the mere fact 'that not one in a thousand had really received any education here' was enough to show without hesitation 'that the education must necessarily proceed in the next world.'

The words are taken from a letter addressed to Bishop Ewing in 1864. Alexander Ewing, who became Bishop of what is known in the Scotch Episcopal Communion as the 'Diocese of Argyle and the Isles,' is the youngest of the men whom we have ventured to group together as Scottish teachers. Bishop as he was, he must be held inferior in theological power and insight to his older friends. He had less original force than either; and yet in some respects his spiritual life was exceptionally bracing and healthy. Had he not known both Erskine and Campbell, Alexander Ewing would never have been the teacher he was; and yet there was a sense in which he improved upon their teaching. He was upon the whole more a man among other men than either of them. He was more free from the impress of the select religious circle, and possessed a wider range of purely human feeling, with bursts of poetry in his heart, that spoke of a more varied, artless, and manlier vein of natural experience.

Ewing first met Erskine in the company of Mr. Carlyle in London in 1855, when 'the hope of final good for all mankind' was fast becoming, as Ewing's biographer says, 'the calm and settled persuasion of the great lay theologian—for such undoubtedly Erskine was.' An intimate friendship soon sprang up between them, which Campbell no less shared. Polloc, the residence of Sir John Maxwell, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, was the chief meeting-place of the three

friends; and Bishop Ewing has left in one of his 'Present Day Papers' a pleasant sketch of the charms of the old residence, and its dignified, thoughtful, and genial host, 'dear Sir John, the soul of honour, charity, and benevolence.' In 1860 the bishop writes to his brother from Polloc:—

'If I could always live as I do here without anxiety, in a large warm house [he suffered from an affection of the chest], I might live for ever. Sir John is certainly the most genial, large-hearted, and best-tempered man in the world, and his conversations and views are so striking and edifying that no one but would be the better for his society. . . . Mr. Campbell, of the Row, is here now, and is of much benefit to all. He is great upon the subject of divine love—love being regarded by him as synonymous with righteousness, holiness, and justice, and law being the expression of it. Erskine has been here also; so you will understand, if one is not the better for being here and meeting with such men, one must be incurable.'

Some time before this Mr. Campbell had published his book on the 'Nature of the Atonement,' which, with all its faults of style, remains a truly noble monument of his spiritual genius. No modern theological work, upon the whole, has made a more remarkable impression upon many thoughtful minds. It has carried the deeper tone of the school, apart from its peculiarities, into a circle of readers having otherwise no affinity with either Mr. Campbell or Mr. Erskine. And this has been owing not to any obvious attractions in the book itself—for its arrangement and style are alike cumbrous and involved—but to the real weight of spiritual thought contained in it, a certain profundity of insight and grasp of meaning which are felt by all who are at pains to study it and have any interest in the great doctrine which it discusses. This work and Mr. Campbell's later volume, 'Thoughts on 'Revelation,' which was called forth by the agitation which followed the appearance of 'Essays and Reviews,' and which is marked by the same deep spiritual qualities, are the chief contributions to theological science made by the school. Temporary as the school itself may prove, both these works have a permanent value. Criticism may reveal the weakness of Mr. Campbell's theory of the Atonement no less than of every other theory. There is no theory on such a subject ever likely to prove adequate. But the elaboration of adequate theories—were such a thing possible—is a small matter in comparison with the deepening and enrichment of the theological mind, with casting some measure of light into hitherto unexplored depths, and showing harmonies in what hitherto have seemed and been presented as contradictions. This is the sort

of service which Mr. Campbell's work on the Atonement has rendered, and this is the kind of influence that lives in theology or any other branch of the moral, or, as the French call them, the 'philosophical' sciences. In these sciences the power of systematisation—of abstract definition and co-ordination—has exhausted itself long ago. There is nothing to be gained in this way but empty formulæ, and propositions without life and meaning frequently in proportion to the rigour with which they are set forth in logical deduction. What is really required is the capacity of seeing the true character of spiritual and moral facts, and the intimate links that bind together all higher speculation, whether as to the nature of God or man. And it is this capacity which Mr. Campbell's works, both on the Atonement and Revelation, so fully exhibit, and which has given them, as it will continue to give them, a living influence over the course of theological opinion.

It is needless to say that the author of such works had greatly advanced from the stage on which he stood at the bar of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, when the doctrine of the assurance of faith appeared to him an essential part of the truth, and he challenged a verdict on his own private opinions as absolutely the Gospel and nothing else. Probably Mr. Campbell never receded from his old dogmatic position. To the last the assurance of faith may have been a vital element of his own experience. Certainly his earlier views of the universality of the Divine love as revealed in Christ only grew into a clearer and more confident brightness, if some of the forms in which he had presented this great truth may have fallen away from him. But to whatever extent he may have retained or modified his old convictions—for which he gladly suffered the loss of his parish—he had, in the long interval between his deposition and his becoming known as the author of the 'Nature of the Atonement,' greatly grown not only in depth of religious insight, but in what is far more closely allied to it than he or any of his friends would have allowed in their earlier years—width and rationality of comprehension. He had opened his mind to a higher horizon of knowledge, both natural and spiritual, than that which formerly confined him, as well as his friend Mr. Erskine. There are many indications of this as we advance in the two volumes of his 'Memo-rials,' which we cannot pause to quote, but which no reader can miss who has an eye to notice the growth of his mind and thought. Formerly he is shocked at the mild and somewhat irrational latitudinarianism of the Evangelical Alliance. In 1856, in reference to 'Essays and Reviews,' he regards it

‘as a marvellous distinction of the Church of England that it permits the free utterance within its pale of such conflicting sentiments. I cannot,’ he adds, ‘but regard it as an advantage as compared with the state of things in the Church of Scotland. I am sure *free discussion within the Church is better than the constant necessity to form a new sect if one has any new thought to utter.*’

Happily all three minds passed into this higher atmosphere of light before they passed away; but perhaps Bishop Ewing, as he had begun with less technical theology than either of his friends, a fact of which he was quite conscious, rose into this atmosphere more easily than others. There was in him by nature a great love of freedom for its own sake, as a spiritual good, as the only channel through which the highest spiritual good can come to any soul. Systems of any kind—new systems as well as old—were hateful to him, and restraints upon the genuine growth of the religious life. ‘I do not think there is any vitality in the Athanasian formula,’ he says in a letter to Archbishop Tait. ‘It is holding up the skeleton of the dead amidst the living. To the great majority of those who attend our churches the technical phrases of the creed are quite as unintelligible as are the special legal expressions in a title-deed or the terms in a physician’s prescription. . . . I would keep it as an old and curious heirloom in the charter-chest.’ The dogmatism which had surrounded the great truths of the Atonement and of Revelation appeared to him mere ‘materialistic substitutions’ for the truths themselves. ‘Balances and equivalents had made of none effect,’ he says, ‘the direct revelation of the forgiveness of sins.’

Every year Ewing’s mind seemed to rise more above the environments of his own church, and the exclusive principles which have been so unhappily associated with it. ‘Let us rise,’ he said to his own clergy, ‘from systems, whether of Episcopacy or Presbytery—above all material apparatus. Let us rise to higher things; let us live in that region which makes the face to shine, and where the heart says, “I have seen the Lord;” where we behold His glory, and the Word become flesh is in the midst of us.’ Among his last desires was to testify in the College Chapel at Glasgow to the power of a common faith uniting his own Church and the National Church of Scotland, and it was only the interdict of his colleague, Bishop Wilson, that prevented him doing so.

‘I have had my time greatly taken up,’ he writes, ‘with that business of Bishop Wilson’s, and I cannot say how much it has impressed me with the feeling that these apparently innocent things, Apostolic succession

and high views (as they are called) of the Christian sacraments are really *anti-Christian* in their operation. When they take shape in actual life, they reveal their meaning to be a doctrine of election which is just so much worse than the common one that it is external and official, and which, moreover, renders the sacraments themselves uncertain in their efficacy by demanding the co-operation of the will of the minister if the reception of them is to be savingly beneficial. How destructive this doctrine must be of all simple and immediate fellowship between man and man, and between man and God, I need not say.'

All his deeper feelings of the nature of Christianity and of the possibilities of Christian union seem to have been outraged by this action of his colleague in the Scottish Episcopal communion. To another colleague, Bishop Wordsworth, he says:—

'I confess that if the spirit of which I complain represents the spirit of our Scotch Episcopal Church, it is a grave question with me, and I am sure it is also with you, whether we should take part in a ministry which has so manifestly departed from the object for which it was instituted. For is not fellowship the end of the Christian ministry, and is it not the work of a true ministry to achieve its end by producing union on the way? Episcopacy, as you well know, while claiming superiority of degree for the *well-being* of the Church, never did among us claim to be necessary for its being.'

In these and other utterances there is the note of genuine liberality, of a spirit which could see common Christian truth under many divisions, and was prepared to recognise and honour it in whatever church it was found. No one thought less of what is popularly known as Calvinism than Bishop Ewing. He expresses his horror at a reported utterance of the Free Church Moderator, that all the ministers of the Free Church were strict Calvinists. But he was able to see, like Erskine, the divine truth which the Calvinistic formulas were intended to embody; and he was always ready for any measure of practical co-operation with the Presbyterian churches around him, and especially with the Established Church, with many of whose clergy he carried on a most friendly and frequent correspondence. His liberality was essentially a part of his intensely human and truth-loving nature. Resting in one or two great central truths, the light of his own life, his mind was open on all sides to further light and knowledge; and the last charge which he delivered on the 'Character and Place of Holy Scripture in Christianity,' in 1872, the year before his death, shows his mind still free as ever and longing for more light. There can hardly be a better statement of the relation of revelation to Scripture than this charge contains. There are those, we are aware, who see weakness rather than

strength in this constant progressiveness of mind, especially in a bishop. The Church is supposed to have settled everything long ago, and there seems an element of unsettlement and restlessness in this constant sifting of fundamental questions and opening of the mind to new or higher views. But science can acknowledge no other attitude. It can never shut out light; and it is the very highest praise we can give to Bishop Ewing, that he was at the end, as throughout, among the 'children of light' and 'of the day,' and not 'of the night nor of darkness.'

The three men whose lives and whose work as teachers we have thus briefly touched will live each only in so far as they loved the light, and sought to help others to a better vision of it. Their own lives became more beautiful, and their own character larger, as they rose above the narrownesses of their early education. It has been our business to show in the case of two of them how much more catholic and scientific their spiritual and theological attitude was in their later than their earlier years. All three, not so much in virtue of any special doctrines which they taught as in virtue of their catholicity and the growth of a rational and enlightened spirit in their teaching, have exercised, and are likely to continue to exercise, a healthy influence upon the progress of theological thought in Scotland. We do not underestimate the value of their special theology, but we claim to judge them in the spirit rather than the letter—to look at them from the outside, under no feeling of discipleship, but simply as forces in the movement of Christian opinion in their own country especially. Still more interesting than anything they taught was the rational method which more or less guided all their later teaching. Whether they knew it or not, they were Christian rationalists, ready to recognise the validity of many different sides of Christian doctrine, and the imperfect and progressive stages through which thought in religion, as in everything else, moves onward to its goal. This is the element in them which we feel confident was really good, and which will survive for good long after what is known as 'Row heresies,' or any other special opinions which they are supposed to have espoused, are forgotten.

And as this higher rationalism was the best element of their teaching, so it was that which Scotland most needed at their hands. If theology in Scotland is not only so far to obey the same law of diversified increase which characterises it in other countries, but to grow into richer and more fruitful forms of development, it can only be by the recognition of the rational principles that underlie its study. Investigation must

have free scope here as in every other branch of knowledge. New light must be welcome from whatever quarter it may come. The claims of science must be meted neither by the decisions of Presbyteries nor of assemblies, past or present. Every product of former thought, every creed which the Church has elaborated and set in its history as the monuments of its progress, deserves and should receive respect, but never so as to stifle or resist the living voice of the Christian reason, always seeking a more enlarged and perfect expression in a Science more complete because more faithful to all the facts of spiritual experience.

ART. V.—1. *The Agamemnon*. A Transcript by ROBERT BROWNING. London: 1877.

2. *Agamemnon*. A Tragedy taken from *Æschylus*. London: 1876.

3. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus*. Translated into English verse by E. O. A. MORSHEAD, M.A. London: 1876.

4. *Three Plays of Sophocles*. Translated into English verse by LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D. London: 1876.

NO one, without comparing some portion of Mr. Browning's rendering with the original Greek, can have any idea of the marvellous closeness with which the original has been followed. The translator has not been content with the ordinary Liddell and Scott version, but has endeavoured, often with success, to give even the etymological force of the original words. Careful toil marks every line, and to some few this transcript will be a source of real enjoyment, but these few must possess the rare power of putting life and poetry into such literal translations as are published in Bohn's series. This is said not as a sneer, for we have known men of true poetic temperament who, ignorant of Greek, read the dramatists by preference in Bohn's series, wishing to feel certain that 'where they were 'gaping for *Æschylus* they did not get *Theognis*.' Well, such men as these may read Mr. Browning's '*Agamemnon*' with more implicit faith than they could give to many prose literal translations, but they must also possess the qualification, happily not rare nowadays, of being able to understand Mr. Browning's manner of expressing himself. Moreover, it would be well that they should have at their elbow some fairly literal translation such as Mr. Conington's to help them when, after read-

ing a passage two or three times, they quite fail to see what the poet means to say.

To the general British public Mr. Browning's version will be almost as completely a sealed book as the original of *Æschylus*; a fact much to be deplored, for a version of a great poet by a true poet should have been a boon to the mass of readers, not merely to a select few. In 'Balaustion's *Adventure*' Mr. Browning gave this boon. The translation of the '*Alcestis*' can be read aloud, so as in most places to be followed by the hearer, which cannot be done with the present play.

We do not ask Mr. Browning to write in such perspicuous sort that he who runs may read, but we think it not unreasonable to ask him to write so that a man who has mastered the meaning of any passage may be able when reading aloud to convey that meaning to his hearers, with the aid of due emphasis and inflection. The translator obviously felt that his version was obscure, and therefore himself qualifies his effort as perhaps a fruitless adventure. He argues that *Æschylus* is hard reading, and therefore that, to resemble *Æschylus*, the translation must be hard reading also. But surely *Æschylus* must have been intelligible, the phrases if not the thoughts of the man, to the thirty thousand hearers in the theatre at Athens. Can a dramatist be popular on the stage if unintelligible to the masses? Surely we must think that the obscurity of *Æschylus* arises chiefly from our ignorance of the language, of popular well-understood allusions and customs, and from corruptions in the text. Mr. Browning, in his version of passages usually accepted as corrupt, has maintained an obscurity that corresponds with the original in a way which is almost humorous. This he may justify, but it is difficult to excuse him when the obscurity is really due to his own style and not to *Æschylus* at all. But let his version speak for itself. After the prologue by the Warder, the chorus enters and speaks as follows:—

'The tenth year this, since Priamos' great match,
King Menelaos, Agamemnon King,
—The strenuous yoke-pair of the Atreidai's honor,
Two-throned, two-sceptred, whereof Zeus was donor—
Did from this land the aid, the armament dispatch,
The thousand-sailored force of Argives clamouring
"Ares" from out the indignant breast, as fling
Passion forth vultures which, because of grief
Away,—as are their young ones,—with the thief,
Lofty above their brood-nests wheel in ring,
Now round and round with oar of either wing,

Lament the bedded chicks, lost labour that was love :
 Which hearing, one above
 —Whether Apollon, Pan or Zeus—that wail,
 Sharp-piercing bird-shriek of the guests who fare
 Housemates with gods in air—
 Suchanone sends, against who these assail,
 What, late-sent, shall not fail
 Of punishing—Erinus.'

The man who tries to read this aloud must first master the fact that 'match' means 'antagonist;' he must also secure an audience able to understand the expression 'clamouring Ares,' and he will then with some difficulty make the first eight lines intelligible. 'This is the tenth year since Menelaus and Agamemnon started with an army shouting a warlike cry.' Then comes the simile of the vultures, which, in both Greek and English, is hard to construe, the passage being possibly corrupt, the English as much so as the Greek; but the passage which begins 'Which hearing, one above,' &c., and ends with 'Erinus,' could not be made intelligible to any hearer, and it owes its obscurity to Mr. Browning. The words of Æschylus may be construed as follows:—'Some one above, whether Apollo, Pan, or Zeus, hearing the sharp-piercing bird-shriek of those who are his guests, sends against the transgressors the sure but tardy Erinus.' The construction is even more straightforward than this English version, because a single Greek word expresses what requires several in English. The involution of this broken sentence is Browning, not Æschylus, and is a defect, not a beauty. The Greek has no double construction answering to the 'which hearing that wail;' the Greek says plainly and simply that some one sends Erinus. The long phrase—'what, late-sent, shall not fail of punishing,' is an obscure way of rendering a single adjective, and is as remote from the Greek construction as Johnsonian magniloquence would be. 'Who these assail' represents a single noun, so that in fine the whole passage sins against the simplicity of the Greek as much as Potter's old version, although in quite a different way. Those who know the Greek will recognise a close adherence to the original, and will readily admit that 'the guests who fare housemates with gods in air' renders the true meaning of *τῶνδε μετοίκων*.

We much wish that Mr. Browning had set a different aim before him, for in truth we do not give the best idea of a foreign author by using in English the very turn of each foreign phrase. On the contrary, this practice is a cheap and common method of raising a laugh. Thackeray began it or

practised it with French, making his Frenchmen speak a literal translation of French phrases. The thing was droll, and is now copied in every comic publication, but we should not get a good translation of Racine by following this method. His graceful lines would become grotesque, and the matter would not be much mended if for each noun or adjective we substituted a periphrasis giving the force of the word as indicated by its etymology.

Perfect, or even nearly perfect, translation is of course impossible, but good work has been done from time to time when a poet has felt the beauty of some foreign poem strongly, and has written in his own language another poem giving the beauty which he saw. It almost seems as if Mr. Browning did not very much admire the 'Agamemnon.' Now and then his version suggests the almost incredible suspicion that he wished to show his friends how inferior Æschylus was as a writer to Euripides. Surely he must have had a sense of fun when he made the chorus (of reputed sonority and magniloquence) speak as follows:—

'For there's no bulwark in man's wealth to him
Who, through a surfeit, kicks—into the dim
And disappearing—Right's great altar.'

Could a more ludicrous image be presented to us than that of a man who, in consequence of overeating, kicks a great altar into the dim? Hermann, who is followed by many scholars, connects *εἰς ἀφάνειαν* with *ἐπαλξίς*, and so obtains the rational meaning that wealth affords no bulwark behind which the guilty man can hide.

Our author has given us no setting to the play such as the adventure of Balaustion, a story which enabled him by the comments of the lyric girl to show us what he himself saw in the 'Alcestis.' Mr. Browning acted that play for us, creating, as the French would say, the part of Heracles. And the creation has been very successful. Some may think that Euripides never intended his Heracles to be acted in that fashion, but no one will deny that Mr. Browning's Heracles is a fine conception. Mr. Browning often writes as if he were acting. He generally receives the title of dramatic from the public, but he is not a dramatic author in the old-fashioned sense. The words he puts into the mouths of his characters are not such as actors would like to use, but he is dramatic in the sense that he seems himself to act each part in succession, so that every character appears as if acted by Browning, and he has a large range of characters which he

can act well. Of course we all recognise the actor and his mannerisms in every dress, but so it must be with all actors. Now, Mr. Browning has not acted Agamemnon, nor Clytemnestra, nor Cassandra, more's the pity, and therefore we say with some fear and trembling perhaps he did not see how these parts should be acted. If he had ever thought of acting Cassandra himself, he could never have made her say, speaking of Apollo,

'He was athlete to me—huge grace breathing ;'

nor would he have liked in the part of Clytemnestra to announce the capture of Troy in these words :—

'I think a noise—no mixture—reigns i' the city.'

'No mixture' is a simple adjective in the original, and Miss Swanwick translates the two words *βοήν ἄμικτον* by 'ill-blending clamour.'

The following is a sample of Mr. Browning's work where he seems to have been more in sympathy with *Æschylus* :—

'For Ares, gold-exchanger for the dead,
And balance-holder in the fight o' the spear,
Due-weight from Ilion sends—
What moves the tear on tear—
A charred scrap to the friends :
Filling with well-packed ashes every urn,
For man that was the sole return.
And they groan—praising much, the while,
Now this man as experienced in the strife,
Now that, fallen nobly on a slaughtered pile
Because of—not his own—another's wife.'

The absence of tawdry additions to the original is certainly a great comfort, going far to counterbalance the oddity of some expressions. One cannot help regretting, however, that a natural reaction against smooth commonplace should lately in all branches of art have led to affected harshness. After all, to be quaint is a small merit, while to be queer is, sooner or later, to be damned. We will not quarrel with the new style of spelling. There is really no right or wrong in the matter; the effect of a word as seen or pronounced is a matter of association; to those for whom more and nobler associations gather round *Klutainnestra* and *Kikero* than round *Clytemnestra* and *Cicero*, the modern antiques are best. *Heracles* shall at once displace *Hercules*, since even now he is the stronger. When we turn to other translators, we see well enough why Mr. Browning was tempted to sacrifice everything to fidelity. Mr. Morshead,

the latest adventurer, gives us a flowing version made with care, but, not being a poet, he worries his reader by a frequent use of stock expressions, such as 'rapine fell' and 'presage fair,' often reducing Æschylus to the level of Scott's lays. We think he has been most successful in rendering the difficult scene with Cassandra, and he shows everywhere a keen and just appreciation of the beauty of the original work. Mr. Fitzgerald has more poetical *verve* than Mr. Morshead, and here and there rises to a high level, but he misses out all that does not come home to him, and it is not a little amusing to find the translator or writer of the 'Rubaiyat' omitting all the simple straightforward religion preached by the chorus. A plain man reading the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus would come to the conclusion that the old men of the chorus believed in a supreme God, Zeus, by no means unlike Jehovah, that they regarded moral conduct as pleasing to God and the punishment of crime as inflicted by God soon or late. The reader of Mr. Fitzgerald's chorus would imagine that Æschylus had forestalled the nineteenth century in mild pessimistic mooning, and that Menelaus was a Scandinavian sentimentalist such as Mr. Morris loves to paint. We shall not on this account quarrel with Mr. Fitzgerald, who frankly warns us in his preface that he has poured away some of the wine of Æschylus and mixed some water with what is left. On the contrary, we are grateful to him for some well-turned phrases, and for the part of Clytemnestra, which is well translated. We do quarrel with him because his work is unequal and slovenly even in respect of grammar.

An amusing comparison of the various translations may be made by the help of two words. There is a refrain in the hymn concerning Iphigenia,

αἶλινον αἶλινον εἰπέ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω,

of which the first three words may be baldly translated as 'say alas, alas.'

Potter paraphrases the whole thus :

'Sound high the strain, the according notes prolong,
Till conquest listens to the raptured song.'

The proportion of Potter to Æschylus here is really overwhelming.

Milman :

'Ring out the dolorous hymn, yet triumph still the good.'

We see that the translator felt bound to elevate the style of Æschylus.

Conington :

‘ Sing Sorrow ! sing Sorrow ! but triumph the good ’—

conscientious, but not poetical.

Swanwick :

‘ Chant the dirge, uplift the wail, but may the right prevail ’—

a fair paraphrase.

Morshead :

‘ Ah, woe and well-a-day ! but be the issue fair.’

A scrap of old ballad is here made to do new duty.

Fitzgerald : Leaves out the refrain.

Browning :

‘ Ah Linos say—Ah Linos, song of wail,
But may the good prevail.’

The reader who does not know the passage would in this last version be puzzled by what seems to be an invocation to some one called Linos, but a peep at the Greek will show him that ‘ Ah, Linos ’ is merely an exclamation, while Liddell and Scott will prove that the received etymology of *αἰλιον* is correctly indicated by Mr. Browning. Who Linos was does not much matter, but the first syllable of the name was short. Once all these facts have been mastered, we may perhaps think that Mr. Browning has made the best transcript ; it is certain that anyone knowing the Greek will, after trying other versions, come back to this one with a sense of relief.

By the way, no translator of the above refrain has adopted the rendering taught by the late James Riddell, that the old men wished the note of rejoicing in the song to prevail over the note of woe, not that good generally should prevail over evil. Perhaps the words really have the double meaning, and to get their full force we ought to imagine dispirited trebles piping their wail in a minor key, followed by a burst of sanguine baritones with a grand swell in the major, closing on the triumphant *νικάτω*.

A very slight acquaintance with ancient mythology and ancient customs would be required to enable a spectator to enjoy a great part of the ‘ Agamemnon ’ and many other Greek plays if he saw them acted, but unfortunately a drama when simply read, not seen, makes such large demands on the imagination and intelligence of the reader, that great plays even in our own language remain unread and unknown. For this very reason we should have valued highly comments such as those of Balaustion on the demeanour and thoughts of the personages

in the 'Agamemnon,' which, however, is hardly a play in the sense in which we use the word now. It is not a realistic representation of a series of incidents. By far the greater part consists either of poems recited by the chorus—who are not, properly speaking, actors at all, and were not on the stage—or of long speeches addressed by a single personage from the stage to the crowd below who formed the chorus. Even when two people happen to be on the stage, dialogue is almost wholly avoided, and it may well be that part of the popularity of the play is owing to this undramatic form which makes it almost a poem, although it is also true that this poem contains dramatic scenes of extraordinary power.

The 'Agamemnon' may be analysed into three parts, each of which is extremely beautiful, even if considered separately from the rest. We have a complete poem recited by the chorus describing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, and ending with her death; another complete poem describing the flight of Helen, and ending with her reception in Troy, seemingly a blessing, really a curse; and lastly we have a drama showing the arrival and murder of Agamemnon. The three parts are all harmonious, conspiring to produce one general effect, but the mere written copy without stage directions often leaves us in doubt as to how these parts were blended together. It is highly probable that by change of attitude, position, and demeanour, the chorus marked in the clearest possible way the separation between those periods during which they were the singers of a sacred hymn, and those in which they represented, with some approach to realism, personages taking part in the action of the drama. When these stage directions are wholly omitted, as in Mr. Browning's transcript, the reader will often be startled by a sudden descent from passages of great lyrical grandeur to others spoken by the same men, but so worded as to indicate plainly that the speakers were commonplace people, incapable of inventing the words they had previously delivered. The sacred hymns are appropriate to the old men who sing them, being such as they would love; but the old people who prattle about tottering along on three legs could not in their proper characters have used the language describing the sacrifice of Iphigenia or the flight of Helen. It would be a mistake to suppose that the portion headed KOMMATIKA included all those parts which are spoken or sung by the choreutai in character.

The poem of Iphigenia begins with the entrance of the chorus after a prologue has been spoken by the Warder, and ends before the first dramatic interlude. The course of this

poem is interrupted by a passage in which the old men describe themselves, and ask Clytemnestra the meaning of the sacrificial fires; the Queen does not seem to be on the stage, and they wait for no answer, but abruptly resume the story of Iphigenia. When the play is simply read, no reason appears why the poem should be interrupted by a passage which is almost humorous; but if we think of the necessary action accompanying the words we see that the first verses were chanted as the chorus marched in; that the passage spoken in character was probably delivered with a complete change of demeanour while the crowd was taking up its place round the central altar; and that when their final solemn station had been reached on or round this thymele, it would be quite appropriate that they should resume the solemn hymn with dignity. It is strange, however, that they should address Clytemnestra and get no response. Another break in the poem is formed by a passage expressing a kind of protest against the conduct of Artemis, to the effect that, if men would simply trust to the supreme god and his divine laws, all would be well. This protest might be so acted on the stage as to be no interruption. A change of melody, even a change of attitude on the part of the chorus, would suffice. The hymn closes by a strophe in which the chorus give their own reflections on the story, which are rather commonplace. A similar return from the past to the present, from the elevated hymn to the customary reflections of respectable people, will be found on examination to precede each dramatic interlude in the play. The name dramatic interlude is given advisedly; for while the plays of Sophocles are dramas with choral interludes, the '*Agamemnon*' is a lyrical performance with dramatic interludes.

When the poem was ended and the old men had moralised thereon, Clytemnestra entered, and standing on a raised platform, our modern stage, was addressed by the chorus, grouped below in front, where the pit of a modern theatre is. She answers their questions as a modern orator answers questions from the hustings, tells them Troy is taken, and describes how the signal came from Ida by beacons successively fired; in another speech she draws a picture of the sack of Troy. These speeches serve the dramatic purpose of introducing Clytemnestra to us with great splendour.

The first interlude is now over, Clytemnestra retires, and the chorus, after a few words of farewell, 'prepare to address the gods rightly.' They cease to be mere commonplace elders of the city, and with an invocation to Zeus begin the second solemn hymn, which describes the flight of Helen. This poem

is interrupted by the scene in which a Herald brings confirmation of the news that Troy had fallen. In preparation for this scene the old men at line 440 revert from the past to the present, from the flight of Helen to their own position and feelings, which are described in two strophes.

Mr. Browning has followed the usual arrangement in giving Clytemnestra the speech announcing the Herald's approach, but it would be more consistent with the general scheme if, as Scaliger thought, this speech were allotted to the chorus; we should then, as usual, have some lines spoken by them after the conclusion of their ode, and telling the spectators the name of the coming actor. This is no work for a queen, and the Herald, when he comes, addresses himself exclusively to the chorus, which he could hardly have done if Clytemnestra had been present. He greets his country and his countrymen, expresses his own joy, tells the great news, and describes the sufferings of the army before Troy. Clytemnestra certainly hears some part of the Herald's speech, for when he ends she speaks, boasting of the accuracy of the news she had long before announced. She then despatches the Herald to Agamemnon with a message, and leaves the stage. There is nothing realistic in the dialogue; her short appearance seems designed simply to give the Herald breathing space. He proceeds to describe the tempest which separated Menelaus from Agamemnon while they were returning to Greece, and then this interlude ends abruptly. He takes no farewell, nor do the chorus bid him godspeed. Without a line of preparation they return to the story of Helen, taking it up at line 662, exactly where they left off at line 440. The description of Helen's flight and her reception in Troy closes at line 724, with the declaration that this lovely bride was really an avenging fury sent by Jove. The chorus now become mere old men full of ancient saws; as usual the concluding strophes are full of moralising, and, when the poem ends, the chorus as usual announce the approach of the personage who is to open the next dramatic scene. Agamemnon arrives, and the main action of the play begins.

We are probably justified in regarding this earlier part of the 'Agamemnon' as an example of the old-fashioned Thespian drama, which never attempted to represent any other incident than such as could be indicated by the coming or going of one actor. Unity of time and place has nothing to do with such a performance as this. Of course, the old men did not stand singing from the time Troy was taken until Agamemnon arrived. Whether Clytemnestra was or was not present when

the Herald told his news would not matter. The form of the art was familiar to the spectators, and they knew what they were to take for granted as well as the audience listening to the Italian 'Maggi' know this to-day. The chorus took care to tell them what personage the actor was going to represent as he came upon the stage, and this was quite sufficient. They gave the actor a little rest from time to time by addressing him, and he gave them a long rest as he recited his speeches. When he went off, the chorus reverted to the main business of the day, the lyric song, and might take it up exactly at the place where they left off.

Extraordinary art is shown throughout the 'Agamemnon' in so arranging the incidents that each actor may speak at the full pitch of his voice with truth to nature. The presence of the chorus forming a crowd who might be addressed collectively enabled this to be done, and this use of the chorus had an important influence on the earlier forms of Greek tragedy.

When Agamemnon entered, the performance became much more like our own stage play, but even then Æschylus seems to have avoided dialogue between two actors *on* the stage, feeling, perhaps, that the shouting necessary to make the spectators hear would seem unnatural in a mere conversation. Agamemnon arrived in a chariot, with Cassandra beside him or following him in another car, and was probably accompanied by a retinue of soldiers. He did not dismount at once, but remained standing in his chariot in the orchestra before the stage, as if at the front door of his palace. Clytemnestra and he did not converse. He harangued his people from the chariot, and then she harangued them also; some lines in her speech are addressed to Agamemnon, but in the main her speech, though in honour of the king, was directed to the chorus. She was surrounded by mute attendants, who, at her command, laid down splendid garments for Agamemnon to tread on as he left the chariot to ascend the stage by the central steps. He did not quite like being kept standing so long, and compared the length of Clytemnestra's speech to the length of his own absence. He was averse to exhibit pride by treading on these purple trappings, but was over-persuaded, taking his boots off first, so as not to spoil the robes. No sooner had Agamemnon reached the stage than he was silent, and apparently passed with Clytemnestra into the palace. The chorus, knowing the queen's real character, were awe-struck, not triumphant. Cassandra meanwhile stood motionless in her chariot. Agamemnon's attendants, and the slaves, who laid the trappings down, went off while the chorus were singing their prophetic fears,

so as to prepare the audience for what was to come. When the stage and orchestra were ready, the queen returned to tell Cassandra she must enter the palace. Observe that she spoke to her at a distance. Cassandra was mute, and Clytemnestra left her with some show of contempt. The chorus expressed pity for the captive, who probably left the chariot and ascended the stage while she cried on Apollo to tell her to what roof she was come. Here begins a scene worthy of the greatest actress the world ever saw. In a dialogue with the chorus Cassandra gives her own story, the fall of Troy, the legend of Thyestes, and a description of the murder of Agamemnon, instantly about to happen. Sometimes she speaks in her own mind, and sometimes possessed by the prophetic frenzy. We have no more long set speeches suitable simply for declamation, but an unparalleled dramatic scene. The words of the prophetess of truth, cursed in the fated unbelief of all who hear her, would rouse the spectators almost to the frenzy of the seer herself. What? Agamemnon is in there. The woman, beautiful, miserable, wise, warns you—screams to you—tells you the whole story, which will even now be irrevocable fact; and you, crowd of old wiseacres, stand, and listen, and admire, and ask questions, and all the while the fatal net is closing round the king, and Clytemnestra, unseen within, grasps the fatal axe. Would that Mr. Browning had given us one phrase that Cassandra might use! If ever inspired poet wrote, Æschylus was inspired when he wrote this scene. The old Thespian mummery was gone, gone for ever. Warm flesh and blood had spoken on the stage—spoken with beauty and with power—and in the whirl of emotion which the audience felt they hailed the birth of a new art.

Mr. Browning lets Cassandra quit the scene using these words:—

‘ But I will go,—even in the household wailing
 My fate and Agamemnon’s. Life suffice me!
 Ah, strangers!
 I cry not “ah”—as bird at bush—through terror
 Idly! To me, the dead, bear witness this much:
 When, for me—woman, there shall die a woman,
 And, for a man ill-wived, a man shall perish!
 This hospitality I ask as dying.

CHOROS.

O sufferer, thee—thy foretold fate I pity.

CASSANDRA.

Yet once for all, to speak a speech, I fain am:
 No dirge, mine for myself! The sun I pray to,

Fronting his last light!—to my own avengers—
That from my hateful slayers they exact too
Pay for the dead slave—easy-managed hand's work!'

A poet should have felt what Cassandra felt, and put such words into her mouth as would have enabled an actress to show those feelings and carry her audience with her. 'This is what Æschylus did. Mr. Browning has preferred to give us a mosaic copy where every beautiful tint in the original is represented by half a dozen coarse broken bits ill patched together. He is faithful to word arrangement and etymology, false to art and feeling. He is clearly right in giving the next four lines to the chorus, who maunder about the frail state of mortals in a style which Cassandra at this supreme moment could never adopt.

Mr. Symonds, whose description of the 'Agamemnon' is very beautiful, mentions as especially dramatic the moment of suspense which follows, filled by this moralising of the old men and ended by the cry of the king as he is murdered. There is no doubt that the audience has been by this time roused into intense excitement, and that the cry adds to the feeling, but the climax can hardly come when the stage is empty. Mere incident will not affect an audience to the utmost; for this the presence of a great actor is required. After the cry the hearers would be in a state of horror and suspense, very well represented by the trembling, undecided crowd of old men. The real climax comes when, doors thrown wide, Clytemnestra advances, defiant, axe in hand, and glories in her deed.

Here again is a situation which might make a Rachel or a Siddons rise from the dead if they could have a stage to act it on:—

*πολλῶν πάροιθεν καιρίως εἰρημένων,
τῶναντί' εἰπεῖν οὐκ ἐπαισχυνθήσομαι.*

Every word strong, every word capable of receiving a true and forcible intonation. Browning puts it:—

'Much having been before to purpose spoken,
The opposite to say I shall not shamed be.'

From this the reader can gather that Æschylus put into Clytemnestra's lips words by which she defiantly defends herself against the charge of cowardly deceit. She anticipates accusation, and answers not the charge of murder, but the charge of lying. What the reader cannot gather is the forcible and splendid burst of language in which this is expressed. In English the suspended sense of the first clause is a fault which in a schoolboy's exercise would be corrected by his

master. 'Having been spoken,' with its weak little words all scattered, is no representative of the Greek *εἰρημένον*. 'To purpose' is obscure and affected where *καίριος* is clear. 'I shall not shamed be' is neither English nor Greek. The Greek future is a single word corresponding in no way to the awkward inversion and unusual use of 'shamed.' No actress could produce her effect with such a speech, and yet Mr. Browning is called a dramatic poet. Assuredly he could have done much better had he not deliberately chosen to do the wrong thing.

Clytemnestra and the chorus wrangle. Ægisthus comes on and bullies, and finally the play subsides without solution. The old men are cowed, and Clytemnestra in a grand way forgives them. The play is a prologue to the great act of the Orestia related in the 'Choephoroi.'

In the scenes with Cassandra before the murder, and with Clytemnestra afterwards, the poet was swept away by his dramatic feelings, and in writing these scenes he invented the real Greek drama, not by plan aforethought, but by the inspiration of his subject. In form he adheres to an address from one actor to the chorus, but the spirit is changed. The arrival of Agamemnon, the prophecy of Cassandra, the murder of the king, and the boast of Clytemnestra form a real dramatic representation of a fact happening then and there. The chorus changed its character, and the words assigned to it might have been spoken by a few persons on the stage. They became actors, whereas before they had been alternately singers of a sacred hymn and listeners to set speeches.

The proposition that Æschylus invented a new art while writing the 'Agamemnon' is not a mere figure of speech. The 'Choephoroi' which follows is a complete drama from beginning to end. The chorus takes part in the action throughout, and, when the stage was empty, recited only such short poems as might serve to divide acts. In its arrangement the 'Choephoroi' might have been planned by Sophocles. As usual when we pass from one artistic form to that next evolved, something was gained, something lost. As a dramatic entertainment far more was gained than lost; and if even now the 'Agamemnon' and 'Choephoroi' were successively *acted*, the spectators would, we venture to say, prefer the later play. The long hymns of the 'Agamemnon,' so beautiful to read, would be a trifle dull recited by bands of performers. The declamation of the single actor about the taking of Troy or the shipwreck of Menelaus, magnificent poetry as it is, would be somewhat like a reading of Milton: we should admire, but remain cold. The play

would not begin until Agamemnon arrived, and it would be over by the time Clytemnestra had finished her great speech after Agamemnon's death. In the 'Choephoroi,' on the contrary, the interest is dramatic from first to last. The return of Orestes, the present woe of Electra, the recognition of the brother and sister, the invocation of Agamemnon, whose hidden shade listens to son and daughter, the meeting of Clytemnestra and her son, the death of Ægisthus, the pleading for life or death between mother and son, with the final frenzy of Orestes, form one unbroken chain of dramatic scenes of the most perfect kind, ending in a climax far finer than that of the 'Agamemnon.' Yet the translations of the 'Agamemnon' outnumber those of the 'Choephoroi' perhaps by ten to one, precisely because the 'Agamemnon' is as much a poem as a drama, while the 'Choephoroi' is above all things a play.

One of Sophocles' great plays, 'The Trachinian Virgins,' has met with injustice owing to the same cause. F. W. Schlegel treats this tragedy, recounting the death of Deianira and Heracles, with positive contempt, and the general impression seems to be that as a work of art it is inferior to the other plays of Sophocles. A translation by Professor Lewis Campbell is obviously intended to enable the English reader to compare the three great heroines of Sophocles, and it may be said that no previous translator has shown so keen a sympathy with the womanly qualities of Antigone, Electra, and Deianira. It may be granted that many readers will find the story of Deianira and Heracles somewhat dull, whereas the histories of Antigone and Electra cannot fail to move all who are not insensible. If, however, the three tragedies were put upon the stage, the verdict as to their relative merits might not improbably be reversed; it would certainly be much modified. The noble figure of Antigone would, as was proved by Helen Faucit, command our deepest reverence and admiration; the devotion of Electra to her father, and, above all, her love for Orestes, would perhaps touch the spectator even more than the heroism of Antigone; but seen on the stage the gentle and noble Deianira, wrecked by her very love and simplicity, would sway our hearts with sweeter and surer touch than either the stern devotee or the vengeful daughter plotting her mother's murder. Antigone is almost above the earth, and the object for which she sacrifices her life and her love is one which to us nowadays savours of superstition. Electra, if she loved her father and brother dearly, yet hated her mother with a rancour which seen on the stage would repel—not only would her entrance, squalid and full of hate as of grief, be

unprepossessing, but her final appearance would be most horrible as she listened to the murder of her mother, and urged the striking of another blow. Yet almost every educated English man or woman has some acquaintance with Antigone and Electra, while very few know anything of Deianira or the death of Heracles as Sophocles conceived it. For this very reason the attempt shall be made to give, with Mr. Campbell's help, such comment on this play as may in some feeble way supply the elements which actual representation affords.

The story of Iphitus is the background from which the action of the play stands out. Heracles, upon a trifling quarrel, killed both Iphitus and his father Eurytus, king of Œchalia, sacked the unoffending town, and sent the dead chief's daughter, Iole, home to supplant his own true wife. What wonder if the ancient oracles, promising him rest at this very hour, mean not happy rest, but swift death? Deianira, in mere simplicity of guileless love, sends him a poisoned robe, and, learning the result of her action, takes her own life before the hero is brought in agony by his son Hyllus to their home in Trachis. Heracles and Deianira do not meet. Dialogue between them would have distracted our mind from greater tragic issues. If they met after the poison began to work, we should for a while be chiefly interested in watching whether the woman would or would not be able to exculpate herself, whether the man would or would not believe her. This situation belongs to melodrama, being pathetic, not tragic. Whether this woman does or does not win credence is a mere accident, and after all does not much concern the world at large. Pain, failure, hate where love should be, our crimes, our follies, and their bitter fruits, the irony of the gods—these are the tragic points which pierce men's souls for ever, and from these Sophocles allows no distraction. Our author here, as in the 'Philoctetes,' accepts physical pain as thoroughly tragic, and, we think, rightly. Surely those who call pain a small thing can never have felt it, and it lies with the actor to prevent the ugliness of all suffering from alienating our sympathy. When we meet with the written Greek cries arranged so as not to break the metre, we must remember that in Greek every sob is indicated. In our freer form of art the actor puts in exclamations where he feels they are required. If all Mr. Irving's cries were found in Shakespeare's text, unthinking readers might call Hamlet chicken-hearted. Heracles would have met simple death with defiance; but in the fangs of pain, in the grip of disease, even the mightiest are crushed. Pain then we have,

not continuous, for this would exclude all other emotions, but, with truth to nature, in mighty spasms, with intervals of rest.

When the tragedy of Deianira—to which we will presently return—has wrought the audience to such a point that they are prepared for any scene, however terrible, Heracles is brought upon the stage in fevered sleep. Hyllus, who now knows that his mother had wrought innocently, stands near his father, and by heedless speech wakes him to conscious pain.

Heracles' first impulse is to complain of the ingratitude and injustice of the gods. For a moment the hope that even yet Zeus may send a healer deludes him, only to cause a bitterer agony. The attendants would fain help him, as in the eagerness of prayer and hope he strives to raise himself; but their touch brings on a paroxysm. Then comes the thought of failure, of how much he had done for men; and this was the end of all:—

'Where are ye, men, whom over Hellas wide
This arm hath freed, and o'er the ocean tide,
And through rough brakes, from every monstrous thing?
But now in my misfortune none will bring
A sword to aid, a fire to quell this fire.'

The attendants flinch in terror, and the son takes their place, when, in an agony of still more terrible pain, the hero calls upon his son to kill him, and then thinks upon the cause of all—the mother. Observe with what perfect nature Deianira is brought to his mind. Looking on the son he thinks of the mother, and to think and to curse are one. The boy is taken too much unawares to be ready with exculpation, and Heracles continues wildly:—

'Many hot toils and hard beyond report
With hands and struggling shoulders have I borne,
But no such labour has the Thunderer's wife
Or sour Eurystheus ever given, as this,
Which Ceneus' daughter of the treacherous eye
Hath fastened on my back, this amply woven
Net of the Furies that is breaking me.'

He describes his agony in words too terrible to be quoted on cold paper:—

'Yet me nor Lapiths, nor Earth's giant brood,
Nor Centaur's monstrous violence could subdue,
Nor Hellas, nor the stranger, nor all lands
Where I have gone, cleansing the world from harms;
But a soft woman, without manhood's strain,
Alone and weaponless hath conquered me.'

And so it still is. Our mighty ones fall before a little grain, a poison-germ. Our hearts are broken when our wives betray us. All this is true now in England as then in Attica. But no more curses; bring out the woman, says the hero, and I will slay her righteously. The son shrinks at the mention of his mother, dead even now, but Heracles supposes that he shrinks through simple pity, and claims that pity for himself, not her. Then suddenly he shudders at the thought that he, Heracles, has asked for pity; but he will justify even this. He bares his breast.

‘O see!

Ye people, gaze on this poor quivering flesh,
Look with compassion on my misery.’

Another spasm follows, when, looking on his bare body, he thus addresses it:—

‘O breast and back,
O hands and arms of mine, ye are the same
That crushed the dweller of the Neméan wild.’

And then a little comforted, even in death, to think of all that he has done, his mind runs over those great triumphs.

‘But now
Jointless and riven to tatters, I am wrecked
Thus utterly by imperceptible woe;’

one thing only is left. Bring Deianira hither. Then Hyllus tells her fatal error and her death. The hero's mind is dull with pain and sickness, but at last he understands. No word of pity comes from him for Deianira. It is easy to explain this by saying that hero and author were mere pagans, but if Sophocles had thought the sentiment artistically right we should have found it here. The revulsion of feeling in favour of Deianira would give rise to a sort of *attendrissement* wholly out of keeping with the situation. To make this softening effective, much love must have been shown by Heracles to Deianira previously, whereas the hero fell by his ungoverned passions, and we have no hint that he was romantically attached to his wife. Hyllus, in giving his explanation, names Nessus as author of the charm; then a great awe falls on Heracles, he remembers the oracle and accepts his fate. Now we see the hero once more noble and strong, resolved to face death with dignity. On the summit of Mount Cæta, on a funeral pyre, he will depart, while the flames which take his life quench the worse agony of the poison. Hyllus is made to promise that this shall be so, and the pangs abate; the moment pain no longer heightens the situation the artist

lets the fire die out. And here follows an incident which a little relieves our hearts. The dying hero cannot forget the maiden Iole, the love for whom has been his ruin; she at least shall be well cared for, and shall raise him seed. He commands Hyllus to marry her. The poor boy says:—

‘How can I do it, when my mother’s death
And thy sad state sprang solely from this girl?’

Mark the art with which Sophocles lets the audience see what really killed Heracles. Not Nessus, not Deianira, not Zeus, but Iole! Hyllus saw it quite well; but his great father will be obeyed. Heracles’ last hope is that he may reach the funeral pyre undaunted—

‘Seeming to do gladly still.’

Hyllus, as Heracles is borne off, rebels against heaven, as any son would do in like case. As a representation of the extremity of a hero’s suffering, this scene stands pre-eminent among all tragedies. Let Salvini act the hero, and its power would instantly be recognised; not only the power of the actor, but the fact that it gave him greater scope than any other part. There is no such sequence of long-drawn agony, which is yet the agony of a demigod, in the ‘Agamemnon,’ ‘Choephoroi,’ or ‘Eumenides.’ There is nothing to compare with it in the ‘Antigone’ or ‘Electra.’ Even the suffering of the blind Œdipus falls short of it. He lived years after the climax of his tragedy had come and gone. In the ‘Prometheus Bound’ the hero is too much of a god. His sufferings are too unlike our own to touch us much. The misery of Philoctetes is less; his pain was not fatal, and his grief was chiefly due to his abandonment by the army. The grief of Ajax is great, and with good cause; madness is a heavy curse, yet his suffering under a sense of disgrace is a small thing compared with this prostration of the mighty Heracles. Some may think the situation in ‘Œdipus King’ equally tragic, but many of the incidents which fill the mind of the son of Laius with horror leave our minds untouched, whereas we feel every suffering of Heracles to be pain *now*. Modern tragedies are purposely omitted from comparison, not because they are too strong.

It is clear that before Heracles can be brought on the stage, dying, the audience must be strongly moved. The play could not begin with this scene. Sophocles does not as a preparation show us Heracles putting on the poisoned vest; this would look like a juggling trick. Heracles’ actions immediately before meeting his fate are not such as to awaken sympathy or any

tragic emotion, so that our author is well advised in not presenting his hero until he is an object of compassion. Deianira's death is made to serve as a fit prelude, and, with the scenes leading to it, constitutes a great tragedy, ending where the other begins. As Heracles' tragedy is that of the great men of the world, a typical tragedy, so Deianira's fate shows one of the typical tragedies of women—one which, when seen, will move all women till humanity ends.

The hero's wife is a true woman and true wife, commanding all our sympathy from first to last. She perishes through her simplicity and love; yet her simplicity is queenly, and her love nobly placed. Some might say she fell through jealousy; but this feeling as shown by Sophocles is so refined, so free from all anger, so just, that her jealousy is almost sweeter than the love of other women. Heracles sends Iole, a young and beautiful captive, to his home, proposing to make her a second and more loved wife, displacing Deianira, the mother of his children. It would not be noble in any woman to submit to this. No special misfortunes these of Deianira. The great man's work gives him no leisure for home life. The woman in middle age finds herself supplanted. Yet such is the charm of sweet heroic simplicity in Deianira, that she actually wins our sympathy for Heracles, since we derive our first impression of this demigod from the woman he had loved, and who loved him ever.

The play begins when Deianira is alone at Trachis musing over her past life. Musing in the porch, white-robed, fair-armed, she tells us how her hero freed her long years ago from peril worse than death, and won her as his bride, how she has lived much alone, and ever anxious, and how even now she has most cause of all for fear; and the very prophecy which lends a bitter irony to Heracles' fate strikes the key-note of Deianira's present dread; otherwise unreasonable, he her lord being so mighty. In this way we learn quite simply the spot where the tragedy takes place, the names of the principal persons of the drama, the absence of Heracles, his wife's character, and the impending doom. A short scene follows, in which Deianira, at the suggestion of an aged matron, sends Hyllus, her son, to seek for Heracles. There is here a touch of the skilful playwright. Hyllus and the nurse are required later, reappearing at the very crisis of Deianira's fate. If they had not been previously introduced, the audience would have spent some time in wondering who these were, and thus their attention would have been distracted. Sophocles, however, makes skilful use of this little piece of scaffolding to confirm our

opinion of Deianira's character by showing the mutual love of son and mother and her gentleness to the old nurse. When Hyllus leaves, the chorus enters, a band of pleasant girls, very sorry for their noble guest, and anxious to comfort her. How? First by pointing out that Heracles has never come to any harm yet, then by observing that things cannot always remain at the worst, and lastly by that exhortation to trust in Providence so natural to the young girl. The queen listens very kindly, and thinks of quite other things as they speak—thinks how young they are:—

'I see you have been told of my distress,
And that hath brought you. But my inward woe
Be it ever as unknown to you as now!
So free the garden of unruffled ease
Where the young life grows safely; no fierce heat,
No rain, no wind, disturbs it; but unharmed
It rises amid airs of peaceful joy,
Till maiden turns to matron, and a day
Brings years of care for husband and for child.
Then, imaged through her own calamity,
Some one may guess the burden of my life.' *

Then she tells her feelings, hopes, and fears, so that by the end of her speech the audience knows the whole situation, and knows, too, that Deianira can still call Heracles

'The best husband in the world of men.'

How much better is this straightforward method than the plan of introducing an underplot with secondary characters, whose chief business is to tell us where the action takes place, and what the main characters are. The audience always sees through the shallow artifice. Sophocles' method, too, has the great advantage of putting the explanation—*exposition* the French call it—into the best actor's mouth.

To the gentle Deianira telling her fears arrives a breathless messenger, garlanded, and laden with good news. Heracles is living and returning. Another moment and Heracles' own herald will be here. When Deianira comes to believe this true, with glorious sweep of outstretched arms and smooth strength of voice, she turns to heaven:—

'O Zeus that rulest Cæta's virgin wold,
At last, though late, thou hast vouchsafed us joy.'

And so she calls on her friends and her whole household to

* These lines will not be found in Mr. Campbell's published translation.

rejoice, and a sweet rapture seizes the maidens, who break into innocent song and dance of womanly triumph, while as they sing enters the herald Lichas with the captives of Heracles' spear. What more pathetic can be seen than the swift turn of the eager wife, joy in every feature, on every limb, with just that trembling eagerness for certainty which yet shows no doubt? Noble and queenly, she omits no greeting:—

‘Herald, I bid thee hail, although so late
Appearing, if thou bringest health with thee.’

And then, gathering courage from Lichas' confident bearing and cheerful salutation, with eyes in which the new-born joy is beaming, she asks:—

‘Kind friend, first tell me what I first would know,
Shall I receive my Heracles alive?’

The herald had not the courage all at once to destroy this beautiful happiness. He was a Greek to whom a lie was a small thing, and so he lied with good intent, not telling that which was false, but suppressing the main truth; and thus the measure of Deianira's cup is full—full of joy to overflowing. Terrible irony this. The audience know that she is doomed, and yet listen to her sweet rejoicing:—

‘Yea, now I learn this triumph of my lord,
Joy reigns without a rival in my breast.’

But the mild womanliness of her checks all pride. The very excess of joy humbles her great nature.

‘Yet wise consideration even of good
Is flecked with fear of what reverse may come;
And I, dear friends, when I behold these maids,
Am visited with sadness deep and strange.
Poor helpless beings, in a foreign land
Wandering forlorn in homeless orphanhood;
Once sure of gentle parentage and free,
Now snared in strong captivity for life.
O Zeus of battles, breaker of the war,
Ne'er may I see thee turn against my seed
So cruelly; or if thou meanest so,
Let me be spared that sorrow by my death.’

How can we but love this gentle wife, too noble to rejoice loudly in the presence of others' grief? Surely this picture of the perfect matron should take place in the heart of mankind beside the portrait of the perfect girl Nausicaa.

Sophocles does not allow Iole to speak. Had she spoken we must have been led into the sorrows of a new group of people in whom we have no interest. So Deianira with kind

words ushers the silent captive across the threshold, and as she follows pauses at a word from that same garlanded messenger, his garland tossed aside now. Cunningly, being a poor creature, he had brought the good news, leaving Lichas to tell the evil truth; but now that he has seen the sweet queen deceived by another, even his heart goes out to her in pity, and he blurts out all the facts. Iole is no slave, nor unregarded, but sent by Heracles to reign at home, for all his heart is kindled with desire. The full measure of her misery cannot break on Deianira in an instant. Stunned, she sinks into her chair, bewildered, turns even to the band of inexperienced girls for counsel. What counsel can there be but to question Lichas, who returns, hastening to quit the palace before the inevitable blow falls? Unable to rise, she sits and questions, and he who reads the words must try to hear the hardened voice as it comes from the tightened throat—must try to see the rhythmic spasms of pain that shake the body as Deianira sits striving to be as she had been, but will never be again. Lichas can but lie and lie again, till the old messenger fiercely taxes him with treachery to his queen. The two men wrangle, and she listens, and as she listens learns that there is hardly room for doubt; yet, knowing that Lichas lies, she still hopes against hope, rises, comes to the unhappy man, and questions him herself, no longer striving to conceal her misery, but with terrible appeal begging for the truth, even though the truth be a very sword that slays. Solemnly, almost calmly, she first adjures the man in the name of the highest god to speak the truth. She is no weak woman, but one who knows the ways of man; she too knows love. She will not blame her lord—no, nor the woman. Only not a lie—a lie can be no kindness; and as the herald all unmanned trembles in his grief and doubt, she towers for a moment fierce in indignation and contempt:—

‘ To one free born
The name of liar is a hateful lot,
And thou canst not be hid.’

But quickly catching herself she bids him not to fear, for—Ah, me! the truth, she says, will not hurt her.

‘ For doubtfulness is pain,
But to know all what hurts it?’

She almost believes this as she says it. But the man is silent still. Then she thinks he fears for Iole, and says with voice of utter nobleness:—

‘ Many a love
Hath fettered him ere now, and none hath borne

Reproach or evil word from me. She shall not,
Though he be drownèd in affection's spell;
Since most mine eye hath pitied her, because
Her beauty was the ruin of her life.'

The man falters, and she concludes:—

'Well, this must pass, as Heaven hath willed, but thou,
If false to others, still be true to me.'

All her argument issues at last in the direct illogical appeal of nature. She throws herself upon his mercy, and he yields, telling her all the fatal truth, and giving the counsel, little needed, of submission; and Iole must take no harm:—

'For he whose might is in all else supreme,
Is solely overmastered by her love.'

Deianira bends; she will enter on no bootless strife with Heaven. But the gentle voice sounds bitterly now, as, turning to the herald, she says:—

'Come go we in, that thou may'st hear from me
Such message as is meet; and also carry
Gifts, such as are befitting to return
For gifts new given. Thou ought'st not to depart
Unladen, having brought so much with thee.'

Here an act ends, for, with the exception of the first ode, the singing of the chorus in this play fills the interval between separate acts. The art with which the antecedents of the story are told is altogether admirable. In the course of the play we learn Deianira's present situation, her wooing, the nature of her married life, the recent acts of Heracles, the quarrel with Iphitus, his slaying, the slavery of Heracles under Omphale and the terrible revenge he took on Æchalia, and finally the story of Heracles' love for Iole, the love which is the cause of all his woe. Yet these facts are so cunningly interwoven that we learn them unconsciously, and seem merely to have been watching the development of the action which, now and here, brings Deianira to this misery. We may analyse and admire this art. What passes analysis is the gentleness and nobility of Deianira's character, the truth and pathos in her appeal to Lichas. We see the art with which the situation is chosen, but the art with which the situation is used is too like nature to be fathomed.

The chorus take up their song. What strikes these maidens is the terrible wonderful power of love. They recur to the day when young Heracles saved the maiden Deianira from her monster suitor, the river god and bull Achelous—saved her and bore her off far from her mother's care. Now this which we

have just seen is her lot. Terrible subject of contemplation truly for these maidens, the power of Aphrodite!

By Deianira's sad mention of gifts, the spectator has been prepared a little for what is next to happen. Perhaps the thought of what she would do had already occurred to her.

See! no longer with mere misery in her face, but with trembling, eager, excited step, she comes, and in her hand a casket. Her friends are there, and she is come in part to tell the craft her hand had mastered, and in part to crave their sympathy. The fatal casket is set down, while Deianira tells her thoughts. Probably Iole, even when welcomed, was no maiden any more, but married. It was ungenerous in her lord, and yet, often as he has sinned, she knows not how to harbour indignation against *him*.

'But who that is a woman could endure
To dwell with *her*, both married to one man?
One bloom is still advancing, one doth fade;
The budding flower is plucked; the full-blown head
Is left to wither, while love passeth by
On the other side.'

With tight throat, swimming eyes, and sadly shaken head, the fatal truth is spoken—no remedy in her own youth and beauty any longer, but possibly in this. When she went forth with Heracles a new-made bride, the centaur Nessus had laid wanton touch on her, and as she speaks the spirit of the scene comes back. Once more with glorious reminiscence of the power in that bow and archer, she, for the last time, triumphs in the thought of her hero:—

'And I cried out; and he,
Zeus' son, turned suddenly, and from his bow
Sent a winged shaft that whizzed into his chest
To the lungs.'

Then Nessus, dying, told her that his blood was a charm, a charm of soul for Heracles—that never through the eye he should receive another love than hers. And she, guileless woman, too fondly had treasured up this fatal gift, had learned by heart most carefully each treacherous word of the dying monster, and now she has applied the charm; the robe is ready. Some doubt appears in her friends' faces, and the pride of Deianira's virtue is infinitely touching when, with some slight trace of haughtiness, she says:—

'No criminal attempts
Could e'er be mine. Far be they from my thought,
As I abhor the woman who conceives them.
But if by any means through gentle spells . . .

(here all her face lightens, and the casket is in her hand again, advanced almost with joy)

And bonds on Heracles' affection, we
May triumph o'er this maiden in his heart,
My scheme is perfected.'

Alas! the eagerness, the faith of the queenly woman are all to bring such utter woe. The girls are not swept away by the torrent of hope; for an instant their faces check her.

'Unless you deem
My action wild. If so, I will desist.'

The girls timidly say they think she has no proof that the charm will succeed. The check makes even this gracious queen a little angry. True woman, she says—

'My confidence is grounded on belief.'

Again the maidens speak their doubt, but when Lichas enters her one idea is to put the charm to proof instantly, and he receives the casket with her instructions, anxious, poor man, in all his best to undo the sad work done. Take her last speech to him, and think of the mingled woe and hope that blend in it.

'What more is there to tell? But rash I fear
Were thy report of longing on my part,
Till we can learn if we are longed for there.'

Another act is over, and another lyrical interlude gives the audience time to breathe before the end. For end it is of the woman's tragedy. The young things sing of Heracles' triumph, ending with a doubtful hymn of hope. Then Deianira returns.

Oh what a change! No more beauty now—no more youth—no more hope. Fever-stricken, death-marked, yet queenly, graceful, noble still, even as she totters, seeing but dimly. A little flock of wool, with which the fatal robe had been moistened, when the sun fell upon it, shrivelled away out of sight before Deianira's eyes, and a clot of blood came where it lay. She has seen this, and now comes partly to tell and partly to clear her swimming thoughts. Conviction is really burnt in upon her; you see with the first glance that the woman's life is at an end. Yet in this last agony she writhes against conviction, though every thought, every fact, turns upon her and convicts her.

'For wherefore should the Centaur, for what end,
Show kindness to the cause for whom he died?
This cannot be. But, seeking to destroy
His slayer, he cajoled me. This I learn

Too late by sad experience, for no good.
'And if I err not now, my hapless fate
Is all alone to be his murderess.'

Some of our readers may have heard Rachel tell the dream in the fourth act of Ponsard's '*Lucrèce*.' These may know how Deianira looks when telling of this simple bit of wool plucked from the household flock.

The iron proofs brand Deianira as a murderess, and she has but one word. Her life must 'follow at a bound.' Hearing this, the awed women mutter something of hope, but the dying queen scorns all hope now. Then they urge that she has acted all unwittingly. If any think that they will comfort themselves with good intentions when the fruits of folly come to harvest, let them hear how Deianira's voice sounds as she says:—

'So speaks not he who hath a share of sin,
But who is clear of all offence at home.'

We touch the goal; for the full tragedy nothing remains but to let her know the fatal issue of her credulity. Her son brings the tidings—her son, who saw his father in agony, and who believes his mother to be a murderess. She has to listen to all the terrible details: to hear how great the hero looked, during his mighty festival of triumph, when Lichas came to him; to hear of poison feasting on the bones of Heracles; to hear that her lord knows her guilt and thinks her wholly guilty; to hear that the murder of the innocent Lichas, killed in her hero's fury, lies at her door; to hear that her husband cursed her, that he is coming, and will be here anon; and last to hear a solemn curse from her son's own lips. What can she answer? Nothing. How much more terrible than any speech is her silence as she slowly passes through the door! The poor shaken, terror-stricken women make one feeble call to her—'justify yourself—plead,' they say; and she turns round and looks—what a look!—and sees her son, and then—silence all, she sinks into the night.

The wretched youth begins to feel what he has done, but repents not yet. Why should he repent? 'Her acts are all 'unmotherly.' And so he goes, leaving the maidens to fall back on Fate and Doom for some little comfort. So it was to be, and so it is, the feeble things say. The oracles promised rest, but it is the rest of the grave. And now a cry is heard within—not the cry of Deianira, but the wailing of her maids—and on the trembling girls bursts out the aged nurse to tell them that the queen is even now departed. Tender to the last,

'taking in her touch each household thing she formerly had 'used, she wept o'er all;' then, having prayed and taken leave, she cast upon her bridal bed the finest sheets, undid her robe where the brooch lay before her heart, and pierced her side. To this household comes the dying Heracles.

Mark with what skill our interest is conciliated for him before he comes. His misdeeds lie in the background, although the very cause of the tragedy. We hear of him as a young man winning Deianira, as her protector against the centaur and for many years her kind husband. The chorus sings of him as the mighty conqueror. In their youthful minds his exploits are all glorious. Even if in this matter of *Echalia* and *Iole* he be to blame, the power of that unmatched deity, *Cypris*, excuses him both to the herald and to the bevy of girls. Now, when he comes he is in agony, and we feel that he is more sinned against than sinning. It is left to Heracles himself to make the claim that his labours had the conscious end of freeing *Hellas* from every monstrous thing, that living he 'gave 'punishment to wrong,' that he had 'cleansed the world from 'harms.'

Assuredly this is one of the greatest tragedies of the world. If this be not universally acknowledged, the cause lies in the fact that it is more a play and less a poem than such works as the '*Agamemnon*' or the '*Œdipus at Colonus*.' In reading a play we are all apt to miss the proper point of view. If we read the speech of *Hyllus* as intended to exhibit his suffering in consequence of his father's death, we shall perhaps think it frigid. If, as we read it, we think of *Deianira* listening, we shall see that no more terrible torture could be inflicted than this slow speech, missing no detail of fact. *Sophocles* cares little what we think of *Hyllus*, but through *Hyllus*' speech he wrings our soul for *Deianira*, the most lovable woman of *Greece*.

One object of this article has been to draw attention to the extraordinary merits of some Greek plays as dramas fit for representation on the stage, and to insist that while read they should be conceived as actions occurring before us. Surely the object of a translator should be the same as that of his author. *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* meant, above all, to write good plays fit to be heard and understood by multitudes. Style and philosophy, religious teaching and lyric art were all means to this one end. Their object was to depict by these means heroic men and women, so as to move a large audience. We think that no English translator of *Æschylus* has as yet given a version fit for this purpose, also that the task is a worthy one and not impossible.

ART. VI.—1. *Age du Bronze. Recherches sur l'Origine de la Métallurgie en France.* Par ERNEST CHANTRE. 3 vols. 4to, and 1 vol. folio. Paris: 1877.

2. *Intorno agli Scavi Archeologici fatti dal Sig. A. Arnoaldi Veli presso Bologna.* Osservazioni del Conte Senatore G. GOZZADINI. 4to. Bologna: 1877.

3. *The Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and other parts of Europe.* By Dr. FERDINAND KELLER. Second Edition, greatly enlarged. Translated and arranged by JOHN EDWARD LEE, F.S.A. In 2 vols. 8vo. 1878.

THE researches of the students of archæology and geology, which we have from time to time placed before our readers, have added a new department to our literature that is rapidly being extended by the numerous discoveries made of late years in various parts of Europe. Twenty years ago the history of Britain began with the invasion of Julius Cæsar, and the only sources of information as to what went on before that event consisted of a few isolated notices of a most uncertain character. The historian even then could merely put before us the impression made upon the Romans by the British at the time of their conquest, as it is preserved to us in the pages of Cæsar and in the account which Tacitus obtained from his friend Agricola. The history of Gaul begins with the founding of Massilia; that of Spain with the establishment of Gades by the Phœnicians; that of Rome is defined by the pages of Livy, just as that of Greece is by the pages of Herodotus; while the civilisation of Egypt and Assyria is lost in the mists of a remote antiquity. All the past beyond these limits was enshrouded in a thick darkness, out of which the respective races appear as they happen to be preserved in the record, itself a sign of high civilisation, but telling us nothing of the steps by which it was achieved. Now, thanks to the new method of enquiry, 'the speechless past,' as Mr. Palgrave calls it, preceding history is becoming eloquent, and the story of human life, long before there were written records in any part of Europe, is being read in the dwellings dredged up from the bottoms of lakes or found underneath the surface soil, in caves and tombs, in camps, and in various articles of human workmanship that lie scattered over the whole of Europe, from the glaciers of the hills of Norway to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. We now have before us a picture of the development of civilisation and the coming in of new customs and new arts, of the routes also of the

ancient commerce by which the culture of the Mediterranean peoples was introduced among the barbarians of Germany, Gaul, and Britain, as well as of great migrations of which but a small and insignificant part is revealed in history.

The classification by the Danish naturalists of pre-historic remains into the three ages of polished stone, bronze, and iron, has been fully verified by subsequent experience, and they have been proved to apply to the region south of the Alps as well as to Transalpine Europe. The age of polished stone, or neolithic, preceded bronze in Italy, and is proved by recent discoveries in Greece and Asia Minor to be older than the earliest civilisation recorded by history in those countries.

A yet earlier age than that of polished stone, the palæolithic, or age of rude unpolished stone implements, of Sir John Lubbock, has been shown to have a far wider range than we could have anticipated; and we now know that the palæolithic hunter not only lived along with the extinct animals in Spain, Gaul, and Britain, but that he lived also in Palestine, and wandered over the whole of the vast Indian peninsula.*

The neolithic civilisation, so far as this country is concerned, has been put vividly before us in the work on the stone age by Mr. Evans,† while the age of bronze is treated by M. Chantre in the book under review in minute detail, so far as it relates to Switzerland and the valley of the Rhone, and more broadly as relates to the general question of the origin and distribution of the compound metal. Before we proceed to the examination of this work it will be well to define the present position of archæology with regard to the ancient inhabitants of Britain and of Gaul.

The hunters of reindeer in Auvergne during the palæolithic age are proved by the artistic designs left behind along with the relics of their food in caves and rock shelters to have been endowed with a skill, very unusual amongst savages, in drawing animals from life. They are proved by the discovery of similar designs to have occupied Western Europe from the Pyrenees as far to the east as the Upper Valley of the Rhine, near Schaffhausen, and to the north as far as Belgium. The most perfect figure yet discovered is that of a reindeer feeding, from the cave of Thayingen,‡ not very far from the falls of the Rhine. We may remark, in passing, that the doubt

* Boyd Dawkins, 'Cave-hunting,' p. 426. Macmillan, 1875.

† Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain. Longmans, 1872.

‡ J. E. Lee, 'Excavations at the Kesserloch, near Thayingen, by Conrad Merk.' Longmans, 1876.

thrown on these sketches by the spurious imitations which unfortunately have found their way into print, is not worthy of being entertained, since the genuine specimens are quite beyond the artistic faculty of an ordinary workman. The forgeries in question have been copied from a well-known German work on natural history.

The discoveries * made in 1876 in the caves of Derbyshire have also shown that a capacity for art was not confined only to the ancient cave-dwellers in France and Switzerland. The figure of a horse engraved on a fragment of rib, and associated with ashes, flint flakes, gnawed and burnt bones of reindeer, rhinoceros, mammoth, hyæna, and other animals, in the Cresswell caves, proves that the hunter observed the same customs in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire as on the Continent. There is also a decided progress observable in the condition of the hunter in these caves. In the lowest ossiferous stratum he is represented by rudely chipped implements made of quartzite pebbles found in the neighbourhood; in the middle strata, flint, obtained from a distance, is used for various purposes as well as quartzite; while in the upper, immediately below the crystalline floor, the implements are of flint and of a higher order than those from below. Here was found the horse, together with sundry rounded rods of antler, and a needle of bone. This succession shows that even in the remote palæolithic age the condition of man was on the whole improving, that even then he had begun to learn, and had bettered his circumstances by his wider experience.

While, however, details such as these are a gain to archaeology, the debate at the Anthropological Institute in May last leaves the question of the antiquity of man now just where it was twenty years ago. The attempt made by the glacialists to push back man into an interglacial period has signally failed. The asserted discovery of man in association with the extinct animals in the Victoria Cave in Yorkshire turns out to be founded on a mistake, and the interglacial age of the flint implements at Brandon is disputed by high authorities, among which may be numbered the Professors of Geology at Oxford and Cambridge. Nor do we get any light thrown upon this question on the Continent. The four little sticks found in the interglacial lignite of Dürnten, and considered by Professors Rüttimeyer and Schwendauer to be fragments of a fossil basket, are, in our opinion, after a careful examination, devoid of all trace of man's handiwork. We believe them to be pine-

* Quart. Geol. Journ. London, August 1877, p. 589.

knots out of a rotten trunk, similar in every respect to those which may be seen in any rotten fir tree in which the decay has gone on sufficiently to allow of their falling out. The reputed discovery of man in pleiocene deposits in Tuscany is equally unsatisfactory, since it is not certain that the cut bones, on which it is founded, were discovered in undisturbed strata. It seems to us that great caution should be used at the present time in accepting any evidence as to the antiquity of man, which many are so eager to push as far back as possible. Unless we have the most ample confirmation of the presence of man in remote geological periods, it is merely an act of common prudence to carry all asserted discoveries to a suspense account.

We cannot trace the antiquity of man, on the evidence before us, further back than the pleistocene age with any certainty. Nor, be it remarked, can we measure it in terms of years by using the present rate of accumulation of sediment, or of stalagmite, or of the erosion of rock, as indices, because the rate is dependent on variable causes which cannot be assumed to have operated uniformly in past time. Nor, as it seems to us, do we gain any knowledge on the point from the assumption that the severe climate of the glacial period is due to a certain definite relation of the earth to the sun, recurrent at certain intervals capable of being computed by the mathematician. Is not the sun a variable star? Has not geographical change, as suggested by Sir Charles Lyell, a most important bearing on climate? In our opinion all attempts to compute past time by these methods are merely guesses founded on impossible or improbable assumptions. We would even say further, that any attempt to construct a chronology in terms of years outside the written documents of history must of necessity fail, because we do not know the length of the interval which separates any two events. The historical chronology is absolute; the geological and archæological merely relative.

Nevertheless, when we consider the animals in Europe when man first appeared, and the series of geographical and climatal changes, as well as the successive appearance of different peoples, it is clear that the time when man first appeared in Europe is separated from our own day by a vast period, of which the years recorded by the historian are but an insignificant fraction.

The discoveries of the remains of palæolithic man in the caves made of late years tend to confirm the conclusion that he belonged to the same race as the modern Eskimos, whom

we may therefore look upon with great curiosity as the representatives of the oldest race as yet identified, banished now like the musk sheep to the inclement regions of North America, and isolated from all other peoples. The route by which they retreated from Europe is indicated by the remains of that animal, which lie scattered in the fossil state through Germany and Russia to the frozen cliffs of Behring's Straits and the present land of the Eskimos. As archæological enquiry goes on in Northern Siberia we feel certain that implements and weapons will be met with, similar to those of the caves of Middle and Northern Europe.

The palæolithic age, when man was living along with the extinct animals in Europe, is separated from the second period in the history of mankind, or that of polished stone, by an interval which can only be measured by geographical change and the disappearance of some and the extinction of other animals. It was sufficiently great to allow of Great Britain becoming separated from the continent by the submergence of the great plains connecting it with Denmark, Belgium, Holland, and France, and to allow of the mammoth, cave-bear, woolly rhinoceros, and other creatures to become extinct. In it the palæolithic hunter disappeared without any sign of overlap with his neolithic successors. This may possibly be due to the same kind of antagonism between them as that existing now between the Eskimos and Red Indians, which keeps them completely isolated from each other. But, whether this explanation be true or not, there is no transition observable between the palæolithic and neolithic implements and art, just as there is no relation between the wild animals which supplied the former with food, and the domestic animals of his successor the herdsman. We must further notice that there is a marked difference in the range of these two peoples over Europe; for while the former occupied the region north of the Alps and Pyrenees as far as the mountains of Scotland and Wales, Cumberland and Ireland, then covered by glaciers, the traces of the other are nearly equally distributed over the whole of Europe, and over those areas which had been covered by ice in the preceding period. Between the disappearance of the one and the appearance of the other there had been sufficient lapse of time to allow for the melting of the glaciers. But it does not therefore follow, as certain Scotch geologists suppose, that palæolithic man is separated from neolithic by the glacial period, and prevented from coming into contact with him by a wall of ice, a conclusion which is contrary to the evidence, both biological and physical. The views on this point laid down by

Dr. James Geikie in the 'Ice Age' are negatived by a great series of well-known and well-authenticated facts. To quote the words of the late Professor Phillips, in his address to the geological section of the Bradford meeting of the British Association, we 'are almost frozen into silence by the views of the 'glacialists,' which are founded upon the contemplation of ice to the exclusion of all the facts offered by the European fauna and flora.

We have no reason to suppose that the art of polishing stone, so much higher than the palæolithic mode of making implements merely by chipping, was discovered in Europe. It is merely part of a new and better civilisation, absolutely differing from, and in no way related to, that which went before. We shall be compelled to place before our readers the principal outlines of the neolithic culture in Britain and France before we can discuss the phases of the bronze age, so ably treated by M. Chantre.

The neolithic inhabitants of Britain were possessed, as may be seen by reference to Mr. Evans's work, of an elaborate series of implements admirably adapted for their respective uses. For purposes of carpentry and cutting down trees they used polished stone axes and adzes with variously curved edges, chisels and gouges, little saws, awls for boring, and hammers, besides the ordinary triangular flake, which remained in use, at all events for superstitious purposes, as late as the time of the Romans.* They had stone picks for cultivating the soil, pestles and mortars and querns for preparing the corn; numerous spindle-whorls imply a knowledge of the art of spinning, just as needles imply that of sewing. The cups and various other vessels met with in their tombs and habitations show that they were acquainted with the art of making pottery by hand without the aid of the wheel. Some of these are rudely made, but others are more elaborate, and are adorned with patterns in lines and dots which run in zigzags. They were herdsmen as well as fishermen and hunters, and they possessed the horse, the small short-horned (*Bos longifrons*) ancestor of the small Welsh and Scotch oxen, the goat and the horned sheep, as well as two breeds of swine, one descended from the wild boar, and the other from an Eastern hog with small canines allied to that of the Chinese. They were aided in their various avocations by dogs, all of them large and some about the size of a beagle.

* They have been met with in Romano-British tombs at Hardham, near Pulborough in Sussex, and in association with similar remains in Kent.

The neolithic dwellings in Britain consisted usually of pits covered with a wattle roof. They are represented now by clusters of circular depressions, which are to be seen in most of the camps on the South Downs, and on the tops of the hills commanding a good view, as well as on the bottoms of the valleys where the soil is sufficiently porous to prevent flooding. Those at Fisherton* near Salisbury, explored by Mr. Adlam, and described by Mr. Stevens in 1866, may be taken as the types. Each chamber or cluster of chambers had a circular shaft for an entrance carried down to a depth of from seven to eight feet, being from five to seven feet wide at the bottom, and narrowing to about three feet. They contained the usual household utensils mentioned above, fragments of pottery, and remains of the domestic animals; and we have interesting evidence that they were cultivators of the ground in the cast of a grain of wheat in the clay forming a portion of the cover of the huts which had been burnt. Sometimes, however, these pits are of considerable depth, as for example in Cissbury Camp,† near Worthing, where they ran from forty to sixty feet in depth. Possibly some of the clusters of vertical shafts in the chalk in North Kent and in Essex may have been neolithic dwellings. Those near Grays Thurrock in Essex are termed Daneholes, and are stated to have afforded shelter to the inhabitants while the country was being harried in the time of war. They may, however, be flint mines similar to those to be described presently. The usual view, that they are merely shafts sunk for the sake of the chalk, is rendered improbable by their numbers, and their being found in great groups. No farmer would think of sinking shafts from sixty to a hundred feet deep for the sake of chalk, which he could get by a simple excavation at the surface.

Some of the circular massive stone huts, or burghs, in the North of Scotland, are assigned to the neolithic age; that of Keiss, for example, in Caithness, is believed by Mr. Laing and Professor Huxley‡ to have been a neolithic dwelling, from the associated stone axes and other implements. We may observe that among the refuse bones of the animals used for food was

* All the remains are preserved in the Blackmore Museum, in Salisbury.

† Explored by Gen. Lane Fox, the Rev. Canon Greenwell, Lord Rosehill, and Messrs. E. Willett, Tindall, Park Harrison, and others. *Archæologia and Journ. Anthropol. Instit.* 1870-7, *passim*.

‡ *Prehistoric Remains of Caithness.* 8vo, 1866.

the broken lower jaw of a child, probably implying that cannibalism was practised. Some of these burghs have been used for purposes of habitation and defence down to the thirteenth century. That of Mousa in Shetland, according to the Orkney Inga Saga, was successfully held by Erlend against the forces of Harold Jarl of Orkney, about 900 A.D., and was again besieged, at the end of the twelfth century, by another Harold Jarl of Orkney, who took it and put its garrison to the sword. But it does not therefore follow from this, as Mr. Fergusson argues in his latest contribution on the subject,* that they are all historic and built by the Northmen. The form is one which would recommend itself naturally to anyone living in that country, where stones fit for the purpose are abundant, and would be used by all subsequent builders who found the pattern ready to their hand. It is merely that of a hut done into stone, with the entrance sometimes protected by a turn in the passage in the same manner as some of the approaches of the camps. The neolithic people also dwelt in caves, such as those of North Wales, and of France, Spain, and Italy, but the practice was evidently much less prevalent with them than among the palæolithic hunters; with their better implements they were able to construct artificial dwellings more suited for their increasing wants than the shelters offered to them by nature in the limited areas where caves happened to be.

The polished stone implements were not composed of materials exposed naturally on the surface. The flint of which many were composed was obtained by mining operations in the chalk carried out with great skill and ingenuity. A series of these ancient workings at Grimes Graves, near Brandon in Suffolk, explored by the Rev. Canon Greenwell,† consists of shafts connected together by galleries from three to five feet high, and containing mining tools, some left behind, perforce, owing to a fall in the roof. There were picks made out of stags' antlers and polished stone celts which fitted into the marks in the sides of the galleries, chisels of bone and antler, and little cups made of chalk, evidently intended to contain grease for the supply of light. The galleries had been made in pursuit of a promising layer of flint, and as there were no artificial supports for the roof they were not pushed very far from the shafts. When the flint was exhausted within reach, a new shaft was sunk close by and a new

* *The Brochs and the Rude Stone Monuments of the Orkney Islands.* 8vo. London, 1877.

† *Ethnol. Journ. Lond.* vol. ii. p. 419.

set of galleries made. This mode of working appears on the surface in numerous circular depressions, consisting of the partially filled-up shafts, not unlike the hut circles described above. It was a mode of working, be it remarked, employed in this country for obtaining the iron ore which made the iron trade of Kent and Sussex so important down to the time of James II. The large woods in the neighbourhood of Hastings, in the direction of Battle, Brede, and Ashburnham, to a great extent mark the broken ground caused by these excavations.

Another example of flint mining on a large scale is offered by the pits at Cissbury, a camp on a commanding position on the South Downs, about three miles from Worthing. The special interest of these pits consists in the fact that the flint was not only mined on that spot, but also roughly hewn into implements to be finished by grinding elsewhere. The surface of the ground is covered by vast quantities of splinters and broken implements, in every stage in the manufacture from the nodule of flint taken out of the chalk, spoilt by an unhappy blow, to the article nearly finished and accidentally broken. In some places the writer observed little heaps of small splinters, which indicated the places where the finer work was carried on, and in some of these were the two halves of the broken implement, just as they had been tossed aside. It was scarcely possible to pick them up and put them together without a keen feeling of the changes which had happened since they had been broken—the strange chance which led to their discovery. The neolithic stage of civilisation had been superseded by that of bronze; that, in its turn, by the age of iron; then after an interval, the length of which we know not, came the sequence of events recorded in the history of this country; and yet these little heaps, lying immediately under the greensward, had retained their places undisturbed, although the Romans used the camp at Cissbury for military purposes, and have left numerous traces of their occupation. From the time when they were made down to to-day there had been no appreciable change in the surface soil in which they rested. With this evidence before us we cannot shut our eyes to the enormous lapse of time necessary for the production of the vast geographical changes which took place in the interval between the neolithic and the palæolithic ages.

Only some three or four out of the thousands of implements found at Cissbury bear traces of polishing, and these are broken, from which we may infer that they passed through the

first stage of their manufacture at Cissbury, and were subsequently ground as they were needed by the people who used them elsewhere. A grindstone, we may observe, was a necessary part of the stock in a well-appointed neolithic village. It is obvious, therefore, that there were centres of manufacture from which the implements were distributed by a kind of barter, analogous to that going on at the present time among savage tribes. This practice was universal in Europe in the neolithic age, since implements made of materials foreign to the district in which they are found must have been imported. A rude trade of this kind probably extended enormous distances, since some of the implements discovered in France and Switzerland consist of jade, a material highly prized by the Chinese, and found *in situ*, so far as we are able to ascertain, only in the central parts of Eastern Asia and in New Zealand. The numerous battle-axes and heads of javelins, spears, and arrows show that the neolithic inhabitants of Britain were warlike, and the larger number of the irregular ramparts marking the site of the hill forts on the South Downs, and clustering thickly on the hills on the borders of Wales, are to be assigned to this age. General Lane Fox has shown, moreover, that their owners were possessed of considerable military skill, from the fact that the works are planned to command the slopes within reach of bow or sling, just as in modern forts the guns are so mounted as to sweep the ground within gunshot. From the abundance of these camps it may be inferred that the population was comparatively large, and, from their being sometimes close together, that they belong each to a clan or tribe. They were used as places of security for the flocks and herds in times of foray, and are, as a rule, met with on the best positions near the rich lands throughout the country. Nowhere are they more numerous than on the South Downs, and on the hills commanding the valleys of the Dee, the Clwyd, and the Severn. They prove beyond a doubt that the country was divided up into tribal communities, constantly at war with each other, and stealing one another's cattle.

The neolithic inhabitants of Britain not only used caves for shelter, but also as resting-places for their dead. A group of five sepulchral caverns was discovered and explored by Professor Boyd Dawkins in Denbighshire in 1869 and the following years, each of which contained numerous skeletons of all ages and of both sexes, and had probably been the property of a family or clan. In all cases the body had been buried in a contracted position. The more usual custom, however, was to bury the dead in barrows or cairns, varying in size, and long, oval, or

circular in outline.* The more important conceal a chamber built of slabs of stone, sometimes with a narrow passage leading into it, in which interments took place as well as in the chamber. They generally occupy commanding positions; some, as West Kennet near Abury, are as much as 350 feet long. In this case there was a boundary wall of rubble stone, about two or three feet high, with large upright slabs placed at intervals, forming a peristyle similar to those which surround the topes of India. 'It is a curious circumstance,' remarks Dr. Thurnam, 'that the practice of erecting such stelæ is referred to by Aristotle as existing among the warlike Iberian people, where he tells us that as many obelisks were placed round the tomb of the dead warrior as he had slain enemies. I will not insist on this passage as evidence in favour of the Iberian origin of the ancient Britons of the stone period for this part of our island, though it is not altogether without value in such a connexion.' We shall return to the discussion of this question presently. In the chambered tomb at Uley, Gloucestershire, not only is there a boundary wall laid in horizontal courses, faced on the outside and carried to a height of two or three feet, but at the smaller end of the oval there are courses continued across, so as to divide it into three chambers. At the larger end the outer supporting wall curves gracefully inwards until it reaches the doorway, composed of three stones, two upright and one transverse; inside a narrow passage leads to the tomb proper. The low entrance was closed originally on the outside by a large stone. These examples represent merely the tombs of the rich or noble; we find besides them every form of interment, ranging down to that in which the dead was concealed merely by a low hillock of earth or stones, without any sepulchral chamber. In no cases, however, was the body buried deep below the ground. Dr. Thurnam believes that human sacrifices were sometimes offered to speed the chieftain on his journey to the other world. In all cases, however, a funeral feast was held, and very generally implements of various kinds were placed in the tomb, sometimes being broken beforehand so that they might not be put to any further use on earth. According to Sir John Lubbock this practice does not imply a belief in a future state, because in a great many instances the contents of a chambered tomb do not at all correspond with the labour and trouble of its erection. We, however, feel inclined to hold that the absence of what might be expected to be in tombs of this sort may be due either to a

* *Archæologia*, xlii., 'Ancient British Barrows.'

custom of burying models in some perishable material of the valuables of the deceased, or to meanness on the part of the survivors. At the present time the Eskimos place wooden models in the hut of the dead, and the Etruskans buried imitation jewels, far too thin and fragile to be serviceable to the living. We may also observe that the magnificence of a tomb may be due to its having been prepared by a chief for himself during his own lifetime, while the articles in it may be signs of the value placed upon him by the survivors.

Some of the circles, either of large stones or of earth, and varying in diameter from a few feet to one hundred, met with alike in the south of England, Derbyshire, Cumberland, Scotland, and Ireland, may be referred to the neolithic peoples. The most imposing group of remains in this country, that at Abury, consisting of a circle of stones 1,200 feet in diameter, surrounded by a rampart of earth, and containing two smaller circles, and with its approaches marked by two long avenues of stone, is in all probability neolithic. Sir John Lubbock refers it to a late stage of that period, a view which Mr. Fergusson, in our opinion, has not succeeded in disproving. Most of these circles have probably been used as temples, although they may have originated in having been the resting-places of some great hero. It is a most obvious and natural transition from the tomb to the temple. The religious sentiment has, in all ages and in all places, tended to centre in tombs, which ultimately have become places of worship. Many of the Christian churches have sprung up in this manner. We fail therefore to see the point of Mr. Fergusson's argument* when he attempts to prove that they are tombs, in order that he may disprove them to have been temples. In all probability the idea of both the small and the large circle sprang originally from the stones placed round the base of the circular hut, which was the normal habitation in those times.

The general impression which we have formed of neolithic Britain is that it was inhabited by a tolerably large population, divided up into tribes and living principally on their flocks and herds, acquainted with agriculture, and supplementing their food by hunting and fishing. The largest wild animals, however, which they hunted were the uri or wild oxen, which were very rare, the bear, the stag, the roe, and the wild boar. They were acquainted with the arts of spinning and making pottery, and with mining, and exchanged their commodities by barter. They were also possessed of boats, in which they

* *Rude Stone Monuments.* 8vo. Murray, London.

could make voyages from France to Britain, or from Britain to Ireland. They revered their dead by erecting tombs, and they worshipped the Great Unknown in those rude temples which astonish us on the lonely moor, or the swelling chalk down, or within reach of the sound of the waves on the seashore.

The remains of this neolithic civilisation lie scattered over Europe in such a manner as to imply that every part of it had been possessed by people in the same stage of progress. Numerous discoveries of late years in Italy show that the neolithic age was as well defined there as in Britain; and the magnificent collection of stone celts, amounting to several hundred, collected in Greece and Asia Minor by the late Mr. Finlay,* proves that the civilisation of history was preceded by the comparatively barbarous condition depicted above. In Italy it preceded the Etruscan, in Greece that early and ill-defined period marked by Dr. Schliemann's discoveries in Mycenæ.

The discoveries † in the pile-dwellings of Switzerland, where the stored-up grain and fruits have been preserved by the action of fire, show us that the inhabitants grew Egyptian wheat, beardless wheat, and a kind smaller than any now known. These are all described in Mr. Lee's translation of Dr. Keller's great work. They had also two-rowed barley, a six-rowed, and a small variety analogous to that cultivated by Greeks and Romans. They also grew millet, and cultivated apples and pears, peas, and flax of the small-leaved kind which is a native of the Mediterranean area. One of the weeds which they introduced with their grain was the Cretan catchfly. The corn they stored up either in the ear or after it was winnowed, and they ate it either as porridge or rounded cakes. Their cattle and swine were housed during the winter-time, and stores of acorns, beech-nuts, and other fodder were laid up for their use. The flax they wove into cloth, and in some cases achieved an ornamental pattern by the arrangement of the threads. Such as these were the arts of the neolithic peoples, to whom we owe the rudiments of the civilisation which we ourselves enjoy; for the arts and modes of life which they introduced have never ceased to be; and all subsequent progress has been built upon their foundation. The cereals which they brought in with them are still cultivated by the farmer; the domestic animals

* In the Manchester Museum.

† See *Edin. Rev.*, July 1862, cxvi. p. 161, and October 1870, p. 464.

which they introduced are still the servants of man ; and the arts of which they only possessed the rudiments have developed into those which make our life worth the living, and without which we can scarcely realise what life would be. It is remarkable that the seeds of the wild plants found in the lake dwellings are absolutely identical with those of the present time ; the seeds of the plants under cultivation have been improved by man : but there is no trace of any spontaneous change by natural evolution.

The origin of domestic animals as well as of the cereals proves that the neolithic peoples migrated into Europe from the south-east, from the great mysterious birthplace of successive races, the Eden of mankind, Central Asia.* They probably came by the same routes as those pursued by subsequent migrations, one branch going by way of Greece and Asia Minor, and passing through Italy to Spain ; and another traversing the region of the Don and Volga into the great plains of the Danube, and thence, undeterred by any natural obstacle, penetrating to the borders of the Ocean. They probably occupied the continent for a long period of time before their arrival in this country, and Britain was probably colonised long before Ireland, since the barrier of sea which kept the Romans out of the latter island would certainly prove a more serious obstacle to the canoes made out of the trunk of a big tree than to a Roman fleet.

The next question to be considered is, who were these ancient peoples ? In the present condition of our knowledge it is to the last degree hazardous to speculate as to the origin of the neolithic peoples in the east of Europe, where they have been utterly obliterated or absorbed by subsequent migrations, and in Greece and Italy, where they are concealed by a series of ill-understood civilisations. In those countries we must wait for further knowledge. In Western Europe, however, an answer may be made which is probably true, since it is the result of three convergent lines of evidence. The researches of Professor Huxley and Dr. Thurnam † in this country, and Professor Busk in Spain and Gibraltar, prove that the neolithic Britons are identical with that small, dark-haired, long-headed, elegant section of the Basque-speaking peoples which are now found in the south of France and the north of Spain.

* We have already treated this at length in *Edin. Rev.*, October 1868, p. 414 et seq.

† On these points see Dawkins, 'Cave-hunting,' chaps. v. and vi., and *Fortnightly Rev.*, September 1874, p. 323.

The human skeletons of the neolithic tombs of the whole of Britain and Ireland, treated in the same way as a naturalist would treat any other group of remains, indicate unmistakably that there was a population possessed of all the physical characters of the small, dark Iberi now represented by the inhabitants of Guipuscoa and the surrounding districts. The same type has been met with in sepulchral caves in Belgium and in certain districts of France, and as far south in Spain as the Sierra Nevada. It has been met with also in the caves of Gibraltar. Thus there is evidence that in the neolithic age a population indistinguishable from the Iberian extended over the region north of the Mediterranean to the ocean, and to the east as far as the Rhine.

This conclusion, founded solely on a consideration of the human remains, is confirmed by an appeal to history. Two distinct races of men held Spain in the earliest times of which we have any record: the Iberians occupied the north-western region, and the Celts or Gauls the south-eastern. The latter swept in a broad band southwards of the Pyrenees along the Mediterranean coast as far as Cadiz or Gadir, and by their fusion with the Iberians to the north formed the powerful nation of Celtiberi of Castile that defined the Iberian of the Atlantic side from the pure Celt of the Mediterranean. The Iberi, however, predominated in Spain to such an extent as to have left their name to the whole peninsula. According to the evidence of Strabo the ancient limits of Iberia were held by the ancient Greeks to have extended north of the Pyrenees, as far to the north-east as the Rhone, and to the north-west as the ocean; its northern frontier, however, as might be expected from the imperfect sources of accurate knowledge possessed by the Greeks as to those regions, is undefined. The varying statements of Greek writers as to it are justly considered by Dr. Smith to imply that the Iberi extended beyond the boundaries of Spain, and that they were mingled with the Celts. When Cæsar conquered Gaul, the Iberian Aquitani held the district circumscribed by the Garonne and the Cevennes; and the subsequent addition to Aquitania by Augustus of the district between the Garonne and the Loire was probably due to the fact that the inhabitants were more closely allied in their manners and customs to the Aquitani than to the Celtæ. With regard to Britain, Tacitus, who certainly had sources of good information in his friend Agricola, describes the Silures of Wales as being identical in physique with the Iberi. Thus we see that there is reason to believe, from an appeal to history, that Western Europe was

inhabited in ancient times by an Iberic population which was being pushed to the west by the great invasion of the Celts, who poured through Central France, on the one hand flooding over the Alps and turning the Etruskans out of Lombardy, and on the other hand crossing the Eastern Pyrenees and seizing the south of Spain. In these facts it seems to us that we have ample proof that Western Europe was possessed by a non-Aryan race, represented now by the small dark Basques, and that it was driven out by the Celtic division of the great Aryan peoples. And be it remarked, the Iberi are only now to be met with in those regions which afford natural facilities for defence. They were ultimately driven as far to the west as the Atlantic, and in this country have been so completely absorbed by the Celts that they have left no certain traces of their language.

The third line of argument, which confirms the other two, is an appeal to the present populations. In Wales, here and there, you see small, elegant people, with jet-black hair and eyes and oval faces, who offer a strong contrast to their larger and stouter neighbours with grey eyes and light hair. The same remark applies to the 'black Celts' of the south-west of Ireland, and to the small black Highlanders of Scotland. And these again are physically identical with the small dark Spaniards.

The able enquiries of Dr. Broca into the stature and complexion of the French people, based upon the army returns from each department, afford most remarkable evidence of the persistence of the small Iberian type in France. He divides the whole country into '*départements noirs, gris et blancs,*' and he shows that the swarthy inhabitants of France at the present time are the shortest, and the fair the tallest. The '*départements noirs*' are mainly centred in the Aquitania of Augustus, and outside its boundaries the non-Aryan blood asserts itself in the small swarthy inhabitants of Brittany, in Ardèche, in Aude, and in Ariège. The '*départements gris*' are massed principally in the Celtica of Cæsar, where the stature is moderate and the eyes grey. This is probably due to the intermingling of the tall, fair-haired Celt with the small, swarthy Iberian. The tall, light-haired Frenchmen of the '*départements blancs*' mark with singular accuracy those portions which were conquered by Frank, Goth, Burgundian, and Norman.

The convergent testimony of these three lines of enquiry proves that in ancient times the whole of Europe, to the west of the Rhine and north of the Alps, was inhabited by a small,

dark Iberic population, to which probably the Ligurians of the Maritime Alps were closely allied. And just as they are stated in the earliest records to have been the possessors of the country before the invasion of the Celts, so we have ample proof in the remains discovered in the sepulchral tombs and caverns of Britain and Ireland that they were the sole inhabitants in the neolithic age. In Gaul, however, and in Spain, the frequent association of the remains of a tall, stout, coarsely built race, indistinguishable from the Celts, renders it very certain that the Celtic invasion had begun on the continent even at that time. We should naturally expect that the sea would delay the invasion of Britain, and that therefore the Celts would find their way here after their conquest of the northern portions of Gaul. With these facts before us, it is little less than idle to discuss the question of the relative antiquity in Europe of the smaller, dark-haired race, and the taller, light-haired. The question is settled finally, not merely by an appeal to history, which has been disputed on the grounds that the classical writers did not know what they were writing about, but by an appeal to the geographical distribution and to the human remains, about which there cannot be any difference of opinion. We may further remark, that outside the limits which have been laid down above, we find traces of Iberic peoples in Sicily and in Sardinia; and it is by no means unlikely that the Berber tribes belong also to the same stock. In Asia Minor also, the Iberians have left their mark in Iberia (= Georgia), in the same manner as the Gauls have left their name in Galatia, or modern Anatolia, south of the Aladag mountains.

If, however, these views be accepted regarding the successive invasions of Gaul and Britain, it is tolerably certain from its geographical position that Germany also was traversed by the same races. The Celts very probably were driven out of Germany by the pressure of the Belgæ, just as the Belgæ were driven out by the Germanic tribes, which, in their turn, found their way to the south and to the west, leaving their ancient homes to be occupied by Slavonic tribes.

From these facts we have reason to believe that at the close of the neolithic age Europe, north of the Alps, was inhabited by two distinct races: a small, swarthy, long-headed race, indistinguishable from the Iberian, and a tall, fair, round-headed race, indistinguishable from the Celt. It is also pretty clear that the former is older than the latter. At this point in the enquiry, M. Chantre's work on the Age of Bronze in the valley of the Rhone fills a most important gap, and goes far towards carrying on the story of human progress

down to the frontiers of history. His minute study of the antiquities in the valley of the Rhone has offered a sure foundation for discussing the difficult problem as to the mode in which the bronze civilisation was introduced, not merely into Gaul, but into Britain and Northern Germany. This question, which previously had been treated merely, by Lindenschmidt, Worsaae, and others, from a point of view offered by isolated works of art, is now approached from a totally new point of view—namely, that offered by the ‘treasures,’ as he terms them, or hoards of bronze implements and the groups of articles discovered in ancient ‘foundries.’ These confirm, beyond all doubt, the view which we advanced in these pages in 1870, that the knowledge of bronze was introduced not by a conquering race who turned out their neolithic predecessors, but through the peaceful channel of commerce, which gradually found its way northwards as far as Norway, and to the west as far as Ireland.

M. Chantre unfortunately omits all reference to the ethnology of France, and in so doing has cut himself off from a question of great historic interest. Our experience of the remains in the principal museums of France leads us to the conclusion that the population was on the whole the same throughout the time when bronze was in use. If any new immigration took place, it was one of cognate races, and not of those so widely separated from each other as Eskimos from Iberian, or Iberian from Celt. This view is rendered very probable by the consideration that we have still the aboriginal inhabitant of neolithic Europe represented by the Iberian stock, as well as their conquerors, the Celtic or cognate Celtic peoples. Had there been a subsequent invasion by a different race in the bronze age, it would undoubtedly have had a better chance of being preserved and represented in the present population than either of the older less civilised peoples. We do not deny that there were great movements of tribes analogous to those by which the Germanic people found their way southwards and westwards; but we do not believe, on the evidence before us, that there was a greater ethnical difference between them than that presented by Frank as compared with Goth, or Angle as compared with Saxon. The introduction of metal, so valuable for aggressive and defensive purposes, must inevitably have produced great revolutions, and the possessors of new weapons would certainly feel inclined to try them at the expense of their less fortunate neighbours. The relation between neolithic and bronze weapons in actual warfare may be compared to the smooth-bore

musket in competition with the rifle ; and the same cause which is now distributing the latter weapon over nearly the whole earth, must have tended to spread the knowledge of the use of bronze with comparative swiftness at the close of the neolithic age.

We shall treat the bronze age in Europe in two divisions, taking first of all the area north of the Alps, including France, Germany, Scandinavia, and this country, and then we shall proceed to the examination of the peoples of Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, and Egypt, who are most intimately connected with the introduction of bronze into the north.

The habitations of the peoples using bronze north of the Alps were better and more highly finished than the neolithic dwellings, as may be seen by a comparison of the remains of the respective ages in the lakes of Switzerland and Savoy. The most common implements of the bronze folk were axes, wedge-shaped for being let into the handles, or winged for the application of the handle, or with sockets for its reception, and sickles, small, recurved, and intended for cutting off the ears from the corn stalks. They possessed bronze gouges, chisels, hammers, and knives, and consequently their carpentry was of a higher order. Their canoes also were bigger and better formed. The art of weaving was also carried to a higher perfection, although all their tissues were thin and of coarse texture. They wore clothes sewed together as well as coverings of leather, skin, and fur. All their fabrics were composed of linen, and no traces of hemp or of wool have as yet been met with in association with bronze remains in France or Switzerland. Wool, however, was known in Scandinavia in the bronze age, from the discovery near Ribe in Jutland in 1861,* made by MM. Worsaae and Herbst. In a tumulus they discovered three wooden coffins. One of these, 9 feet 8 inches long, and 2 feet 2 inches broad, contained the remains of a body in which all the hard parts had disappeared, leaving the soft parts, and among them especially the brain, turned into adipocere. The brain was that which had undergone least change. The body had been buried in a coarse woollen cloak. A woollen cap covered with small short threads, each one knotted at the end, covered the head, having the appearance of plush. On the legs were the remains of woollen leggings, and the remains of leather in the place occupied by the feet. Underneath the cloak was a woollen shirt, fastened at the waist by a long woollen band which went twice round the body and hung

* Lubbock, 'Prehistoric Times,' 2nd edit. p. 45.

down in front. On the left side of the corpse rested a bronze dagger in a wooden sheath. The ancient warrior had been enveloped in an ox-hide, and in a box on the right-hand side of the body had been placed articles to speed him on his journey—a woollen cap seven inches high, a small comb, and a small simple razor knife. The other two coffins furnished a brooch, a knife and double-pointed awl, a pair of tweezers, a stud, all of bronze, a stud of tin, and a javelin-head of flint, while a child's coffin produced an amber bead and a small bronze bracelet. These interments are referred by Sir John Lubbock to the close of the bronze age, and they establish the important fact that the art of making woollens was practised in Scandinavia at least as early as those times. We would observe that it is only very rarely that woollen fabrics could be preserved. They are utterly destroyed by fire, and they rapidly decay in water; and it is only under those imperfectly known exceptional conditions, in which the body is changed into adipoccre, and the bones into phosphate of iron, owing to the presence of salts of iron in the water, that they withstand decay. A second example of the use of woollens in the bronze age is offered by the interment in the Scalp House barrow, Rylston, in Yorkshire, described in the recent work of the Rev. Canon Greenwell. The body had been covered from head to foot with cloth, and had been buried in a coffin composed of the trunk of an oak, and had been changed into adipoccre.* It does not therefore follow that the manufacture of woollen cloth was not carried on in other parts of Europe in the bronze age, because it has only been met with under the circumstances above mentioned.

The art of metal working, as proved by the remains associated together in the various places of manufacture, was carried to a high pitch of perfection. Most of the bronzes were cast and the moulds carefully designed; the metal was also tempered by hammering, or engraved with various elaborate patterns, or adorned with repoussé work. Stamps were also employed for impressing thin plates of metal. In all probability the art of casting preceded the tempering, stamping, and engraving; but on the evidence before us there is nothing to show that the first was derived from a different source to, or known in Gaul before, the others. The usual composition of the bronze is one part of tin to nine of copper; but for the purposes of making graving tools and cold chisels they used a larger percentage of tin, amounting sometimes to one-third.

* *British Barrows*, 8vo, 1877, pp. 32 and 374. Clarendon Press, Oxford.

The potter's art was considerably improved, the rude coarse vessels of the neolithic age being replaced by finer articles, intended for daily use, which present an almost endless variety of form. They are symmetrically made and adorned with patterns in right lines and in circles. The highest forms of pottery north of the Alps are met with in the pile-dwellings of the lake of Bourget, where some of the pieces are inlaid with strips of tin, and where one vase represents a group of dancing human figures, while another is ornamented with the meander pattern, so commonly met with in Etruscan, early Greek, Roman, and Lycian art. According to Sir John Lubbock the potter's wheel was unknown; but from the examination of some of the vases it certainly seems to us that the human hand was aided by machinery of some kind. Stamps were used in ornamentation, and tools by which the lines were drawn at equal distances. None of the pottery presents any traces of glaze.

The bronze folk were exceedingly fond of personal decoration; they used bracelets of elaborate patterns, and armlets, and long hairpins with decorated heads of various styles, which were worn in a head-dress so carefully arranged that they took care not to disturb it even in their sleep. The ornamented earthenware head-rests found in Switzerland are analogous to those of wood used by the Abyssinians for supporting the head and preserving the coiffure. They wore rings on their fingers, pendants in their ears, torques round their necks, girdles composed of many pieces of metal fastened with rings and adorned with pendants round their waists, and they fastened their clothes with brooches and highly ornamented buttons and studs.

Their weapons of war consisted for the most part of arrows and clubs, the lance was very commonly used, the small short sword adapted for stabbing rather than for cutting and without any guard, armed many, to which we must add a dagger for use in very close quarters. They had also a battle-axe, that is merely a modification of one of the forms which they found so convenient for cutting wood. At a later period in the bronze age body armour appears in the transalpine regions, consisting of thin plates of hammered bronze, generally ornamented with handsome patterns in lines and circles. Helmets also are met with, and shields; some of the latter in bronze are evidently representations of those formed of wood, studded with bronze nails, since the repoussé ornamentation reproduces the concentric arrangement of the nails in the wooden original.

The tombs of the bronze folk do not present any important characters of difference as compared with neolithic sepultures. Caves, however, were very rarely used for purposes of burial. In the south of England, according to Dr. Thurnam, the tumuli present a different plan, being round instead of long or oval. As a rule their dead were burnt instead of being buried—a change which it is important to notice, since we know with what tenacity all customs are maintained relating to birth, marriage, and death. It seems to have been brought about gradually, since, in some of the tumuli which mark the transition from the neolithic to the bronze age, both modes of disposing of the dead have been employed. It cannot, in our opinion, be used as an argument to imply that the bronze folk were a different race to the stone-users, and that they introduced the metal in the progress of their conquest; it may much more naturally be explained by the gradual introduction of a new fashion brought in along with the other new ideas of the bronze culture. Inhumation still continued to be practised, probably by the lower classes, on account of the greater cost of burning. The ashes of the dead were collected into an urn, placed on the surface on which the funeral pile had stood, generally enclosed in a stone chamber, and afterwards covered with a cairn or tumulus; various articles were placed round the urn, and the tomb was visited from time to time, and feasts held in memory of the dead, after which its height was increased by additional earth or stones. This is proved by numerous ‘lows’ in Derbyshire, containing layers of burnt and broken bones of animals used for food, separated from each other by earth or stones. The same fact has been observed by Dr. Thurnam in the barrows of Wiltshire, and by Canon Greenwell in those of Yorkshire. We fully share the opinion of Sir John Lubbock and the greater part of the English archaeologists, that Stonehenge is an expression of the religious sentiment of the bronze age, and that it is to be viewed as the Westminster Abbey of that time, around which rest the ashes of the great in the tumuli which cluster thickly on the neighbouring chalk down. The speculation thrown out that it was built by Aurelius Ambrosius and Merlin may be dismissed at once as a fiction worthy of the first novel writer who appeared in Europe, Geoffry of Monmouth. The tombs in the neighbourhood of Stonehenge offer the same evidence to its age, as the metal work and other articles round Westminster Abbey would offer to its date were they explored when Lord Macaulay’s *New Zealander* contemplates the ruins of London.

An intercourse was evidently maintained in the bronze age with widely distant regions, since, omitting for the present all notice of the bronze itself, amber beads derived either from the Baltic or from Italy, and glass beads from the Mediterranean, are distributed over districts far away from the places where amber is found or glass manufactured. Gold ornaments also are met with throughout Transalpine Europe, which may have been made with metal obtained either from Spain, or from the Wicklow mountains in Ireland.

These details give us a picture of the manners, customs, and daily life of the bronze-using peoples north of the Alps. It is a picture of a new civilisation coming in, not destroying that which preceded it, but moulded on its foundations. How it was introduced and whence it was derived are questions which, thanks to the light thrown by M. Chantre and the Count Gozzadini, Dr. Schliemann, and others, we are able to answer with tolerable certainty, by realising the condition of things in the Mediterranean countries at the very beginning of the historic period.

In the earliest records relating to the Mediterranean we find ourselves face to face with a civilisation of a very high and complex kind. Egypt was the great centre of light, at all events for the eastern part of the Mediterranean, on which all eyes were fixed, and it was a mart in which the products of the East and the West met together. The Egyptians are said to have taught the Phœnicians how to make glass, and to have instructed the Greeks in the sciences. Of their knowledge of the arts every museum is eloquent. It is impossible to walk through the Egyptian courts in the national collections in London, or in the Louvre, or in the Vatican, without carrying away a deep impression of their power and their skill. Yet their high position was achieved without the knowledge of steel; they were acquainted with iron, bronze they used extensively, not merely for ornaments but for daggers and axes, the latter being of the simple wedge-shaped type usually considered characteristic of the early bronze civilisation north of the Alps. Flint knives were sometimes used for religious purposes, beautifully fashioned, and flint daggers such as that in the British Museum with a handle ornamented with gold. Pointed splinters of flint also were employed by them for cutting hieroglyphs, a fact which is proved by the discoveries made in their turquoise mines in the Sinaitic peninsula by Mr. Bauerman and others; and since neither bronze nor iron will cut the hard sycnite on which the hieroglyphs are gene-

rally engraved, it is very probable that all were carved with flint. Steel, however, was known in Egypt in a later period in its history.

The influence of Egypt on the neighbouring peoples must have been enormous, as may be seen from M. Chabas' work on the nations known to the ancient Egyptians, and it was felt at least as far to the west as Sardinia. In an inscription at Karnac M. de Rougé and M. Chabas have shown that Egypt was invaded by a confederation of Libyans, Etruskans, Sardinians, Siculians, Lycians, and Achaïans, and was only saved, after a desperate struggle, by the valour of Menepthah I. The allies advanced to the attack by land and by sea, and among their spoils it is interesting to note bronze knives and cuirasses. This happened in the fourteenth or fifteenth century before Christ. It is obvious, therefore, that at that time, and probably for many centuries before, the civilisation of Egypt must have been widely spread, either by commerce or war, among the Mediterranean peoples.*

The simple wedge-shaped axes above mentioned of bronze have also been obtained by Dr. Schliemann from the mound of Hissarlik, in association with a remarkable series of articles, among which we would note more particularly the ornaments composed of thin leaves of gold, resembling in their general form the bronze belts mentioned by M. Chantre from the valley of the Rhone, and pottery in the shape of animals recalling to mind one of the vessels from the pile-dwellings of Bourget. Spindle-whorls abound, adorned with the mysterious pattern of a cross with four equal arms with the ends reflected at right angles, termed *croix gammée* by the French, *fylfot* by English archaeologists, and *swastika* by the Buddhists, by whom it is considered sacred. These are now to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. We do not propose to enter into the question as to the connexion of Hissarlik with the Homeric legend; it is sufficient for us to know that on the site on which Troy stood there are traces of an ancient civilisation in which bronze, and in a smaller degree iron, figure largely, and which very possibly may have stood in the same relation to the Greeks as the early Etruscan cities did in Italy to the Romans. Similar bronze axes also have been met with in the island of Termia, in Cyprus, Sicily, and in various spots in Italy from Calabria to the Alps. In Southern Italy bronze daggers have been found so like those

* *Études sur l'Antiquité Historique d'après les Sources Égyptiennes.* 8vo. Paris, 1873.

of Egypt that M. Mariette believes that they were certainly derived from that country.

The discoveries made from time to time during the last fifteen years in the *terramaras* or inhabited areas in the plains of Lombardy, at Emilia, Reggio, Parma, and Modena, show that Lombardy was inhabited by a race of people using bronze implements and weapons, but not unacquainted with iron.* Their pottery was ornamented with right lines and circles, and a great many of the designs assume the form of a cross. There is also the fylfot ornament as well as the spiral. The same group of articles has also been discovered in the excavations carried on in and around Bologna, with which the name of the Count Gozzadini † will always be associated. From his writings we gather that Bologna has been a centre of population from time immemorial, and the ancient cemeteries around it have furnished treasures of inestimable value from an archaeological point of view, which we recommend everyone interested in the ancient history of Italy to visit. In the Archiginnasio, or, as it is now called, 'Biblioteca del Comune,' the relics obtained from the old cemeteries, which have been met with between the spot occupied by the present Certosa, or cemetery, and the city, are carefully arranged. The visitor sees numerous bronze urns full of burnt bones, variously ornamented and provided with covers. One of these merits more than passing notice, since it is ornamented with bas-reliefs representing a procession in three zones. Two horsemen and thirteen footmen with couched lances, helmets, and shields, lead the way; then come priests and their attendants with the victims for sacrifice; an ox, over whose head is a bird, and a goat hurried along by the horns, and two mules. The three figures whom we take to represent priests have on their heads broad-brimmed hats similar to those worn by some of the French curés; behind them comes a big dog.

* Keller, 'Lake Dwellings,' translated by J. E. Lee, p. 305 *et seq.* Longman, 1866. A new edition of this important work has just been published in two large volumes—one of text, the other of plates—enlarged to nearly twice the size of the edition of 1866, and including all the more recent discoveries made in the Swiss and Italian lakes. This collection of lacustrine remains is of extreme interest, and there is no English work which brings more vividly before the eye the extraordinary variety of the weapons, utensils, garments, harness, and even food, of these primæval races. It is as attractive as a museum, and does the greatest credit to the translator, Mr. Lee.

† Op. cit. and Congrès Intern. d'Anthrop. et d'Archéol., pp. 1, 242. Bologna, 1871.

The third zone, which resumes the direction of the first, displays the agricultural pursuits preceding the preparations for the feast: a calf carried on the shoulders of two slaves, a pig drawn by a third, and others following. In the centre of the groups, acting the *point de mire*, appears the idea which inspires the whole. At one end of a couch, *biclinium* or *anaclynteris*, whose arms are adorned with griffins' heads, sits a lyre-player, at the other a performer on the syrinx, each backed by a small boy in the nude. They wear the huge *pileus* before alluded to; and between them hangs another *situla*. Rural episodes on the right—hare-hunting and bird-netting with the *varra*, and on the left a peasant carrying his primitive plough and driving his steers—finish both ends of this third zone. Finally the fourth or lowest is filled with fantastic animals—five-winged chimaeras, two quadrupeds, a stag, and so forth.*

This procession is to our mind of very high value, because it is identical in spirit and in many of the details with some of the frescoes in Etruscan tombs. It proves that Count Gozzadini is fully justified in considering the cemetery at the Certosa in which it is found to be really Etruscan.

Both cremation and inhumation were practised, and several groups of skeletons have been preserved, stretched out at length with the *æs rude* or unstamped coin in their hand, wearing necklaces of amber beads, and surrounded by vases. Among the ornaments are gold armlets, bronze harp-shaped fibulae, amber rings, blue and green glass beads, some plain, and others worked into beautiful patterns in blue, white, green, and yellow. There are unguent pots, also of glass, built up of zigzags of these colours, and alabaster pots and vases identical with those found in Etruscan tombs. There are bronze knives, iron knives, spuds, and horse bits. No less than four groups of cemeteries, containing articles of this kind, have been opened on each side of the road leading from Bologna to the Certosa, and several others have been explored in the district at Villanova and elsewhere. Some of the cinerary urns made of pottery are ornamented with chevrons, triangles, and zigzags, so common in the pottery of the bronze age north of the Alps, as well as with figures of birds, the Greek pattern, the meander, the step, the cross, and the fylfot. Axes of iron and of bronze were met with, the latter being winged. One small axe from Villanova has its edge composed of iron let into the bronze, a fact which shows that at this time the former was more valuable than the latter. There are also tombstones, some plain, and some globular and sculptured with figures, others of a slab-like form so common in our own churchyards, but here

* R. F. Burton, 'Etruscan Bologna,' p. 44. 1876.

ornamented with figures similar to those at the entrance of Etruskan tombs. On one found in the Certosa, the dead is represented as being hurried along to the tomb with a winged genius behind him, an idea repeated over and over again in the modern monuments which make this one of the finest cemeteries in Europe.

The importance of all these discoveries consists not merely in presenting us with many of the articles found in the terramaras, but in the fact that they may be connected with the tombs of Etruria, as, for example, those of Cære, Viterbo, Perugia, Chiusi, Arezzo, Volterra, Orvieto, and others. We quite agree with Count Gozzadini that they belong to the Etruskans, and probably to an early period of their power which he has marked off by the name *Palæo-Etruskan*. They probably belong to that branch of the race which was driven out of Lombardy by the invasion of the Gauls. Nor are we without evidence that these remains fall within the period of history, if the chronology of Egypt be taken as a standard, since a scarabæus has been met with, bearing, according to M. Chabas, the name of Khoufou, or Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid. It is not, however, an original, but a subsequent imitation, and therefore of a later age. Many other traces have been met with in Etruskan tombs elsewhere of an intercourse with Egypt, which go far to confirm the truth of the inscription in the temple of Karnak to which we have drawn the attention of our readers.

The Etruskan power in ancient times extended not merely over Lombardy, but over Tyrol and into Hungary; and the statement of Livy to that effect is confirmed by the discovery of cemeteries, of which that at Hallstadt, near Salzburg, may be considered the chief, and referable to the same *Palæo-Etruskan* age as the terramaras and the cemeteries at Bologna. We may therefore infer that in ancient times the Etruskans possessed a dominion of which Tuscany is a mere fragment, and that they were being pushed back at the dawn of history by the invasion of other peoples. They were the great metal-workers of antiquity, and masters of the Tyrrhenian sea, and from their peculiar position in Northern Italy must necessarily have exercised an enormous influence on their trans-alpine neighbours. They were further most intimately associated with the early Greeks, and to such an extent was the intercourse carried on between them that Greek vases and statues abound in their tombs, and the terra cotta sarcophagi in which rested the ashes of the Etruskan nobles were either modelled by Greek artists or were copies of Greek designs.

After an examination of the principal Etruskan collections in Italy, it seems to us extremely probable that there were Greek artists present in the chief Etruskan centres who carried on the business of modelling and designing just as the Italians follow the same kind of calling in plaster casts in this country. The Greek influence, however, is scarcely perceptible in the Etruskan metal-work, which seems to us to have arrived at a higher development in Italy than in any other region except Egypt, and to be distinct from the fictile work.

There is no reason for wonder that the Etruskans should have been preeminent among the Mediterranean peoples for their skill in working metal, since they alone possessed within their own limits the two metals of which bronze is composed. Copper is widely distributed, but tin was until lately known only in Saxony and Bohemia, in Spain, in the Wicklow mountains, and in Cornwall. Nor is there evidence that it was worked in ancient times to any great extent, excepting in Cornwall and in Spain. Now it appears from M. Blanchard's discovery, brought before the Anthropological Congress at Buda-Pesth by Professor Capellini, that the extensive mines of Cento Camerelle, in Monte Valerio, in Tuscany, were worked by the ancient Etruskans for the sake of the tin. The copper mines of Montieri (Mons *Æris*) are not far distant, and it is very probable that they owe their name to the place having been used in ancient times for the manufacture of bronze. This discovery seems to us of very great value, because it lends weight to the view that a large part of the tin used by the civilised peoples of the Eastern Mediterranean was derived from Tuscany, rather than from countries so remote as Spain and Britain, as they are supposed to have been by most writers. We are therefore now able to see that the tin and copper mines would enable the Etruskans to found a trade with their neighbours, and to arrive at that perfection of metal work for which they are so remarkable. It must have been to them a source of wealth and culture, as the silver mines of Laurium were to the Athenians, and the gold mines to the settlers in California and Australia. It gave them a command over the commerce of the time, somewhat similar to that which we enjoy from the possession of coal and iron.

The exploration of the tombs of Mykenæ by Dr. Schliemann* presents us with the proof that at the close of the bronze age in Greece the style of art was essentially of the same sort

* Journ. Soc. Antiq. 1876.

as the Palæo-Etruskan, consisting of spirals and of figures of animals, of chevrons and the fylfot ornaments, or cross with the arms bent over at right angles. Gold repoussé work also, similar to that of Hallstadt, Hissarlik, and of the Etruskan tombs, proves that the same sort of arts were spread over the northern regions of the Mediterranean from Italy to Greece and Asia Minor.

Such, then, is the idea which we have to grasp of the civilisation of the Mediterranean area when history began. It was of a high order, but the use of bronze had not as yet been completely superseded by weapons and cutting implements of iron. In other words, it was in that transition stage termed by M. Chantre 'the period of the transition from the bronze to the iron age.' The time when bronze was first introduced into the Mediterranean area is lost in the mists of antiquity, but it took root and gave rise to a metal industry which must have been slowly developed during a long series of years before it could have arrived at that pitch of excellence which it there attained. It however displaced a neolithic civilisation, for in Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy polished stone axes and the traces of the associated manners and customs are met with equally, just as in the region north of the Alps. It is derived from the East beyond all doubt, and cannot be traced further back than the civilisation of Egypt. It may be further observed, that if there be any truth in the legend which derives the Etruskans of Italy from Lydia, they may have introduced its knowledge into Italy, just as the Greeks long after introduced their civilisation and arts into the district round Marseilles, and founded another Greece beyond sea in Italy.

We are now in a position to approach the problem of the introduction of bronze into the region north of the civilised countries of the Mediterranean, which M. Chantre would have done well in treating with the full benefit of the light shed upon it by the labours of Viberg, Lindenschmidt, Sadowsky, and other writers. He prefers, however, to treat it from the purely antiquarian point of view, without giving due weight to the influence of the Etruskans.

The age of bronze is divided by M. Chantre in France and Switzerland into three phases, the first of which is that of 'transition from the stone age to that of bronze,' the second that 'of bronze properly so called,' and the third that of 'the transition from the age of bronze to that of iron.' The first of these is characterised by the association of certain bronze objects with neolithic implements and ornaments, and is termed the Cevennian stage, from the numerous cases of this association

of articles in the region of the Cévennes. In the second phase bronze is no longer a rarity, and its importation is made on a large scale, and along with it appear new arts and a higher civilisation. From its great development in the basin of the Rhone it is termed the Rhodanian phase. The third, or that in which iron makes its appearance as a new element, is named the Moëringian, after the celebrated pile-dwelling of Moëringen.

In the first of these divisions bronze appears as a rarity, and generally in the shape of ornaments; in forty-seven tombs in the Cévennes the percentage of bronze articles, as compared with those of stone and bone, is no more than 6·42 per cent., and these are mostly beads and personal ornaments of various kinds, some of which are imitations of those of stone. Pins, bracelets, and rings are more common than knives or axes, while daggers are rare. Amber appears, and glass—a fact of especial importance, because it shows that an article of Egyptian or Phœnician manufacture had found its way into France at this time. The introduction of personal ornaments, and especially of glass, before other articles in use in the country where the glass was manufactured, is what might have been anticipated from our contact with races possessed of a lower civilisation than our own. At the present time the natives of Africa prefer articles which minister to their vanity to those of practical use, and glass beads are used as a medium of exchange, and are passed from hand to hand into regions far beyond those into which our weapons and implements penetrate. This period of transition of M. Chantre seems to us to be the necessary result of the intercourse of the inhabitants of France at the close of the neolithic age with the civilised peoples in the Mediterranean, and we take it to be merely the first sign of their influence, subsequently to be felt in ‘the age of bronze properly so called.’

M. Chantre classifies in his ‘age of bronze properly so called’ the deposits of bronze articles which had been manufactured but never used, and which obviously formed the stock of bronze merchants. One of the most important of these, to which he gives the name of ‘the treasure of Reallon,’ was discovered after a violent storm which devastated a part of the country. The waters of a stream, traversing a little village of that name, had cut deep ravines, and in the earth transported to a little distance the greater part of the antiquities were discovered. These were first of all taken for gold, and then would have been sold for old brass to a pedlar had not the curé told the owners that they had in their hand a veritable treasure for science, for which they would be better paid by archaeologists. They

ultimately found their way into the museum at St. Germain, together with those which M. Chantre was able to discover subsequently, and they represent altogether no less than 461 specimens. There are knives, sickles, lance-heads, horse-bits, 269 rings, finger-rings, buttons, pendants, and bracelets varying in pattern and workmanship. Some were hollow, and others made of a band of metal; both were ornamented with various patterns in right lines and dots. Some of the stouter of these are precisely of the same pattern and shape as those which we have seen from Germany in the museum at Berlin, and in Rome and Florence from various parts of Italy. With them were several small stone rings, possibly of jade, a bead of amber, and two of blue glass. The position of Reallon is on a route which has been frequented for a long time, leading from the Valley of Durance to that of the Drac; and it was, M. Chantre remarks, probably that taken by travellers coming from primitive Etruria, from whom the inhabitants of the lake dwellings 'received beyond a doubt the knowledge of bronze.' This discovery, then, is of especial importance because it represents the goods of a merchant, selected to suit the market of the North and West. The abundance of personal ornaments in it corresponds with that abundance which has been observed in the sepulchres of the early division of the bronze age. Several other similar discoveries are described by M. Chantre. That of Vaudrevanges, near Sarrelouis, contains, among other things, a sword which is identical with that described by M. le Comte Gozzadini, from Ronzano, in Italy. It contained also several small pendants similar to those found in the same place. From the number of ornaments in these treasures, as compared with those in the sepulchres of the Cevennian age, it seems that the proportions are so close in each as to be practically identical. In the one they amount to 75.02 per cent., in the other they are 79.87. The conclusion which we should draw from this fact is that these articles were *en route* to be sold to those who ultimately deposited them as their chief valuables in the tombs.

The foundries, or deposits of metal with the necessary implements of working it, described by M. Chantre in the Valley of the Rhone, are no less than thirty-nine in number, and of these that of Larnaud, near Lons-le-Saulnier (Jura), may be taken as an example. It consists of no less than 1,485 pieces, including ingots, waste from moulds, implements and ornaments, more or less broken, hooks, cold chisels made of bronze containing a large percentage of tin, and other articles necessary for working bronze. Many of the implements were broken

intentionally for the melting-pot. Among the articles a fibula is worthy of especial notice, and on several of the ornaments the sign of the cross is met with, which, according to M. de Mortillet, characterises the close of the age of bronze. In the opinion of the last cited authority this hoard evidently belongs to the same date as the treasure of Reallon and of the majority of the lake habitations of Bourget. There is, however, this difference between them. At Reallon the pieces are all new and selected; at Larnaud, on the contrary, they are all used or broken, from which we may gather that the former has been the deposit of a merchant, just as the latter has been that of a founder. Numerous foundries similar to these have been found in various parts of Europe. Those of Great Britain have been described by Mr. Evans and others, while recently one at Bologna contained no less than 14,000 pieces.

The deposits of bronze in the treasures and foundries above mentioned are of the very highest value, because they tell us, in an unmistakable manner, the sort of implements, weapons, and ornaments in use at one time. The merchant, of course, would select the articles necessary for his market, and the founder would collect those which had been broken, and his stock would represent also the articles in use at the same time. In one or other of these we meet with forms usually considered to belong to widely different times. The simple wedge-shaped axe, for example, is taken to be of higher antiquity than the axe with wings or the axe with a socket, and repoussé work, the spiral ornament, body armour, helmets, and the like, are referred to different periods in the age of bronze. In these deposits they are seen lying side by side, a fact which shows that they were undoubtedly used at the same time. And when we add further that these so-called later types are met with in the Palæo-Etruskan tombs, we may feel tolerably certain that they were derived from the great metal-workers of Italy. From that centre personal ornaments would naturally find their way first over the Alpine passes, then would follow the merchant with his assorted merchandise, and after him, as M. Chantre justly observes, would come the founder, just as at the present time English artisans have followed English trade far into Africa. M. Chantre does not fully grasp this idea; for while he distinctly allows that the lake-dwellers of Bourget received their knowledge of bronze from Italy, and classifies the treasures and the foundries in the age of bronze *par excellence*, he contradicts himself by stating: 'Jamais on n'a trouvé d'objets étrusques dans un milieu de l'âge du bronze proprement dit: les traces de cette intervention ne se ren-

contrent que bien postérieurement' (i. 16). The invention of the various types is one thing, and their introduction into transalpine Europe another thing. We fully allow that the simpler were invented before the more complex, but we know of nothing which proves that they were known in the area under consideration before certain elaborate articles of personal ornament.

M. Chantre follows a view started by M. de Mortillet, that bronze may have been introduced from the far East by travelling tinkers, like the gipsies of the present day. In this manner he explains the community of form traceable through local variations in transalpine Europe. Very probably there were travelling tinkers, and an examination of their work shows that they were inspired, not by that art which found its home in the East, but by the Palæo-Etruskan art of Italy and the Tyrol. We should not be in the least surprised at finding an English blacksmith at work in Central Africa or in some lonely island in the Pacific. 'The age of bronze properly so called' of M. Chantre seems to us to indicate merely the period in which a commerce had sprung up, and introduced not merely that metal, but a great deal of the civilisation which accompanied it. The minor local differences between the group of bronze articles found in one country, as compared with those of another, may readily be explained by the view that they are the result of local industry, set up when the value and importance of bronze had been fully recognised; and to this local industry many of the simpler forms may be due.

The lake dwellings in Switzerland, Italy, and France were inhabited from the age of stone down to that of iron, and according to M. Chantre were occupied by two currents of populations, differing in their origin, in their industries, and in the materials they first employed. Throughout Eastern Switzerland the finds present scarcely any articles made of bronze; the implements and weapons are of stone and bone, and the few bronze articles probably arrived by way of exchange. They belong to the age of stone, and to that of transition between stone and bronze. On the borders of the Lake of Geneva it is to some extent the same, but here they present signs of the greater influence of the new metal. In Western Switzerland those of the bronze age, situated close by those of the stone, offer traces of a much higher art than those of the East. The same is the case with the Lake of Geneva. In the Lakes of Annecy and Bourget there is no pile-dwelling of the neolithic age properly so called, but in the middle of rich accumulations of the age of bronze one finds the remains of the

preceding period, stone axes, arrows, and the like. This difference he explains by the view that there were two distinct populations in the East and the West, and that the latter were in close communication with the country of their origin; hence their metal work was carried to a high pitch of perfection, and the pottery is also of a more artistic kind. We do not share these views of M. Chantre, and they are not borne out by the illustrations to the last edition of Dr. Keller's work. We think that the difference between Eastern and Western Switzerland is far more likely to be due to the latter being more easily accessible than the former to the influence from Italy, which would certainly find expression in the neighbourhood of the Lakes of Bourget and Annecy, lying as they do in the direct road from the pass of Mont Cenis, through which a trade has been carried on with Italy from time immemorial.

We have now to examine the third, the last stage, or that of transition from the age of bronze to that of iron. Just as the former metal succeeded polished stone for weapons and cutting implements, and spread over the whole of transalpine Europe, so was it gradually supplanted by the latter. Iron appears in the deposits of this period under exceptional conditions, and probably as an article of luxury, and its reign did not begin, according to our author, before its employment preponderated over that of bronze. He therefore includes all the pile-dwellings usually assigned to the iron age to that of the transition from bronze, or the Mœringian. The civilisation which accompanied iron flourished in the region of Hallstadt and in the Palæo-Etruscan realm of Italy, and is characterised by the introduction of razors, brooches, and torques. Certain patterns also appear, such as the spiral, the cross, the fylfot, repoussé work also, and bronze helmets, cuirasses, and vases. Figures of animals are also represented. Gold, amber, jet and glass, iron and tin, are used as ornaments. To these characters our author adds annular bracelets, and hollow bracelets with upturned ends, hollow fibulæ and armlets, girdles made of fine leaves of stamped bronze, as well as iron utensils and arms. These views of M. Chantre, of the appearance of different articles and patterns at successive times in the bronze age, seem to us to be founded merely on the fact that these are known to occur in the iron age, and on the *à priori* ground that the most simple articles would be the first to be invented. The associated remains in the foundries like Larnaud, and in treasures like Reallon, show that this sequence does not hold good, a fact which M. Chantre unconsciously allows when he classifies them in one place as belonging to the age of bronze

properly so called, and in another place ascribes some of them to the transition stage. Surely there can be no doubt that the objects at Larnaud were in use at the same time, and the only logical conclusion which can be drawn from the discovery of bronze articles of the Palæo-Etruskan type of Hallstadt is that the whole foundry belongs to that age, into which certain archaic types may have passed by the natural process of survival.

Many of the implements and styles characteristic of the Palæo-Etruskan cemeteries of Italy and of the terramaras are met with in the Lake of Bourget and elsewhere. The representations of animals so frequent at Villanova, Bologna, and Hallstadt are found in the lake-dwellings of Gresine and Moeringen, as well as the cross and spiral. M. Chantre also assigns to this age certain thin plates of gold, ornamented with stamped lines and circles. Similar ornamentation to this, we may observe, has been met with in the gold torques of Britain and Ireland; and it recalls to mind the thin gold leaf of some of the Egyptian tombs, as well as of those explored by Dr. Schliemann at Mykenæ. The cross ornament also is frequently seen in ancient British pottery of post-neolithic age in Wales and Derbyshire, as may be seen by a reference to the valuable work on ceramic art published by the late Mr. Waring. Numerous designs and articles lie scattered over France and Germany identical with those of the Palæo-Etruskan tombs. Among the objects distinctively Etruskan found in the far North may be mentioned bronze vase carriages, which form an essential part of the furniture of tombs in Etruria, and the large bronze trumpets, described by Prof. Worsaae, from Scandinavia, which are to be seen hanging on the wall in the great mausoleum at Cære.

It seems to us perfectly clear, from the mode in which bronze occurs in the dwellings and tombs north of the Alps, that bronze was introduced from the South. The glass beads which accompany it are beyond a doubt derived from the Mediterranean area. The bronze age north of the Alps begins, as it might be expected to begin among a people who were living close to a more highly civilised community, with the importation of beads and other personal ornaments easily transferred from hand to hand. Then bronze weapons and implements of various kinds, such as those represented in the 'treasure' of Reallon, &c., appear, some of the articles being adorned with the spiral patterns and crosses characteristic of the Palæo-Etruskan and Italo-Greek art. These articles are distributed in the dwellings and the tombs of the natives.

Eventually more elaborate bronzes appear, all of which can be traced home to the Palæo-Etruskan centre. The influence, indeed, of the art of that mysterious people is felt throughout the whole of the North, and articles of distinctly Etruskan workmanship have been traced on the one hand into the valley of the Danube and of the Rhine to Scandinavia; on the other hand, it can be felt passing over into Gaul, through the Alpine valleys into the Rhone valley, and thence over the whole country. The various highly finished weapons and golden ornaments found in Britain bear testimony to this influence; and we should be inclined to account for the superior workmanship of some of the Irish bronzes and of the beautiful golden torques by the fact that there were gold mines in the mountains of Wicklow. These articles would naturally be brought for exchange for gold. In the same manner also the finer workmanship of the Scandinavian bronzes might be explained by the view that they were brought for exchange for amber, a substance widely circulated and highly valued by the Etruskans. The routes by which they arrived at Königsberg, the present head-quarters of the amber trade, have lately been defined by Dr. Sadowsky in an elaborate work.

When the bronze trade had taken root, we might naturally expect that workers in bronze, or tinkers, would settle down in the centres of population, and establish places where the broken articles might be repaired, or the materials recast. Hence the numerous foundries met with in France, Germany, and Britain.

It is argued by some high authorities, and among them our author, that before the Palæo-Etruskan influence was felt, bronze was known in the north. The recent discoveries, in the Mediterranean region, of articles supposed to be peculiar to the bronze age of transalpine Europe have destroyed the only foundation for this view. The elaborate maps published by M. Chantre of the distribution of bronzes show that the Mediterranean was a centre from which the metal was distributed, just as those published by Mestorf prove the subsequent influence of the Greeks and Romans on the inhabitants of Northern Germany and Scandinavia.* We think it hazardous in the present state of the enquiry to say anything regarding the origin of the bronzes of the Lower Danube or of Russia, but we do not agree with M. Chantre that the

* *Der Einfluss der klassischen Völker auf den Norden, durch den Handelsverkehr.* Von C. F. Wiberg. Aus dem Schwedischen von J. Mestorf.

spiral ornament is of Slavonic origin. It is much more likely to have been derived from the Palæo-Etruskan race, which was certainly highly civilised before the Slavonic peoples invaded Europe. It is found on the bronze hilts of swords and on personal ornaments, equally in the countries round the Mediterranean, in Britain, Ireland, Germany, and Scandinavia.

M. Chantre follows, and with justice, the views held by most archaeologists, that the art of making bronze was not discovered in Europe, but was derived from the East. We do not, however, go with him when he places its original home in the islands of Banca and Malacca, where tin and copper are to be found side by side. In our present ignorance of the distribution of those metals in Arabia and Central Asia, and of the extent to which they were worked in ancient times, it is a merely idle speculation to assign any one as the probable centre. In the course of time the knowledge of iron spread probably through the same channels of commerce, and from the same quarter, and with its introduction the bronze age, properly so called, of Central and Northern Europe passed away. In the bronze age there were no coins; they appear along with iron, making their way over the whole of Germany, Gaul, and Britain; the earlier ones being Greek coins and their imitations, some Olbian or Athenian, and others those of Philip of Macedon. The introduction of metals into the North and West was, however, not merely due to the Etruskans, but also to the Phœnicians, the great maritime people who probably worked the tin mines of Cornwall and of Spain, and established Cadiz as a convenient centre for their trade with the barbarians of the North. They, however, had no art of their own, and we are unaware of any article distinctly Phœnician which has ever been found in Britain or Northern Germany. They probably manufactured articles from Etruskan designs for the Western market, just as Manchester calico printers employ Japanese patterns for the Japanese markets. It is unnecessary for us to say further regarding the share which these two peoples had in introducing the civilisation of the bronze age among the neolithic peoples, since we have already treated it at length in an article published in this Journal, vol. cxxxii. p. 472.

We have no means of ascertaining the date of the introduction of iron into the transalpine regions, but it certainly took place before the Celts came in contact with the Roman arms, since Polybius describes the Gauls, in B.C. 222, as being armed with soft iron swords similar to those used by the Scots, according to Tacitus, in the battle of the Grampians. When, however, the art of smelting the ore was once known, it would

very probably spread with great rapidity, since the ore, unlike that of tin, is very widely distributed, and to be found in almost every country in Europe. The manufacture of iron might readily become a local industry in each district, instead of being dependent, like that of bronze, upon an alloy which must be carefully made, and of which one element, tin, was met with but in few spots—Tuscany, Cornwall, Spain, Bohemia, and Saxony.

In closing this review we have to thank M. Chantre for the care with which he has put together the facts relating to the bronze age in the valley of the Rhone, and in Switzerland. He has done for France very much what Mr. Evans has done for the neolithic age in our own country. We look forward also to a similar work from Mr. Evans, of which he has already given us an instalment in the ‘Petit Album de l’Age du Bronze en Grande-Bretagne,’ but we hope that it will not be so heavy and luxurious as that before us. As archæology progresses, we feel sure that the influence of Etruscan, Phœnician, and Greek, will be more and more recognised in the transalpine bronze civilisation. We take as well-ascertained facts, that while the inhabitants of Asia Minor, of Etruria, of Greece, and of Egypt, were possessed of an elaborate civilisation, Gaul, France, Scandinavia, Britain, and Germany had not emerged from that state known as the neolithic, and that the recent discoveries imply that the age of bronze was due to the spreading of this civilisation from the Etruscan centre northwards and westwards. Our readers will see further from this review that the division into ages of polished stone, bronze, and iron, is merely relative, and does not imply periods, using the term in the historical sense. In the transalpine region the pre-historic times extend far down into the historic period of Greece and Rome. We would advise the archæologists as well as the historians to concentrate their attention on this overlap.

ART. VII.—*A Noble Queen: A Romance of Indian History.*

By MEADOWS TAYLOR, C.S.I., M.R.A.S., M.R.I.A., &c.,
Author of ‘Secta,’ ‘Tara,’ and other Tales. London: 1878.

UNHAPPILY ‘A Noble Queen’ is the last of Meadows Taylor’s novels, but at least it appears under more favourable circumstances than any of its predecessors in his Indian series. For it will be read by the light of the fascinating autobiography which we reviewed in a recent number.*

* Edinburgh Review, October 1877.

That autobiography made us intimate with its accomplished author, showing him as one of the most remarkable of the eminent men who have established the British ascendancy in India. That he did not arrive at more commanding positions was owing to the comparatively untoward circumstances under which he commenced his career. From first to last he had to resign himself to the consequences and disabilities of not having entered the covenanted service by the official door. So far as he made his way, he made it by his energy and sterling ability, and by the help of the friends his merits had won for him. He was promoted to responsible posts and entrusted with delicate negotiations involving desperate risks, because he proved himself a born leader of men. Within the sphere of his influence—and it was very wide after all—few Englishmen in India have shown themselves more powerful for good, mainly because he had studied the natives and sympathised with them. Amid the incessant routine of his engrossing and distracting avocations, we may consider it extremely fortunate that he turned his attention to literature. For he not only developed genuine literary talent, but he wrote in the fulness of knowledge and the ripeness of practical experience. Our concern now is with the author, not with the politician or soldier; and in more than one respect the ‘Noble Queen’ is a very extraordinary literary performance. In the pages his daughter added to the autobiography, we are informed of the melancholy circumstances under which it was composed. Colonel Taylor had spent the best of his strength in indefatigable Indian service. Even in his prime he had written his ‘Confessions of a Thug,’ when crippled by attacks of jungle fever. He came home with a shattered constitution to repose a mind that had been overstrained by its preoccupations. He was suffering under an incurable complaint, which the most sanguine of his physicians merely undertook to alleviate. His overtaxed brain was temporarily affected; it was only by fits and starts that he was able to use his pen; and the novel we are noticing now was the last of his literary efforts. We should have expected that it must have shown signs of his accumulating infirmities and been a melancholy monument of a powerful intellect in decay. In reality we are not flattering his memory when we pronounce it to be worthy of his talents at their best. Thanks to the choice of his maiden subject, nothing he has since written has rivalled, in point of sensation, the startling disclosures of Thuggee. But in picturesque effects and artistic workmanship, we doubt if ‘A Noble Queen’ is second to any of the books that went before, while the

author was educating himself to the last in growing experience and culture.

Whether the book will be very popular is another question, and a question we should hesitate to answer in the affirmative. In the first place the historical novel is not much in favour now-a-days; and in the next the great body of the reading public are strangely indifferent to what concerns India. But we are sure that whether it becomes popular or no, it must infallibly be appreciated by thoughtful readers, mainly because it is an Indian historical novel. It is but rarely that we have an unfamiliar subject made attractive by one who has mastered it in its most minute details. It is very difficult to overestimate the amount of information, that is conveyed, directly or indirectly, in such a novel as '*A Noble Queen.*' And the most plausible objections to the historical romance have no application in this instance. The great masters in that department of fiction—such as Scott in our own country, and Dumas in France, only redeemed the dryness of historical research by dressing the skeleton they had set up in the trappings of their fancy. When they are most eloquently graphic and launch out most brilliantly, you have an uneasy suspicion that they are least to be trusted. It is just the reverse with Meadows Taylor's Indian books. As we have said already, he had passed a lifetime among the people, with a natural capacity for analysing and appreciating their idiosyncrasies. He had mastered their dialects thoroughly; he had made himself so entirely one of themselves, that he could pass muster as a native gentleman at a fancy ball among searching eyes and curious tongues. And the India with which he had so minutely familiarised himself is almost identically the India of the sixteenth century, of whose history he is writing in the '*Noble Queen.*' The Norman-Saxon England of '*Ivanhoe*' had to be evolved out of Scott's studies and imagination. The lively discourse of Cedric's serfs in his forest of Rotherwood carries glaring extravagances on the very face of it. The storming of the Castle of Torquilstone is a brilliant piece of military archæology. But while England has been socially revolutionised, native India may be said to have been standing still. The kingdoms of Beejapoor and Ahmednugger have passed away; but though the races and religions that mingled in their territories may have shifted their landmarks, their manners and mutual relations remain almost unaltered. The prejudices of caste are as inveterate and profound; the suppleness of the shrewd Hindoo, the fire and fanaticism of the warlike followers of the Prophet, the phlegmatic love of independence

of the fierce and sturdy aboriginal tribes have scarcely been sensibly modified. The gorgeous state ceremonials of the splendid court of Chand Beebee may be witnessed to-day at Gwalior or Hyderabad; and holy and self-denying men, who aspire to the odour of sanctity, still tread the *turrequet* in the very footprints of Ahmad Ali, the fakeer of Moodgul. Nay, even the practice of warfare remains much the same as at the battle of the Veil or in the sieges of Ahmednugger, although chain armour is little worn to the south of the Indus and the Himalaya, and the guards of the feudatory princes are armed with the breechloading rifle. There is an eloquent passage in Macaulay's 'Essay on Warren Hastings,' on the vivid realism of the scenes of Indian life as reflected in the sympathetic imagination of Burke. All that Burke had gathered from books had been familiar to Meadows Taylor as an eye-witness. His pictures of the villages and bazaars; of the swarthy labourers toiling in the heat haze in their rice-fields, under the intense glare of a vertical sun; of wild bands of irregular horsemen plodding wearily along the jungle paths; of the noon-day rest and the night bivouac; of unwieldy buffaloes wallowing in the swamps; of merry hunting parties throwing the leash to their leopards and flying their falcons among the water-fowl in the tanks—are so many unmistakeable photographs that bring the picturesqueness of our Indian possessions home to us.

Even more is that the case, if possible, with the archæology and the magnificent scenery. The ruined city of Beejapoor, the phantom of its former splendour; the almost impregnable hill fort of Jaldroog; Ahmednugger, now an English cantonment, were all either in districts administered by Meadows Taylor, or within easy reach of his head-quarters. To conjure them up again for the purposes of his story needed no effort of the memory; they came of themselves in fond reminiscences. In place of gasping out existence in the monotony of the sun-baked plains, it was his happy fortune to have the sphere of his labours in the grand highlands of Central India. On his marches he rode through luxuriant forests, forded the clear and swift-flowing streams that come down in flood after rains in the mountains, and crossed the Ghauts by frowning defiles. We almost smile to observe how often he brings his characters to look down on the tumbling cataracts of the Krishna, evidently a favourite resort of his own. And we can hardly give his readers a more appropriate introduction to his novel than by quoting the opening scene, although it lies in the plains and not in the uplands:—

‘It was a fiery day in the end of the month of May 159—, when a small party of horsemen, evidently weary from long travel, were passing over the plains which lie north of the Krishna river. They carefully avoided village and road tracks, and kept a steady course eastward across the cultivated and uncultivated ground which seemed well known to them. There were no hedges, as the fields are unenclosed, except near the villages; and there were no trees, except distant clumps here and there, which marked the site of a village or hamlet, or perchance a lonely Mussulman shrine or Hindoo temple.

‘Nothing could be more dreary or desolate in appearance than the landscape; every green thing had long ago been burnt up; the soil was for the most part black and cracked; and the fields, which had been or were being ploughed, were broken into large clods, over which the tired horses strained with difficulty.

‘Beyond the river Krishna, which lay at a few miles’ distance to the right hand, was a small cluster of hills, and directly before them a continuation of the range, which seemed to be broken in the middle by a gap; but the hills themselves were continually distorted by the hot wind and mirage, which had effect on everything about them.

‘Trees suddenly appeared to start up, which dwindled into bushes as the party approached them; villages, with their walls and roofs of white slaty limestone, rose into seeming palaces, glittering in the sun, and disappeared; lakes of water seemed to gather together, and again vanish under the fierce blasts of the burning wind, which carried with it at times clouds of choking dust. Men and bullocks ploughing were seen for a moment, then rose quivering and mis-shapen into the air, and vanished under an increased blast.

‘Now and then the droning song of the ploughmen came upon them in snatches, borne by the wind, and again ceased, and there was no sound except the plaintive whistle of the red plover, as flocks ran swiftly over the ground, the shrill chirrup of grasshoppers, or the wail of the lapwing when it was disturbed and flew away. Occasionally large lizards with red throats raised their heads stupidly as the party passed them, or the small blue-throated species looked pertly from its position on a stone or high clod, puffed out its beautiful azure neck, and whistled a defiant note as it beheld the unusual sight, or darted into the hole or crack in which it lived, and was seen no more.

‘Over ploughed fields flocks of crows or white storks, with their beaks wide open, searched among the newly-turned clods for insects, and rose up with harsh cries and flew away before the mirage, and were soon lost to view; or trembling in the hot air took a short flight and settled again. Here and there a small river bed or a brook suggested a pool of water or thread of stream, at which the horses and men could quench their thirst; but they stayed rarely for this, and pursued their way with all the speed, a quick amble, that their horses were capable of.’ (Vol. i. pp. 1–3.)

The historical incidents of the novel carry us back for nearly three centuries, for ‘the Noble Queen’ was the contemporary of our own Elizabeth. In her high courage and her personal

attractions, in wisdom in council, and in capacity for far-sighted resolution, Chand Beebee must have resembled the illustrious Tudor Princess. But their fortunes were very different; for the Indian heroine lived in as stirring and more evil times, and untoward circumstances brought her to an untimely end. Barely a generation before the opening of the story, the Hindoo rulers of the Dekkan had been vanquished by Mohammedan invaders from the north, in a great battle on the banks of the Krishna. Stranger dynasties had seated themselves at Ahmednugger and Beejapoor, and the conquering princes have left their monuments in the stately remains which Meadows Taylor had so often admired, and which he describes in such glowing language. Chand Beebee was a daughter of the reigning house of Ahmednugger, and, by way of sealing the alliance of the families, had been given in marriage to the King of Beejapoor. On her husband's death and the accession of his youthful nephew, the royal widow retained much of her former authority. But troubles had broken out between the allied kingdoms; troops from Ahmednugger were in the field in league with the rebels of Beejapoor, and the queen was harassed by palace intrigues and conspiracies among the leaders in whom she might have trusted. Even had things been more peaceful, she would have found scope for her talents in administering a kingdom that had never been consolidated. Those Beydur tribes who figure so conspicuously in the story had only reluctantly accepted the consequences of their defeat. A savage and primitive race, despotically ruled on the patriarchal system—their chiefs either yielded obedience to the authority of their new sovereigns, or set it at nought, as it best suited them, safe in the inaccessible strongholds of their forests. And to bring difficulties to a climax, the Mogul dynasty of Delhi, jealous of the growing power of these southern kingdoms, and covetous of provinces that were held but loosely, had taken advantage of their dissensions to invade them in force. The story tells of the struggles of Queen Chand Beebee against foreign invasion and domestic treason. Her beauty and her munificence, her patriotism and her sage policy, her feats of gallantry in the field, her heroic defence of Ahmednugger, and the lamentable catastrophe by which she perished, still live in local song and tradition. Doubtless it was the romance surrounding her memory that tempted Colonel Meadows Taylor to single her out for the subject of his novel. At the same time he assures us in his short preface that he has closely and conscientiously followed history, and indeed the most

fervid imagination could scarcely have devised more stirring or strangely diversified incidents.

Queen Chand is the central figure of the history, but she is not the actual heroine of the tale. In his *Zóra*, Colonel Taylor has done his utmost to surmount the difficulty we adverted to in the unromantic relations of the sexes under the jealous institutions of the East. *Zóra* is scarcely more than a child, although already budding into precocious womanhood, and she is free as yet to roam about with uncovered face and unveiled figure. She is left the greater liberty of action, that she is the granddaughter of a fakeer, whose sanctity, with the duties it imposes upon him, almost encourages her in setting social prejudices at defiance. The awe and reverence with which he is regarded are the safeguards of his grandchild from insult, and silence malevolent tongues. The fakeer is blind and bowed down with infirmities, and he makes her his deputy in the works of charity and mercy which are the steps of the ladder on which he is climbing to heaven. So that in place of having been cramped and confined in the tainted atmosphere of the zenana, *Zóra* has all the grace and intelligence of a girl who knows something of the world, and who has had opportunities of looking on life both in its brighter and its more earnest aspects. She is accomplished, too, far beyond her years and apparent station, for she has been the eyes of her blind grandparent, who is a man of extraordinary learning and has familiarised her with more than one foreign tongue; while, as we are given to understand from the first, there is a mystery surrounding the antecedents of the Syud, and his station is not what it seems to be. If *Zóra* is to win the heart of some chivalrous noble, he need not be afraid of stooping to a *mésalliance*. Her grandfather's story is as genuinely Eastern as their simple habits of life. A physician of marvellous attainments, whose fame had spread far and wide, he had been disfigured and deprived of his eyesight by the brutal caprice of the despot who had honoured him. He withdrew from the world that had maltreated him to live and labour for another, while his spirit had been humbled and made more tolerant under the load of his unmerited sufferings. A devout worshipper of the Prophet and a firm believer in the Koran, the sentiments the author puts in the mouth of the Syud would do honour to the most liberal-minded of Christian missionaries. Meantime the charity he has taught his grandchild brings to both of them in this world its rich reward. Meadows Taylor showed his skill and talent as a novelist when he made *Zóra's* childlike good deeds win her the devotion of the wild Bey-

durs, who save her in her worst extremity from the fate to which she seems doomed. Equally Oriental with the sharp vicissitudes of fortune which make the banished courtier an outcast and a mendicant, is the meekness with which he resigns himself to the exigencies of his saintly profession. The learned Hakini whom the king had delighted to honour begs for alms as a fakeer from the meanest of the faithful, without a thought of disgrace ; it is God and the Prophet who are feeding him by the hands of the votaries who are working out their salvation. And when the turn of the wheel of fortune and the timely disclosure of his identity raise him again above the high station he has fallen from, the fakeer still persists in the practice of his vows of mendicancy. Travelling with Zóra under a gallant escort towards the court, where they are to bask once more in the favour of the sovereign, the pair descend from their luxurious palankins to spread their begging-mats by the doors of the mosques, although they dispense all they gather in second-hand charity.

And it is to Zóra's tender benevolence that she owes not only the attachment of the rough Beydurs, but the lover and husband for whom they save her. Abbas Khan, leader of the small party of flying horsemen whom we saw labouring across the plains of the Dekkan, is brought to the fakeer's lowly dwelling to be nursed. It is but dimly at first that the charms of the childlike face that was bending wistfully over his pallet dawn upon his fevered vision ; but by way of showing the veteran author's sympathetic lightness of touch in a description of youth and grace and love, we may transfer his portrait of his heroine, with the passages in which he introduces her :—

‘ Zóra was apparently about fourteen years old, perhaps somewhat more ; but she was tall for her age, and her figure was lithe and supple. She was fair in comparison with ordinary Mussulman women of her country, but not fairer than a light, clear, ruddy brown, betokening health and strength. Her head was small and perfectly shaped, sitting on a graceful neck ; and her hair, a glossy black, escaped from under the scarf she wore in a profusion of soft curls, which seemed to wind lovingly about her neck and shoulders. Her forehead was wide and somewhat low, but smooth and glistening, the eyebrows gently arched and regular ; but it was the eyes that involuntarily attracted every beholder, and with her mobile lips expressed every emotion of her mind. Now they would be fully and tenderly opened, and you would see the large soft dilated pupil of a velvety black, floating, as it were, on a ground of the tenderest violet and azure. A merry arch glance shot from them as they closed almost to a twinkling dot of light. They seemed incapable of anger or petulance, and, indeed, the child's life had as yet been one of little sorrow or excitement of any kind, and her natural disposition was gentle and submissive.

‘It was certain that her figure would be strikingly elegant as her age progressed, but as yet there was no indication of form, except a liteness and grace which marked every movement; and as she stretched forth her hand to minister to the wounded sufferer, her rounded arms, small hands, and taper fingers, gave promise of actual beauty in days to come; while as she threw back her luxuriant hair, the movement of her neck conveyed an exquisite undulating motion to her whole figure. No one could call the girl beautiful, or her features regular; they would not have been nearly so charming had they been so; but her mouth and pearly teeth accorded with all else, and combined to produce a countenance as attractive as it was in reality arch, good-humoured, and interesting. She was very plainly, not to say coarsely, clad; but the simple muslin scarf, which passing round her body and head fell over her right arm, was worn with a peculiar air and grace, and the petticoat of cotton stuff was, perhaps, fuller and more womanly than her age required.’ (Vol. i. pp. 26–28.)

It is a powerful and most graphic picture, that of the group of watchers by the wounded man through the long and weary night. The differences of caste and creed are levelled in the charity of their purpose, and in the common anxiety that is consuming them. There is the tearful Zóra, as we have seen her presented to us, whose heart is touched already, although she is all unconscious of it. There is the venerable Syud, who, withdrawn to his couch, lies muttering half mechanically prayers or spells, when his feeble interest does not forget itself in sleep, and the wild Beydur chief, neither Hindoo nor Moslim, whom the Santon has admitted to that select company on the strength of his own unimpeachable holiness, and who watches the warrior who has won his rude devotion at least as tenderly and anxiously as Zóra.

Abbas Khan is contrasted in character throughout the book with his reckless cousin Osman Beg. They have not a few points of resemblance; but they represent very opposite types of that formidable Moslim chivalry which, till it came in collision with disciplined Europeans, carried all before it from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin. Both are of high courage, trained from their childhood to the use of arms, and delighting in the excitement of warfare and forays. But Osman Beg is the representative Oriental warrior, as Europeans are in the habit of conceiving him—and, as we are bound to say, not without plausible presumption—spoiled in the zenana, brought up in self-indulgence, as lustful of money and power as of battle and carnage. Osman Beg has intrigued and caballed, until he has fallen into suspicion at the court. But he has friends at court and the art to make the most of them; and by way of compromise, instead of being disgraced

and punished, he is relegated to the lonely fortress of Juldroog, where he has surrounded himself with dissolute retainers, and whence he terrorises the surrounding country. He scoffs at laws, human and divine, and is only kept within bounds by fear of retribution, or by the religion or superstition of his lawless followers. Superstitious himself, he sees his fate in Zóra, when he has yielded to the witchery of her charms and been provoked by the resistance he has met with. As for Abbas Khan, he is as different from his cousin as light from darkness. Too much idealised, perhaps, though the author must know best; for in reading Meadows Taylor's novels we feel more inclined to learn from than to criticise them, so far at least as all things Indian are concerned. But Abbas Khan has all the chivalry which Scott has embodied in his Saladin of the 'Talisman,' or the late Lord Lytton in his Musa of the siege of Granada. His worst fault is the hare-brained recklessness of youth; but with his strong arm and his open hand, he has the gift of attaching warriors to him like women. His noble bearing and his dashing services in the field seem to vouch for the loyalty and courage which are impeached by his jealous backbiters. The 'Noble Queen,' who had adopted him as a son, is still inclined to love him like a mother. When he has a fair hearing, backed up by a fair fight, he wins even the suffrages and applause of those who had been his open enemies. And the gallant Mohammedan warrior, who might well have been the countryman of Sidney, the flower of Christian knighthood, loves Zóra with the soul as much as the senses; and hence their love affairs have a Western charm and interest, which possibly detracts in some measure from the Oriental colouring of the novel.

The scenes shift, in the first place, from the frontier fortress of Juldroog to the stately capital of Beejapoor. Readers of the 'Story of My Life' will remember that both places were familiar to Taylor. Osman Beg had been shelved as governor of Juldroog, and the fortress blended with the rocks on the crest of a precipitous hill which had been made nearly impregnable by art assisting nature. Sulking like a bird of prey in his eyrie, which had so savage and evil a reputation that he found it difficult to lure even dancing girls thither for money, the licentious governor had set his lawless affections on the fair child of the Syud, who had his habitation in the town below. Here we have the picture of the landscape that lay round the base of the rock fort:—

'I have already said that the situation of Juldroog was eminently picturesque and beautiful, but it was beauty of a savage kind. The

river Krishna, in the course of ages, in which the great cataract had been formed, had cut its way through a range of rocky hills which continued northwards and southwards from the brink of the ravine, through which its waters flowed. Throughout the ravine, which was about three-quarters of a mile long, its sides were formed of rugged, and precipitous rocks, amongst which there was enough foliage to redeem them from entire savageness. Towards the end of the ravine the fort was situated, evidently a portion of the main range, through which the river had cut its way. Looking from the crest of the cataract above, it seemed as if the giant mass of the fort blocked up the narrow ravine altogether; but at the angle opposed to the river it separated into two branches, one to the north and one to the south. Abbas Khan had crossed over the northern branch, which was comparatively narrow, and at a somewhat steeper incline than the southern, which was more spread out and more full of scattered rocks.

‘Both branches united at the end of the island thus formed, and the noble river flowed on unbroken, except by low rocky islands covered with wood. In dry weather the stream was reduced to a comparatively small compass, the cataract was divided into many portions threading through the rocks in their white streams, and disclosing the whole of the wonderful construction of the fall, huge masses of granite rocks crossed by veins and dykes of basalt. From the crest of the cataract to the pool beneath, the measure by level of the descent is four hundred and eight feet in about a quarter of a mile; and, as I have before attempted to describe, the fury of the descending mass of water when the wide river is in flood, is majestic and wonderful in the extreme; but the place is so lonely, so entirely out of the way of ordinary travellers, that few, except the people of the country immediately around, know of its existence.’ (Vol. i. pp. 82-84.)

And beyond the dangerous rapids of the Krishna, a stream that could only be crossed when the water was comparatively low, lay the villages of the Beydurs in the labyrinth of jungles. The Beydurs had been but half subjugated by the Hindoo Rajahs, and they resisted the intrusion of the myrmidons of the Mohammedan authority, though when it pleased them they followed its standards to the field. No man had better opportunities of knowing them than Colonel Taylor, and he had good reason to like and admire them. When he was sent to pacify the troubled principality of Shorapoor, he found them ready to rise in arms against the Englishman who had undertaken to curb their lawless excesses. On his first interview with those wild chieftains, he half won their hearts, and when he left the province after years of residence among them, they would willingly have armed and died in his defence. We may believe that he had his own experiences in his mind in depicting the devotion of their chieftain Runga Naik to the manly and chivalrous Shah Abbas. There is nothing better in his book

than the descriptions of the warlike and rugged mountaineers. at once so fierce, so affectionate, and so faithful. Runga Naik and Burma, his second in command, remind one of those rough and ferocious hounds, ready to fly at anyone but their master, though they may crouch to the soft hand of a girl. Runga's coming to the rescue of Zóra is admirably told, when she is a prisoner in the fortress of Osman Beg, and threatened by his rough wooing. The hooting of the owl is heard as the preconcerted signal; the girl glides out into the darkness through the breach that Oriental negligence has left in the walls of the fort. Her protectors hurry her away to a temporary refuge in the dens of the panthers who kennel in the cliffs over the waterfall; and thence they stealthily descend through the undercover to the ferry, where they are rowed across the stream by their Beydur clansmen. Even more natural and more picturesque perhaps is her second escape into the Beydur territory, which occurs far later in the story. The lights by which they follow the intricate forest paths under trusty guidance, betray the approach of the party. It is received by armed guards, who hesitate to awaken Burma Naik, whose temper is not to be excited with impunity. Burma is sleeping off last night's debauch, and a most unsightly and disagreeable figure he makes when he is awakened. But their letter of credence from his chief turns the fierce debauchee into the cordial host, who receives the refugees with a delicate *empressement* which leaves nothing to desire.

In the meantime the principal personages of the story have left the forests round Juldroog for the royal city of Beejapoor. The ruins of the palaces and sacred buildings that owed their origin to the taste and munificence of the Mohammedan princes are reconstructed for us in all their pristine magnificence. The city is repeopled with its bustling life, and the trains of mounted warriors blazing in jewels and splendid armour are threading their way among the busy crowds along the narrow thoroughfares. We glance into the gay bazaars and see the glorious vegetation of the gardens enveloping the columns and façades. 'Beyond was the busy city and its
' countless objects, with the smoke rising up from its countless
' fires and covering it as with a thin veil of blue mist. Palaces,
' mansions, bazaars, mosques, temples, with their spires, domes,
' and temples, were intermingled with the terraced roofs of the
' houses, and showed no break in the continuity of the streets
' and suburbs, leading the eye onwards to the fort itself, which
' terminated the view, for here the chief interest of the great

‘panorama centred, and the noblest buildings seemed clustered together.’

Zóra and her grandfather, travelling under the escort of her lover, Abbas Khan, have met the Noble Queen herself, issuing forth with her suite on a grand hunting party.

‘There is a portrait of the Queen still, I hope, in existence at Beejapoor, taken before her husband’s death by some Persian artist at the Court. It is a profile, exquisitely painted in body colour, with none of the stiffness which usually accompanies Oriental pictures. The features are regular and very beautiful; the eyes large, of a soft brown, with long dark eyelashes, the eyebrows arched. The mouth is very sweet and gentle in expression, and bears a slight smile; but there is a decided tone of firmness about the full round chin and graceful throat; and the forehead, though not high, has a breadth and power which must have been very remarkable. Altogether the Queen’s is one of those faces which, once seen, are never forgotten; and the complexion is fair, with a faint tinge of carnation through the cheeks, which makes it almost European. Could Titian but have painted the face, it would have been one of the most perfect and interesting in the world. Her acknowledged beauty, her talent, and her sweet disposition, rendered her a popular favourite; and though local parties at Beejapoor were often seriously divided, all accepted her regency with enthusiasm.’ (Vol. i. pp. 227, 228.)

Then come the spirited episodes of the royal chase, when the leopard was slipped on the trail of the antelopes, and the falcon unhooded to follow the floriken.

‘They could see the leopard distinctly making its way down the slope, taking advantage of every inequality of ground, of small bushes, of ant-hills, and even of tufts of grass; creeping softly from one to another, and crouching to the ground if the deer showed the slightest symptoms of alarm. Once a huge black buck, the monarch of the herd, rose from the ground where he had been lying, stretched himself lazily, and ran playfully after some young fawns who had dared to approach him; and the leopard seemed to understand this, for it lay as if dead among some grass of very much its own colour. Presently it looked up, and saw the buck grazing with its head turned away; and a few more moves were made, the leopard crouching whenever there was a chance of being seen.’ (Vol. i. p. 214.)

Abbas Khan comes half as a culprit to exculpate himself from false accusations of assassination and cowardice. Great bodies of Abyssinian mercenaries have been enrolled in the armies of Beejapoor, and by slaying one of their leaders in a frontier skirmish he had provoked the enmity of his Abyssinian comrades. He is cited to plead his own cause in full durbar, which gives opportunity for painting the gorgeous costumes of one of these grand military ceremonials of state. We have

the pillared hall with the robed nobles and armed warriors; the lines of the richly caparisoned elephants; the mailed squadrons of horse; the serried masses of the infantry; the corps of the Beydur irregulars in their rough suits of close-fitting leather, contrasting with the pomp and splendour of the rest. The fiery Abbas Khan pleads his cause with frank and impulsive eloquence; but he has no idea of resting his defence on the smoothness of his ready tongue. The ordeal by battle was in full force among the Indian Mohammedans, as it lingered still among the Christian chivalry, and it is to that he makes his final appeal. Under his gay garments of cloth of gold and his flowing petticoat-like trousers he wears a light chain suit of Milan mail, while the links of a twisted chain are wound among the folds of his turban. A flexible Toledo blade hangs from his brocaded scarf, for at that time the Beejapoor people were trading habitually with the Portuguese merchants of Goa. Allah defends the right; Shah Abbas slays the formidable champion of the Abyssinians after a hand-to-hand fight on horseback, and with Oriental impulsiveness the countrymen of the fallen man acclaim the prowess of the youthful conqueror, and the decree that advances him to be their general on the spot.

‘A Noble Queen’ presents the East to us—the country of startling contrasts and vicissitudes, the paradise of adventurers in every career. Always trembling on the brink of a fall, the aspirant may be raised of a sudden to a dizzy height. Abbas Khan had no doubt been brought up at the court; he was the son of a trusted and distinguished officer, and had besides been the cherished favourite of the Queen. But his gallant vindication of himself from a charge of cowardice not only results in acquittal and promotion, but actually makes him commander of an army in a very critical moment. Independently of his extreme youth he is the last man to have merited the post, for he has had the reputation of pushing courage to foolhardiness and recklessly risking the lives of his followers. Of a sudden, however, he has attained to a station as much beyond his years as his services; he is the man whom her Majesty has delighted to honour, and might aspire to the hand of any woman in the realm. But he has set his affections on the fair Zóra, which, so far as he is concerned, is extremely natural, considering her attractions, and his gratitude, and his warm blood. In reality, however, although Zóra is but the daughter of a disgraced court physician who has turned fakeer, there is no thought of a *mésalliance* when he is inclined to offer himself formally to her. Zóra, who passed her childhood in a

• cottage on the banks of the Krishna, lending her services as a ministering angel to the humblest of the townsfolk and peasants—Zóra, who had come to the court of Beejapoor, begging her way with her blind grandfather as a humble suppliant for protection and justice, is already the darling of the Queen and the petted favourite of the court. The Queen is become her mother rather than her friend, and it is she who draws from the shrinking and blushing maiden the first spoken confession of her love. The incident is very prettily told, and the delicacy and warm sympathy which pervade it are proofs the more of Meadows Taylor's artistic versatility, showing a sensibility that is singularly engaging in an author who was closing a long career.

'The child was too truthful to be a coquette, and she could not resist the appeal. Lying in the Queen's arms, and sobbing with excitement, she told all, from the night of the watch to the scene of the trial, and how she thought Mecah would never leave her. "And "many have asked Abba to give me away" (and she thought of the Rajah's poor secretary with a smile), "even the great and rich; but I "refused, and Abba did not press me. O mother, I love Meeah! I do "love him! Is it unmaidenly? Is it wrong? Often I have thought "it was, and longed to put on the green dress and take its vows, but "Abba always prevented me. Now do as thou wilt with me."

"It is enough, child," returned the Queen, stroking her soft round cheek and kissing her forehead. "Enough for thee, and for those who "love thee; and may the Lord bless thee, my darling!"' (Vol. iii. p. 78.)

But Zóra has a right to the *entrée* of the palace in virtue of her grandfather's growing sanctity. Step by step the venerable fakcer has been ascending the *turreqt* or path of salvation, taking degree after degree by popular acclamation and reverence. The eloquence of the holy Syud has moved the masses who gathered to hear him in the mosques and the market-places. On one occasion, when praying in a mosque on a festival day in presence of the prince and a crowd of worshippers, the spirit had descended on him irresistibly, and he had asked permission to address the assembly.

'As the old man took his place on the upper step of the pulpit, clad in his green dress, and, leaning on his staff, stretched out his arms, a murmur came from the assembly which cheered and excited him; and with a short text on the love of God, his words poured forth in a stream, not in the soft Persian he had adopted of late, but in the rugged Dekhan tongue—which had little of ornament or hyperbole in it—which became a torrent of alternate entreaty, reproach, and assurance, the like of which had never been heard before then by any. There were no sophisms, no mysteries, no display of profound erudition, incomprehensible except to a few; but there was instead instruction on

the true Turrecqui, the true path of salvation. He pleaded humility, before God; charity, pity, and love to God and man; absence of any spiritual arrogance, which was but too prevalent, and of self-conceit and display. He spoke of the softer graces of habitual piety, of truth to man and to God, and of sobriety, patience, and endurance; tenderness in home duties and abroad; in short, attention to all the godly precepts of the book of God's messenger, who had inspired it, as he believed, and enjoined constant thought of the day of judgment, and the trial then of all profession.' (Vol. ii. pp. 246-247.)

The voice of the faithful is the voice of Allah. The cry arises from all parts of the vast assemblage, 'A saint! a saint! a miracle hath been done, for such words were never heard;' and the prince, swept away in the general excitement, makes himself the mouthpiece of the universal sentiment. The wandering fakier of Juldroog is proclaimed a saint and a Wallee on the spot, and the prince solemnly salutes him by the new title, and makes him drink of the sacred chalice that is filled with the sherbet of salvation. Henceforth the holy man is recognised as the superior of secular generals and statesmen. Sanctified by the popular spirit of religion, which, though it may be fanatical, is at least earnest and sincere, and strong in the blind adoration of his admirers, he is raised above the reach of intrigues, or even of the royal caprice. Nor has he his reward merely in a foretaste on the earth of the exalted rank he is to hold in the heavens. He is munificently gifted with rich domains, so that even in a temporal point of view the hand of his heiress becomes very well worth the winning.

But it is not only in the honours they pay to the most holy of their own faith, that we see, as Colonel Taylor represents it, the genuine religion of the Moslim of that period. Running parallel to the main plot, and occasionally intertwining itself with it, we have the historical story of the Christian missionaries of Moodgul. The conduct of one of them, Dom Diego de Fonseca, belies all the teachings of the founder of his religion. He is the adventurous cavalier who has taken orders from ambition. He has all the qualities with all the vices of a bold and aspiring soldier of fortune. Baffled in his attempts on the affections of the beautiful sister of his colleague, the revengeful libertine seeks to hand Francis d'Almeida over to the mercies of the Inquisition. Lustful, unscrupulous, and avaricious, escaping from the sentence and dungeons of the Inquisition, he flies to the Mogul armies from the condemnation of his Church, and half redeems an unholy life by the death of a gallant soldier. But if Dom Diego's conduct has been a scandal and a stumbling-block in the eyes and the path of

heretics and heathen, the influence of his baneful example is counteracted by the piety of D'Almeida. D'Almeida's courage is as great, and of a far loftier order. His meekness and long-suffering are only equalled by his constancy and calm resolution. He is the living evidence of the beauties of the Christian creed. He has so entirely won the hearts of his flock that they will listen to neither charges nor calumnies against him, but run to arms to protect him. His native deacon makes the pilgrimage to Goa to bear witness in his favour before the terrible Holy Office. The good old governor of Moodgul has learned to respect him, and saves him from the machinations of the familiars of the Inquisition by sending him to Beejapoor under simulated arrest; and there he is received into the favour of the queen, having long before formed a firm friendship with the holy Syud, whom he had met at Juldroog.

Even after the lovers have reached the court, and when Abbas Khan has vindicated himself from the charges that weighed upon him, their troubles are by no means over. Zóra has to go through a formidable ordeal at the trial of the traitor Osman Beg, who had once held her in his power, and who loves her the more passionately for his disappointments. It is a characteristic episode of Eastern justice as administered in open assembly. It is true that the evidence against Osman is overwhelming, and his condemnation seems to be a foregone conclusion. Besides the testimony of credible witnesses who had either been his accomplices, or with whom he had attempted to tamper, there are irresistible *pièces de conviction* in his own handwriting. So inevitable does his fate appear to be that the headsman has repaired to the place of execution, where he holds himself in readiness. The *scharfrichter* of Beejapoor is an enthusiast and artist in his profession, and regards the refinements of his office from the æsthetic and religious points of view. He resents Shah Abbas having saved him a labour by killing in single combat the sturdy Abyssinian bravo who had attempted the life of the young noble. He exhibits his sword of office to the bystanders, and claims their intelligent appreciation of its beauties. “Can anything be more beautiful than this?” and rising, he drew from its scabbard a broad-bladed sword, rather broader at the point than at the hilt, with a point nearly square, with some, to him, strange-looking letters upon it, which he believed to be a charm. The motto, indeed, ran—“*Inter arma silent leges*,”—and the sword had been forged in Germany.’ He is sure that the weapon will have its work to do that day, for he has had a special intimation from the head of the police. But he remembers of a sudden that there

may be an evil eye among the onlookers, and he insists upon hurriedly dismissing them in the meantime. Moreover, he would be left to his prayers and meditations. For as the Italian assassin carries a cross with his stiletto, and as the Thug never casts the fatal handkerchief without breathing a devout entreaty to Bhowanee, so the public executioner was a pious man, and he bends his head humbly in preparatory prayer when he hears the call of the muczzin from the neighbouring minarets.

This once, however, he is doomed to disappointment, and Osman Beg, to the misfortune of his country, is indebted for his justly-forfeited life to the intercession of the cousin whose death he had plotted. Nowhere except in the East, the land of what seems most improbable, could a criminal so shameless and so dangerous have escaped. The king has entered the hall of audience and taken his seat on the royal throne. The hall is crowded with the rows of nobles and courtiers, rising rank over rank, and the criminal is brought forward to the bar. He is proved guilty of public treason; of scheming the murder of the queen and the death of his cousin Abbas Khan; of the abduction of Zóra, who is standing near the throne, and whose charms have disposed the audience against him. His own servants and accomplices, on protection being assured to them, have turned against the fallen man. Zóra herself sets forth the story of her outrages with a timid but firm serenity that carries irresistible conviction of its truth. Osman Beg has to hear how he had engaged a gang of Dacoits to seize upon her, and he cannot deny the fact. But he is supported by his natural audacity and the fatalism of his creed. If he is doomed, he is doomed; and he takes a pride in defying the power of the throne and the indignant feelings of the vast assemblage, until one is inclined to admire him, ruffian as he is. More eager for revenge than for his life and honour, he too demands the combat. Fired by Zóra's charms and demeanour, each youth among the martial nobility would gladly come forward as her champion, although Abbas Khan claims precedence even against his cousin. But the combat cannot be permitted to Osman Beg. His is no case of mere suspicion in a matter which Heaven only can decide; his guilt is clear, and the stains on his character make him unworthy the swords of men of honour. He would be handed over by acclamation to the expectant executioner, when Abbas Khan first interposes, and then the king. For the sake of his gallant and generous cousin; in consideration of his father who has done good service, he will be spared the indignity of an ignominious

death. His sentence is commuted to banishment and an involuntary pilgrimage to Mecca. Even then, in the very moment of his escape, his audacity does not desert him. He claims to carry Zóra with him as his wife, on the strength of a mock marriage he had attempted when she was in his fort of Juldroog. Even that claim, all baseless as it seems and proves to be, is fairly sifted by Mohammedan justice. If Osman Beg were really married to the girl, his she must be. But the decision is given promptly against him, and the baffled traitor and libertine withdraws. We have dwelt upon the scene of the trial, because it is equally graphic and suggestive; while Osman Beg, repulsive as his character is, strikes us as one of the most powerful and natural figures in the novel. We fear that men of his unscrupulous stamp were far more frequent in Indian history than gallant and gentle cavaliers like Abbas Khan, or than veterans such as Dilwar Khan, the good governor of Moodgul. They were adventurers like Osman Beg who led those conquering squadrons of foreign horse who overran the fertile plains of Hindoostan, and who made the misery of the inhabitants before British rule had been established in the country.

The actual novel may be said to come to a close with the death of the venerable Syud and the marriage of his granddaughter. The obstacles that had separated Zóra and her lover were not altogether cleared away by the discomfiture of Osman Beg. Abbas Khan was entangled by an old standing engagement to the rich but ill-favoured and ill-tempered heiress of one of the most distinguished of his Abyssinian generals. Fortunately the young lady's father, an intimate of Abbas Khan's soldier uncle, looks at the matter like a man of sense, sees his ugly daughter with impartial eyes, and is persuaded that the match must end in misery. He conspires with his old comrade to help Abbas Khan to the happiness he has set his heart upon, and gives excellent advice as to the management of the negotiations which are to defeat the intentions of the ladies of his household. He advises that advantage should be taken of the covetous disposition of his wife, and Colonel Taylor has described, with much humour, how the Lady Fyzun's domestic parsimony made her easy-going husband miserable in what ought to have been a comfortable home. The payment of a handsome sum by way of solace for the breach of engagement leaves all parties tolerably well satisfied.

The rest of the book is nearly pure history. The interest is chiefly concentrated in Queen Chand's defence of the city of Ahmednugger against the armies of Delhi through two

protracted sieges. Those unfamiliar with Indian warfare towards the close of the sixteenth century will be surprised to learn how conspicuous a part was played by artillery and engineering corps on either side. It is true that the field-pieces and guns of position were not very formidable; but it was the science and courage of the engineers that decided the fate of the city. Working up to the walls by sap, mines were pushed under the fortifications to be met by countermines which were less successful. But the explosions in the first instance proved a comparative failure, and there is a brilliant account of the sanguinary repulse of the attempt to storm an impracticable breach. The assault was led by the daring renegade, Dom Diego de Fonseca, to the booming of the imperial kettle-drums and the salvoes of the siege artillery.

‘All through the Moghul trenches the silence was almost oppressive. The muezzin’s call to prayer was proclaimed like that in the fort, and for a brief space only a distant hum from the town and camp could be heard. As Maria stood on the steps of the great bastion she could hear flies buzzing about her, the birds chirruping in the trees near her, and even the lowing and bleating of the cattle and sheep which were feeding in the sheltered ditch of the fortress. The sun shone through the thunderous air with a fierce, hot glare over all, and the plains and glacis were quivering in the trembling light. . . . Suddenly on the crest of one of the trenches beyond, a tall, powerful figure, dressed in European costume, stood forth, waving a naked sword, which flashed in the sun; while with the other hand he removed a plumed morion from his head, and made a courteous salute to the fort. He wore a bright corslet of steel, with gauntlets, and a buff coat and boots, richly embroidered. In his left hand he carried a stout stick, but no shield or other defence whatever. For an instant there was a shout of “Shabash! Shabash Feringi!” and, instantly, a crowd of men scrambled over the trenches, and, as he pointed to the breach, followed him. And these, some hundreds in number, Europeans and native volunteers, formed the forlorn hope. Again, others came on in denser array, Arabs, Pathans, Afghans, Rajpoots, dressed in yellow tunics; and other tribes, many singing their war song, others shouting their national war-cries, armed with matchlocks, sword, shield, and spear, flashing in the afternoon sun, which poured its hot rays on all. It was now somewhat past four in the afternoon, and the sultry heat of the day had become almost sickening, when a slight breeze from the west waved the banners of the advancing host, and slightly displaced the cloud of dust which had arisen over them. It was a glorious, awe-inspiring spectacle truly; but the defenders blanched not from it; every man grasped his weapon more firmly, and stood at his post prepared for the worst, should it come. On the far side of the ditch, along the crest of the counterscarp and covered way, clouds of skirmishers spread themselves, pouring their shot upon the defences; but the fire had little effect, and gradually slackened.’ (Vol. iii. pp. 197–199.)

The city was lost at last by foul treachery, and the queen murdered in an onslaught of misguided mutineers, who repented the deed almost as soon as it was perpetrated. The gallant and loyal Abbas Khan was saved from sharing the fate of his mistress by being on duty at another part of the fortifications. He has the satisfaction of so far revenging her, when his traitor cousin, Osman Beg, falls at last under his sword; and he escapes again at the storming of the place by the lucky accident of having been struck senseless in an explosion. He regains his consciousness to find himself a prisoner, but is treated by the generous conqueror with the respect which his gallantry has gained him. He is dismissed in all honour with his wife and treasure, is gratefully welcomed by Queen Chand's nephew at Beejapoor, and is appointed to replace old Dilwar Khan in the vicereignty of Moodgul. So we leave him living in dignity and happiness with his bride in the very spot where they had made each other's acquaintance, and where she had saved the life which has since been consecrated to her.

We would gladly have spared space to some of the minor female characters who impress us as being among the most original sketches in the story, such as Máma Luteefu, the professional agent for the arrangement of marriages and less reputable negotiations, with her confidante and servant, Shireen-bee; Zuffra-bee, the cook of Osman Beg, who manages to preserve her self-respect and independence in the disorderly household of the governor, and who takes the liberties of an old and useful servant with her overbearing master; and above all the Lady Keysama, the shrewish wife of the Beydur chieftain, who succeeded in henpecking the fierce husband whose word was law in the tribe, and whose name was the terror of his neighbours. The book in fact, with the other works of the author, gives the most vivid and truthful pictures we know of the social and political conditions of Central India, of its scenery, its institutions, and the manners and customs of the men of various races and religions who make up its picturesque and motley population. But perhaps its chief value lies in the light in which it presents our Indian fellow-subjects to the ignorance or prejudices of the average Englishman. We are told that they have their noble qualities as well as their vices and their faults; that the influences of differences of colour and blood, even of religious and political institutions, are far more superficial than we are inclined to fancy; and, in short, we are taught invaluable lessons of humanity by one who was an experienced politician as well as a philanthropist.

- ART. VIII.—1. *The War Ships of Europe.* By Chief Engineer KING, U.S.N. Revised and corrected throughout, with additional Notes, by an English Naval Architect. Portsmouth: 1878.
2. *A Manual of Naval Architecture.* By W. H. WHITE, Assistant Constructor, Royal Navy, &c. London: 1877.
3. *Almanach für Sr. Maj. Kriegs-Marine.* Pola: 1877.
4. *L'Année Maritime, Revue des Événements &c. dans les Marmes Française et Étrangères.* Paris: 1877.
5. *Les Navires de Guerre les plus récents.* Par M. MARCHAL, Ingénieur des Constructions Navales. Paris: 1876.
6. *Die Marine, eine gemeinfassliche Darstellung des gesammten Seewesens, &c.* Von W. RUDOLF BROMMY, Contre-Admiral, und H. VON LITTROW, Fregatten-Capitän. Dritte Auflage von F. VON KRONENFELS. Wien (published in parts in 1877 and 1878).

FOR nearly ten years military reorganisation has been the all but engrossing occupation of most continental governments. The work—the origin of which we may perhaps in the majority of cases refer to the events of the year 1866—received a fresh impulse from the results of the war between France and Germany in 1870–71. It has been pursued with more or less energy from the Tagus to the Neva, from Italy to the Scandinavian kingdoms. Nor have we ourselves abstained from engaging in the pursuit. The British army, not less than those of our continental neighbours, has undergone a process of remodelling of a character so sweeping that several of the features of the ancient system have entirely disappeared. But not only in the camp and on the parade-ground has the work been carried on; the arsenal and the dockyard have been the scene of labours as incessant and as energetic. In some respects, indeed, the work of the naval administrator has been more remarkable than that of his colleague of the military department. Armies have been reformed or reconstructed, it is true; but whilst every navy with any previous history has been submitted to fundamental alterations in its constitution, some have almost been created within the period adverted to. If the vast expansion of the armies of the Continent has rendered necessary a close examination into the condition of our military force and endeavours to increase its efficiency, no arguments are needed to show that the formation of a correct estimate of our naval strength, and, if requisite, a determination

to bring it up to its proper level, are even more imperatively demanded by the circumstances of the empire and the present state of public affairs.

We hope in this article to exhibit as clearly as the subject will permit the true condition of the maritime force of the country. In doing so we intend to rely upon facts which have been culled from no half inaccessible or hidden official sources, but from published works within easy reach of every person who cares to make inquiry into the matter, and of an authority which we venture to think all will concede to be so high as to be unimpeachable and above suspicion. Whilst in England we have been deeply occupied in examinations of the military systems of foreign nations and in adopting such portions of them as appeared likely to improve our own service, foreigners have been even more eager in their investigation of naval matters and attempts to add to whatever naval force they may have happened to possess. The British navy has thus found a host of independent and thoroughly disinterested critics. This circumstance enables us to place above this article an array of books containing critical descriptions of the navies of the world. But one of them, and that a treatise on an eminently technical subject, is from the pen of an Englishman. It is not our purpose to criticise the above-named works; we must not, however, pass them by without a word of notice, as it is to them that we owe most of the *data* on which the information that this article is intended to convey is founded.

Mr. White's 'Manual of Naval Architecture' illustrates admirably the position which the science, of which it attempts to give a comprehensive summary, has attained in the estimation of that large body of people who, interested in nautical affairs generally, are not especially concerned with questions of naval design. The book will be found to be remarkably clear by those whose previous training has not specially fitted them for the consideration of the recondite problems which the naval architect has to confront in these days. A perusal of it will cause many to make allowances for the difficulties with which the designers of the modern ship of war have to contend, and to realise the extraordinary and honourable success which has attended their efforts. But beyond this the work is a striking monument of the vast changes which have taken place in a comparatively short time in maritime affairs, and which, having revolutionised naval architecture, have proportionately affected the whole range of naval tactics and the art of ocean warfare. In a chapter (No. IX.) on 'The Structural Strength of Ships,' and in another on 'Materials for Ship-building,'

Mr. White has summarised some of the results of this great revolution. Into 'the wonderful progress of the last half-century have been crowded the development of ocean steam navigation, the introduction of iron sea-going ships, and the use of armoured war-ships.' 'Wood ships have been in use from time immemorial; iron ships for sea-going purposes have not yet completed the first half-century of their construction; steel ships are of a still more recent date. Already wooden ships are superseded to a very large extent by iron, and many persons believe that before another half-century has passed iron will have given place to steel. . . . Quite recently, both in France and in this country, considerable progress has been made in the manufacture of mild steel well adapted for ship-building, and the two first vessels built wholly of such steel are now in process of construction for the Royal Navy.' Mr. King * is of opinion that two corvettes built in 1874 'were the last wooden war-vessels that will probably ever be added to the British navy.' In 1850 four-fifths of the British mercantile steamers were of wood. 'During 1875 a tonnage of 179,000 was added to British steam shipping, and 176,000 tons were iron-built.' Nor is it otherwise in the Royal Navy. In 1860 the proportion of wood-built ships to iron was, expressed in tonnage, as twelve to one. 'At the present quite three-fourths of our ironclads, including all the ships added to the navy during the last ten years, have iron hulls; and it is a significant fact that not a single wood ship is now being constructed for the navy.'

The great revolution in construction has been followed by, or has caused, others not much less sweeping in armament and equipment. As Admiral Brommy and Commander von Lit-trow say,† 'the innovations in armament in their reaction on naval architecture have continually increased the difficulty of the problems put to constructors of guns.' The publication of the book from which we have made this quotation is a thing worthy of note. The increasing attention paid in all sections of Germany to naval affairs has occasioned a considerable demand for works on such subjects; and a new edition of the work before us, suitable to non-professional readers as well as to those who follow the sea, and containing accounts of the latest condition of the navies of the world, has been brought out to meet it. A very large portion of it is taken up with descriptions of our own ships of war. The '*Année Maritime*' contains an extensive and well-selected collection of naval sta-

* War Ships, &c., p. 89.

† Die Marine, p. 167.

istics of every country which has any pretension to the possession of a fleet. Of all the works included in our list none is more valuable or more interesting than Chief-Engineer King's volume on 'The War Ships of Europe.' That officer was sent from America in 1875 by the Secretary of the United States Navy to make full enquiry into the various types of vessels employed in European services, their efficiency and mode of construction, and the means at the disposal of the powers whose flags they bore of equipping and maintaining them. His report has now been edited by an English naval architect, and republished here. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this very opportune production. It is a careful and impartial examination of our own effective fleet and those of foreign nations by a highly competent inquirer, working under a full sense of the responsibility laid upon him as an officer charged with a duty of great interest to his own country. Its value has been considerably increased by the notes of an editor evidently as well qualified as the original author to pass an opinion upon the subjects with which it makes us acquainted. From our account of these several books it will be seen that we have within our reach ample means, from a comparison of the estimates of several independent foreign observers, of forming a correct appreciation of the naval strength of this country.

In order to fully understand the condition at which the navy has at present arrived, it is necessary that we should take some note of the great revolution in naval affairs to which we have before alluded. Without doing so it will be impossible to see how much has been done, or how much was left undone in the attempts of previous years to insure the maritime defence of the empire. Down to a date even subsequent to the close of the Crimean War, the ships of the line, the vessels expressly intended to take part in battles, and the frigates of the world, differed but little in the essentials of their design from the vessels of the same description which sailed under the orders of Blake or of Van Tromp. Save for the important item of the propelling machinery, Sir William Martin's fleet in the Mediterranean in 1861 resembled the force that Nelson led at Trafalgar as much as the latter did the fleets of the Duke of York or of the other admirals of Charles II. These types seemed destined to enjoy a long continuance of their hitherto undisputed pre-eminence as the best forms for vessels of war. The system of armament, as well as of construction, remained to a great extent the same that it had long been. A large number of guns was arranged in rows upon the broad-

side, a numerical superiority in pieces being held to give the combatant which possessed it the advantage in an engagement. Defensive arrangements against artillery fire were as little thought of in the fleets of twenty years ago as in those of two hundred years farther back. Before the end of the Crimean War a few vessels, not inappropriately called 'floating batteries,' had taken part in the operations against Kinburn. They were built upon a suggestion of the Emperor Napoleon III. The experiment, then tried for the first time in modern warfare, was not considered in England to have been very successful. A great authority, Sir Howard Douglas, said: 'If there were 'no casualties on board the floating batteries, this can only be 'taken as a proof of bad gunnery on the part of the Russian 'artillerymen.'* Though we had built several 'batteries' resembling those used at Kinburn, yet the beginning of the revolution cannot well be dated back farther than 1859. In an article in the July number of this Review in that year on the 'State of the Navy' we ourselves remarked that 'the idea has 'arisen that vessels are required to be cased in plate armour— 'huge floating batteries propelled by steam, probably with- 'out rigging, but capable of supporting the fire of a whole 'fleet, and of crushing down everything before them.' And we added that 'we are inclined to think that, although all our 'distant cruisers must be mixed ships, yet for warfare in the 'Channel or within a hundred leagues of the coast of Europe 'iron steam batteries without sails will supersede ships of the 'line.' This appeared about nineteen years ago, but the writer of those lines has survived to see in the construction of such vessels as the 'Devastation' or the 'Inflexible' for European service, and of the 'Shah' or the 'Shannon' for employment in remote seas, a curiously exact fulfilment of this prediction. The 'Gloire,' the first sea-going ironclad, was launched in France, and was soon after followed (in 1860) by the 'Warrior' and her sister-ship the 'Black Prince,' vessels which carried 68-pounders, and were partially covered with armour of the then considered sufficient thickness of four and a half inches. It will not be necessary to follow the various steps which the innovations in construction led the naval architects of this and other countries to take. It is sufficient for our purpose to state that the changes from that day to the present time have been nearly incessant.

New designs and new methods of construction rendered necessary the introduction of a novel system of artillery. When

* Naval Gunnery, ed. 1860, p. 396.

ironclads were first produced, the heaviest naval gun was the 68-pounder. Sir Howard Douglas gives the armament of the 'Victoria,' the ship which flew the Admiralty flag at the Spithead review in the summer of 1867, as sixty-two 8-inch (hollow shot) guns, fifty-eight 32-pounders, and *one* 68-pounder, weighing four tons and three-quarters. The charges for the latter were that known as the 'full' of twelve pounds of powder, and the 'distant' of sixteen. The effective work of such a gun Sir Howard estimated at 102,000 foot-pounds. The Austrian 'Marine-Almanach' gives that of the 12½-inch French gun of the present day as over 9,000 foot-tons. This may give some idea of the immense advance which has been made both in the size and the power of naval ordnance. There has, of course, been a concurrent reduction in the number of pieces carried. The 'Victoria,' less than a dozen years ago, carried, as we have seen, one hundred and twenty-one guns; Admiral Hornby's flag-ship, the 'Alexandra,' carries twelve; but of them ten weigh eighteen, and two twenty-five tons. These enormous weapons have required an entirely new system of mounting to be devised for them. The difficulties in carrying the monster ordnance of the present day upon the broadside appeared at first insuperable; but the iron carriages and slides—the invention of Captain Scott—have rendered it possible to mount even guns of twenty-five tons, so that they can fire upon the beam. The mechanical contrivances with which these carriages are provided permit not only of their being moved more easily and rapidly than the far lighter weapons of earlier days, but of their being kept under more perfect control during heavy weather by even a smaller number of men. Of the very largest the loading can now be carried on by the use of hydraulic machinery, as in the 'Téméraire.' By this means rapidity of fire is increased, and the exposure of the guns' crews to an enemy's small arms much diminished.

The complete change which has been wrought both in the ships and in their armament has occasioned a series of alterations in dockyards and arsenals of commensurate extent. Dry docks and basins which admitted a 'Duke of Wellington,' displacing six thousand tons, were manifestly unable to receive such enormous masses as the 'Minotaur,' with a displacement of more than ten thousand, and a length nearly twice as great. New works of an extensive character had to be undertaken both in our home and colonial dockyards. The old method of producing guns by the process of casting having given way to the plan of constructing them of steel and wrought iron compelled a thorough renovation of the 'plant'

of the great artillery arsenals. The weapons themselves and their projectiles were more costly than former ones, both from their immensely increased size and the new method of manufacture, and also from the greater exactness which was demanded in the work of constructing them.

But it is not in *matériel* alone that the naval service of every country has been fundamentally changed. The more elaborate constructions and more precise arms of the present period have rendered necessary a more instructed body, both of officers and seamen, to handle them or direct their movements. The new forces at the disposal of the naval powers could no longer be used with effect had the ancient and long dominant system of tactics not been remodelled. The plan which so long obtained in the British service of picking up men when they happened to be wanted hopelessly broke down on more than one occasion, as similar plans have done in America and other countries. Here a system of continuous service was introduced about five-and-twenty years ago, and the first attempt at retaining permanently in the service a large body of well-trained seamen was then made. It has slowly but completely replaced the older haphazard system, or rather no-system. So great has the change been in this particular that it may interest our readers to be informed how a captain manned his ship even less than twenty years ago. When appointed to the command he repaired to the port at which she was, and, having reported himself to the commander-in-chief, proceeded to commission his ship, which he did by 'hoisting the pendant,' a ceremony of which the solemnity has even yet not become altogether obsolete. He then had a large number of bills printed, stating that 'petty officers and seamen were wanted for H.M.S. —, Captain So-and-so.' Occasionally some facetious remarks likely to encourage volunteering were added. If the captain was a popular officer, men offered themselves freely; if not, or if there had been a brisk demand about the time of his appointment, his ship remained without a crew for a long time. The First Lord of the Admiralty—the present Lord Hampton—stated in Parliament in February 1859, that 'many of the finest ships in the navy recently commissioned had remained in harbour four and even six months before they completed their crews.' A public-house was selected as a '*rendezvous*,' as it was called, at which men were invited to present themselves for entry in the ship newly commissioned. An officer spent there a great part of the day using the same sort of persuasion to induce seamen to join his ship as a sergeant of the army does to get recruits. Of the men who did enrol

themselves many were not seamen at all, and many others had no naval training. They came on board many in rags, and the majority without uniform. For days after a ship was put in commission it was no uncommon sight to see the decks filled with men in civilian garb; even that post of honour, a station on the foretopgallant yard, has been filled by men who had parted with their seaman's costume during their run on shore, and who ascended to the masthead in felt hats and shooting-coats. The captain could depend upon his detachment of marines being sent to him as soon as he could receive them, and upon an inconsiderable number of boys from the training-brigs and guard-ships, but upon no others except a small party of seamen-gunners from the 'Excellent' or 'Cambridge.' The latter formed a *corps d'élite*, and their conduct and attainments left little to be desired. But their numbers were absurdly inadequate to the requirements of the service. 'Sir Thomas Maitland [the present Earl of Lauderdale, and then captain of H.M.S. 'Excellent'], in a letter addressed in April, 1859, to Sir John Pakington, then First Lord of the Admiralty, observed that the number of guns actually on board ship at that time was about 5,000, so that under the existing establishment of captains of guns we could only make sure of 300 of them being effectually used in action.*' The gunner, and in larger ships one commissioned officer, were the only officers who had had any but the scantiest artillery training. Gunnery instructors, who now form part of the complement of every ship, were unknown. The junior officers on first joining came direct from school or from home, and had received no professional instruction whatever.

Now, when a captain puts a ship in commission, he finds that orders have in all probability preceded him to the port to which he goes, to send not only a detachment of marines and another of boys to his ship, but that a large 'draft' of seamen gunners from the gunnery-ship, another of stokers and artificers from the steam reserve guard-ship, and a third—perhaps completing his crew—of petty officers and seamen from the port admiral's flagship, have been held in readiness to proceed to his vessel as soon as he wishes to have them. All will come on board clad in uniform and with a regulation kit complete. Almost every man amongst them will have been trained in the service from boyhood, and will have been continuously under discipline and instruction, and many will have graduated, as it were, by

* Sir H. Douglas, 'Naval Gunnery,' p. 18.

having passed an examination, which entitles them to increased pay and the designation of 'trained men.' Instead of thirty seamen-gunners to perhaps forty guns, there will probably be about fifty to but fourteen guns. The guns mounted on all the ironclads in the British navy put together do not amount to a fourth of the number specified by Sir Thomas Maitland in his letter above quoted from, whilst the number of trained men to work them has become several times as numerous.

All the officers will have had at least some preliminary training. The examination which each has to pass before being qualified for a lieutenant's commission of itself requires a previous period of instruction of several months' duration. In addition to this it has been customary for several years past to cause lieutenants, before being appointed to sea-going ships, to undergo what is called a 'short course' of drill on board a gunnery-ship, which, added to their previous instruction, should make them, if not perfect artillerymen, at least thoroughly competent to command a division of guns. They will be supported and assisted in the labour of training their men and making their ship an efficient man-of-war by a body of instructors who have been specially selected for their knowledge and natural aptitude from amongst the seamen-gunners in general, who have themselves been chosen from the other sailors of the fleet by a by no means lax system of selection.

The true result of all these changes can only be appreciated after making up an account of the actual forces at our disposal, comparing them with those of other nations, who have experienced the same necessity for introducing innovations, and inquiring into what it is which would be expected of our navy in war, and how far it is able to perform it.

'The effective force of the British navy,' says Mr. King, 'may now be divided into ships for great naval battles, ships for coast defence, and unarmoured cruising vessels. There are so many different types that it is quite impossible to classify them according to any former standard. The present collective fleet, as presented in the "Navy List," consists of nearly four hundred vessels of all kinds. This includes those building, but does not include one hundred and thirty-four laid up and employed in permanent harbour service, which are never likely to be sent to sea. . . . It is to the production of the most powerful sea-going fighting ships that the resources of the navy are first directed; ships sufficiently armoured to resist projectiles of any ordinary kind; sufficiently armed to silence forts or to meet the enemy under any conditions proffered; sufficiently fast to choose the time and place to fight; and sufficiently buoyant to carry coal and stores into any

Of this class Mr. King gives a list of eighteen, arranged in the order of their power, and having at their head the 'Inflexible.' The first seven on the list are turret-ships. With the exception of the last—the 'Monarch'—all carry guns of at least 35 tons, and hers are of 25 tons. And, except in the same vessel, the water-line thickness of the armour is never less than 12 inches; in two it is 18 inches, and in one varies from 16 to 24.

In the next division Mr. King places eleven 'broadside ships of the first class,' beginning with the 'Alexandra,' only a year in commission, and closing with the 'Penelope.' In the only respect in which it has been possible to try them these vessels have justified their claim to be accounted 'sea-going,' as each and all of them have performed no small amount of ocean cruising. With but two exceptions—the 'Bellerophon' and 'Penelope,' in which it is put at 5 and 6—the armour at the water-line of these ships varies from 6 to 8 and even to 12 inches. Two carry 25-ton guns, two 18-ton guns, and all the rest 12-ton. After these vessels we find in Mr. King's list three 'armour-belted cruisers,' all of which have 12-ton and 18-ton guns. He next inserts what he calls 'Breast-work Monitors,' an inaccurate description, as he includes in it the 'Scorpion' and the 'Wivern' (better known in former days as the 'Confederate rams' built at Birkenhead), which have not breast-works, and the 'Viper' and the 'Vixen,' which in no way resemble monitors. As we have, before reaching this division, been dealing only with vessels fit to keep the sea, we may properly leave it for the minute and pass on to the class designated 'Iron Broadside Ships of the Old Type.' In this we find three huge vessels of the five-masted 'Minotaur' type, the 'Achilles,' nearly as large, and the two earliest iron-built armoured ships, the 'Warrior' and 'Black Prince.' The plating of all these vessels is $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 inches thick, and at least six of them are armed with 12-ton guns. It is not easy to keep account of the changes which have frequently to be made in the arming of our fighting ships, so that we feel a certain diffidence in correcting Mr. King's statement of the ordnance carried by the remaining vessels in this class. He puts it as consisting solely of $6\frac{1}{2}$ -ton guns. But we have reason to know that in the 'Valiant,' at all events, guns of 9 tons were mounted some years ago. The 'Marine-Almanach' also (p. 62) assigns to each one of the four vessels below the 'Black Prince' at least two weapons of the heavier weight, and the totals given in that publication agree exactly with those which we find in the 'Année Maritime' (pp. 131–5). Of the

foregoing thirty-one vessels all but two—the ‘Shannon’ and the ‘Penelope’—are of above 6,000 tons displacement.

The class to which Mr. King in his appendix has given, as we have seen, inexactly, the designation of ‘Breast-work Monitors,’ includes, as he himself states in the text of his work, rams and gunboats of very different design. We believe it would be right to place together the whole of the vessels which he does if we apply to them the appellation of ‘coast-defence vessels.’ This does not appear in our own official ‘Navy List,’ but it is a recognised term in many foreign services, is given by Germans to the ships in question (*Küstenvertheidigungs-Fahrzeuge*),* and is occasionally made use of by Mr. King himself. The category is made to comprise ships of very different pattern—for instance, our earliest iron turret-ship, ‘Prince Albert,’ the ‘Scorpion’ and ‘Wivern,’ intended originally for cruising vessels, the ram ‘Hotspur,’ the armoured gunboats ‘Vixen’ and ‘Viper,’ and breast-work monitors of recent construction. Counting three of the latter class, of which two are in Bombay harbour and one at Melbourne in Australia, the whole number amounts to fifteen. But two carry guns of only 6½ tons weight, and two those of 12; all the remainder have either the 25-ton or the 18-ton gun mounted on board, and the majority are thickly plated. Every craft included in the above divisions, being built of iron, may be credited with the full advantages which the mere use of that material in the construction of the hull of itself gives as a protection against the incendiary effect of hostile shells. All to a great extent share the superiority which belongs to vessels whose unarmoured parts are protected by a more or less minute subdivision into water-tight compartments; and many of them—e.g. the ten newer turret-ships—enjoy the security which is due to being constructed on the cellular system.

The list of armoured vessels is closed with an enumeration of the ‘Wooden Broadside Ships of the Old Type,’ of which Mr. King gives the names of fourteen. Of these a large proportion no longer find a place amongst the efficient vessels of the service, ten being put with the receiving hulks and coal depôts in that division of the ‘Navy List’ which is headed ‘Harbour Service.’ Nevertheless some are actually in commission. Admiral Hornby, at the present moment, has two of them, the ‘Pallas’ and ‘Research,’ under his orders in the Levant. The two just mentioned were not ‘make-shifts’ converted out of unarmoured ships, but were deliberately constructed of wood

* See ‘Die Marine,’ p. 241; ‘Marine-Almanach,’ p. 63.

when the practice of plating was in its infancy. Taking the whole number of those which Mr. King gives, and omitting the ten relegated to harbour service, it will be seen that our armoured force is composed of fifty-one vessels. Of these, including the Coast-guard or First Reserve ships, twenty-three were in commission at the beginning of the present year. With few exceptions, the others are either perfectly ready for the pendant, or can be made so in a short time. The recently published navy estimates show that of twelve ships not yet completed, five—one of which, the ‘Orion,’ has been lately purchased—are to be finished during the year. If we take note of the two new vessels, the ‘Superb’ and ‘Belleisle,’ just brought into the service, from the builders of whom they had originally been ordered by the Turkish Government, and of the ‘Independencia,’ there is reason to believe that within the course of a few months we might put more than forty armoured ships of the several classes into commission, all of which, save two or three, would have hulls as sound and efficient as on the day on which they were first afloat.

A mere numerical statement of the ships on the ‘Navy List’ conveys but an imperfect idea of their real force, and, in order to show more clearly what these vessels really are, it will be proper to give a short description of some of the more important representatives of our fighting fleet. The ships of the modern classes are infinitely more various than were the liners and frigates of old; and to place merely the numbers included in one navy against those of another would be to set up an altogether fallacious test of their respective powers. ‘The modern man-of-war,’ we learn from Mr. King, ‘is much more than an armoured steamer; she is a great engine of destruction, clad with heavy armour, provided with huge guns, which are operated upon by machinery, driven by powerful engines, and fitted with machines for purposes of all kinds. Year by year the thickness of armour and weight of naval artillery have gone on increasing together. Mechanical appliances have more and more replaced manual labour, and at the same time the forms of ships have been adapted to the work they have to do and to the conditions under which they must act.’

That the ‘Inflexible’ has departed from existing types more widely than any war ship yet designed can hardly be disputed. So much attention has of late been directed to this remarkable vessel, in consequence of the doubts publicly cast upon her stability if injured in action in a way in which it was contended that she was liable to be, that the public has had unusual

opportunities of learning the design upon which she is built. In other ironclads, except those of the 'Warrior' type, a belt of armour either surrounds the vessel so as to enclose the water-line and the gun deck within its protection, or it is confined within narrow limits at the water-line, and extended upwards over a small space amidships to form a protected casemate in which a few heavy guns are mounted. In both designs the object is the same, and it would be twofold—to protect the hull near the water-line from penetration, and the guns and their crews from the effects of an enemy's fire. In the 'Inflexible' the lengthened belt running all round the hull has been abandoned, and the armour is confined to the central portion described by the architect, Mr. Barnaby, as 'a floating castle, 110 feet long and 75 feet wide, rising ten feet out of water, and having above that again two round turrets, planted diagonally at its opposite corners.' Attached to this armoured castle, but completely submerged, there is a hull of ordinary form. An unarmoured structure lies above the submerged part both before and abaft the central citadel.

The committee appointed by the Admiralty to investigate this subject reports that the greater portion of the part under water is isolated from the superstructure, and its buoyancy is secured against artillery fire by a shot-proof deck, placed several feet below the water-line. The water itself is thus made to do the duty of defensive armour, and, by a combination of horizontal plating in the deck, and of immersion, the practical impregnability of the fore and after divisions is insured. The portions of the hull which rise above this, being unplated and thus liable to penetration even by common shells, are not on that account altogether unprotected. In their case the protection may be said to assume the form of innate practical indestructibility. The phrase should not be misunderstood. This practical indestructibility consists in an almost certain immunity from destruction in any probable circumstances of a naval action. Over the shot-proof deck, a little above the level of the water, is a second deck, and the intermediate space is divided into compartments. Next the ship's sides the compartments are filled with cork, so that mere penetration by shot would not greatly impair floating power, and 'inside this again are compartments 2 feet wide, filled with layers of canvas and oakum.' That is, 'shot-hole stopping mats' (such as are supplied to Her Majesty's ships for use in staunching wounds to the hull caused by artillery fire or impact of a ram bow, and which have to be placed where the damage is done) are, in the 'Inflexible,' kept *in situ*, and thus are sure to be at hand when required.

It is held that the number of cells filled with cork is so great that it is scarcely possible that a large proportion of them can be neutralised by shells which will probably traverse and burst beyond most of them, thus merely piercing a hole and not blowing out the enclosed buoyant material. The height of the guns above water when the ship is immersed to what is termed the 'fighting line,' is eleven feet; so that a gun-platform of considerable elevation is obtained, and one of the greatest tactical defects of the turret system—difficulty of using guns with effect from the lee side, or that inclined towards the enemy—is remedied. The ordnance, we learn from Mr. King, is 'carried and worked on the new and remarkable hydraulic system which has hitherto only been tried in the fore turret of the "Thunderer."' He also tells us that 'as it is quite possible that the "Inflexible" will be armed with weapons even more tremendous than the 80-ton guns, this has been held in view in designing the ship; and, by a slight modification, it will be possible to mount in each of her turrets a pair of 160-ton guns.'

Next in rank to the 'Inflexible' come the ships of the 'Devastation' class. This ship and her sister, the 'Thunderer,' closely resemble each other in general features, and are not very dissimilar from the 'Dreadnought,' 'a modified and improved "Devastation," on a larger scale.' The latter, intended originally to carry 25-ton guns, is now armed with those of 35 tons; and the 'Thunderer' carries two of the last-named weight in one of her turrets, and two of 38 tons in the other. The turrets are plated with armour of 12 and 14 inches thickness, and the breast-work above which they are raised with that 10 and 12 inches thick. These vessels have on many occasions proved that they possess sea-going qualities of a high order; and the 'Devastation' has been cruising for about five years. Her captain, after a long cruise, reported that she was 'perfectly seaworthy, wholesome, and comfortable for the men and officers.' In shape and appearance these extraordinary craft differ from the 'Victories' and 'Marlboroughs' of former days to an astonishing degree; and the difference may be equally observed in their internal arrangements. Thus, in the 'Thunderer,' the 'motive power' of the ship is steam, and she contains in all twenty-eight 'steam engines and nine boilers.' Of these two pairs are employed to propel the ship, and the others for subsidiary purposes, such as turning the turrets, working the hydraulic gun machinery, hoisting shot and shell, working capstans, weighing anchors, pumping, &c.

In spite of the heavy armament, thick plating, and proved seaworthiness of the turret-ships of the class just described, the broadside system has not been displaced by it. On the contrary it 'has proved tenacious of life, and fairly holds its own 'against the turrets.' As a result of his experience during the War of Secession, a distinguished American officer gave it as his opinion that the proper plan of arming ships was by combining the turret and the broadside armaments. This has been done to a certain extent in the 'Téméraire.' That ship carries on her upper deck two fixed turrets, in which are mounted 25-ton guns, revolving on platforms, and arranged to fire over the top of the armour, and be lowered under its protection after having been fired or whilst being loaded. The broadside guns of the ship are of eighteen and twenty-five tons weight, and are mounted in an armoured battery on the main deck, which is divided into two portions by a transverse bulkhead 'to localise the effect of shells exploding between 'decks ;' in the foremost portion of this, arranged so as to fire right ahead, the two heavier guns are placed. In the 'Alexandra,' the present flag-ship in the Sea of Marmora, in which the broadside system is said to have reached 'a hitherto unknown 'perfection,' there are two central batteries, one above the other, from which a complete 'all-round' fire can be obtained. This is similar in principle to the plan upon which the ships of the 'Audacious' class were designed; but a great advance has been made since the construction of the latter. The upper deck casemate contains two 25-ton guns to fire ahead, and two of 18 tons to fire astern, all of which are capable of being trained upon the broadside. In the lower battery—divided athwart ships as in that of the 'Téméraire'—there are eight of the lighter nature of the above-mentioned guns, two of which, in the foremost division, can be fired ahead. This vessel, though a broadside ship, can thus bring to bear upon an enemy a heavy bow fire, a still heavier fire abeam, and a not inconsiderable weight of metal astern. Both of these vessels have masts, the 'Alexandra' three and the 'Téméraire' two. The 'brig rig' of the latter has probably never been applied to so strange a purpose as the equipment of this powerful ironclad, associated as it is with many a naval officer's recollections of the dainty craft which formed no inconsiderable portion of our squadrons even since the Crimean War.

But in armoured ship design we meet with a still more recent innovation in the occurrence of such types as those represented by the 'Shannon,' at present in the Mediterranean,

and the 'Nelson' and the 'Northampton,' preparing for the pendant. They are styled 'armour-belted,' and are specially intended for distant cruising. The idea did not originate in this country, but in Russia, where a vessel protected on this system, the 'Duke of Edinburgh,' was built four or five years ago. A description of the arrangement of the plating in the 'Shannon' will give a sufficient explanation of the mode in which the armour is applied. It 'is limited to a belt extending round the vessel at the water-line, which is not tapered towards the bow as usual, but ends abruptly 60 feet short of it at an armoured bulkhead, 9 inches thick, extending across the vessel at this point.' Before this bulkhead the armour takes the form of a submerged deck 3 inches in thickness, sloping towards the stem. The transverse partition rises to a height of 20 feet above the water-line, and has a kind of *épaulement*, or flank defence, at either side, within which are carried two heavy guns for bow fire. In other respects the ship is unarmoured, and the broadside guns are unprotected and are carried on the upper deck as in an ordinary corvette. In the other two vessels the plan is somewhat similar; but they are of greater size, and, the guns being mounted on the main deck, more nearly resemble the old frigates. In addition to these they carry also upon the covered deck guns, both forward and abaft, protected by an *épaulement* arrangement somewhat resembling that on the forecastle of the 'Shannon.' It will not be necessary to describe in detail the remaining classes of armoured ships belonging to our fighting force. The designations of many of them will convey a sufficient idea of the purposes which they are intended to fulfil. The accounts above given will, we hope, make clear to our readers what the qualities are with which the naval architect of the present day tries to endow a man-of-war constructed to take part in a battle.

We have now to give a general summary of our effective strength in these powerful components of a navy, and compare the result with that at the disposal of foreign governments. By carefully examining the list of ships ready, or that will be soon made so, we arrive at the conclusion that, omitting all the wooden ironclads except the 'Pallas' and 'Research,' the turret-ships 'Scorpion' and 'Wivern'* and the 'Vixen' and 'Viper,' we might within the space of a few weeks have at sea or stationed to protect important ports the following vessels: Five turret and thirteen broadside ships of the first class; three belted

* This ship, however, is at this moment reported as fitting for the pendant.

cruisers; eleven turret-ships of different design; ten broadside ships of the old type; two wooden central battery cruisers. We have expunged from the list of the navy in the above estimate several ships with both iron and wooden hulls, which would certainly be considered effective in most foreign services.

The longest list of French ironclads with which we have met is that given in 'Die Marine' (pp. 589-90), and which, including all vessels—even the 'Gloire,' the first of armoured ships—those building, those of obsolete type, and four gunboats of less than 300 tons displacement, amounts to sixty. Of these not less than thirty-five, more than one half, are of wood, and twenty-five, or not far short of a half, were built previous to 1866—i.e. more than twelve years ago—and, in the rapid progress made in war-ship construction within that time, may not unreasonably be considered as being scarcely up to the level of the majority of the vessels built here and elsewhere more recently. In the list of our iron-hulled ships in the same work (p. 586) only eleven are carried back to the same date. That ships of a type and date which in England would probably be considered antiquated, are still deemed worthy of a place in the list of efficient in France, the fact that, according to the 'Année Maritime' (p. 119), the Mediterranean squadron consisted of five *cuirassés de premier rang*, and two *cuirassés de deuxième rang*, all of wood, and of which one only is of more recent date than 1865, would seem to establish. Of the insufficiency of this material to meet the demands on fighting vessels of the present day the French constructors are of course fully aware, as is proved by all the ships lately launched and those at present on the stocks being of iron, or, as Mr. White has told us, of steel. Now, if we applied to the French list the same process of elimination, in the case of old or wooden ships, that we did to our own, the effective totals would show an important disparity. Against what appears to us a fair computation, about fifty-one British vessels afloat or building, we should have to set off certainly less than half the number of French ships with iron hulls and of modern date.*

With what we have said of our own heavy fighting ships we may compare a French account of one of the largest and newest vessels built in France. In the construction of this vessel—the 'Redoutable'—we find in Mr. King's volume,

* We have excepted, of course, the small French vessels and gunboats, as we have our own 'Scorpion' and 'Vixen' classes.

‘Steel has been employed for the frames, beams, deck-plating, bulkheads, plating behind the armour, and the inner bottom.’

‘Of all the French ships launched in 1876, the “Redoutable,” an armoured ship with a central battery, is unquestionably the most powerful. Begun in August 1873, from plans by M. de Bussy, this vessel of the first rate was launched at L’Orient on September 18, 1876. She measures 330 feet in length, $64\frac{1}{2}$ feet beam, and 43 feet in hold. Her displacement is 8,796 tons. The double-bottom system has been adopted, and steel enters largely into her construction; the side of the hull only is of thin iron; the decks are shell-proof. Two half-turrets, projecting beyond the ship’s sides, and each armed with two guns, allow of fire ahead and astern. No ship has yet been covered with armour of such resistance as hers. The engines and boilers are protected by iron sides of $13\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and the battery by plates of $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. . . . The fore part is armed with a gigantic spur of wrought iron weighing thirty tons. . . . The engines, manufactured at Creusot, can develop an effective horse-power of 6,000, and propel the ship at a speed of 14 knots. . . . The artillery of the “Redoutable” consists of four guns of 27 c.m. bore [$21\frac{3}{4}$ tons weight] in the battery, two of same size in the turret on deck, and two, also 27 c.m., chase-guns, forward and aft, under the topgallant, fore-castle, and poop. There are also four 14 c.m. guns [weight $52\frac{1}{4}$ cwt.] on the broadside on the quarter-deck.’ (*Année Maritime*, p. 175.)

Leaving such ships as the ‘Inflexible’ and ‘Thunderer’ out of the question, we see that the broadside ship ‘Alexandra’ carries, as against the eight 22-ton guns of the ‘Redoutable,’ two 25-ton guns and ten 18-ton, and has 12-inch armour at the water-line and 8-inch on the batteries, and has actually attained a speed of 15 knots.

The rapid progress of the German navy, a progress which was sketched in this Journal not long ago,* and the recent date of the most important vessels constructed for it, render it worthy of a prominent place amongst foreign fleets. In a list of twenty-four armoured vessels given in ‘Die Marine’ (pp. 584–5), but two are noted as being wood-built, and but the same number as of more remote construction than 1866. The ‘König Wilhelm,’ originally built in England for the Sultan’s Government, is still the largest on the list, her displacement being slightly in excess of that of the ‘Alexandra.’ Against the 12-inch plating and 15-knot speed of the latter she can show only 8-inch as her thickest armour, and $14\frac{3}{4}$ knots as her highest speed. Her armament is made up of eighteen 13-ton and five 9-ton Krupp guns. Her greater length and

* See ‘Edinburgh Review,’ No. 295 : ‘Growth of the German Naval Power.’

single screw must render her manœuvring powers inferior to those of the 'Alexandra.' The most important ships flying the German flag are undoubtedly the 'Kaiser' and 'Deutschland,' built on the Thames and launched in 1874. They are 285 feet long, being in that respect the same as the 'Téméraire,' and their beam is nearly equal to hers. The displacement tonnage of the English ship, however, is 14 per cent. greater. Her structural arrangements also render her much more secure against under-water injury. The German vessels seem to have no fore-and-aft partition dividing the great central compartments, the size of which, if filled with water, is enough to endanger the safety of most ships. In the 'Téméraire' the 'engine and boiler rooms are divided in two, as in other recent 'twin-screw ships, by a longitudinal bulkhead, for the purpose 'of limiting the entry of water in case of injury from rams or 'torpedoes.' The ordnance * mounted on board the 'Deutschland' and her sister ironclad consists of eight 17½-ton Krupps and one 9-ton; the 'Téméraire,' as we have seen, carries four 25-ton guns and four 18-ton.

The statistics of the German armoured navy which we have before us differ materially. Mr. King gives a list of thirteen vessels, the 'Année Maritime' of eleven. In both cases the armoured gunboats of small size are omitted. Brommy and Littrow, on the other hand, show a tabulated statement of sixteen larger craft and eight gunboats. On their list, however, there are three, said to be building, which have not yet had names given to them; and though there is a discrepancy between the names given by those authors and those which we find in the American report, we shall probably not be far wrong in taking thirteen as the correct number, and in considering the three unnamed vessels as not sufficiently advanced to permit of their being at sea before a year or two has elapsed. Of this number the 'Hansa' and 'Prinz Adalbert' are noted as wood-built, and the latter was launched prior to 1866. The heaviest gun carried by four of the above thirteen ships is the 21 centimètre piece of 9 tons.

The possession of the heaviest guns yet put on board ship, or indeed yet produced, gives to the navy of Italy a special importance at a time when prodigious weapons and extraordinary thickness of plating are essential features of man-of-war efficiency. The work of reorganising her army has not caused

* King (p. 156) says the 26 c.m. gun weighs 'about 22 tons,' and the 22 c.m. 'about 18 tons.' The weights we give in the text are from the semi-official 'Marine-Almanach,' p. 33.

Italy to neglect her navy. 'The changes and improvements 'in all branches of administration and industry,' says the Chief Engineer of the United States Navy, 'force themselves on the observation of any one acquainted with Italian ports and 'cities in past years. The spirit of advancement and progress 'is seen to advantage in the reconstruction of the navy.' Of the seventeen armoured ships belonging to it, which the latest list we have seen gives as the total, two, the 'Italia' and 'Lepanto,' are hardly begun, and cannot well be ready for sea in less than two years; a third, the 'Dandolo,' is still unfinished, but is not far off completion. After this vessel and her already finished and tried sister, the 'Duilio,' the heaviest Italian ironclads are four of wood, of which the oldest was launched in 1869 and the newest in 1873. Two carry one 25-ton Armstrong gun, and six 18-ton guns apiece; and two, six of the latter and two of 12 tons each. Their thickest plating, we find from Mr. King's list, is 6 inches, and maximum speed 10 knots. The 'Affondatore,' a turret-ship built in 1869, though at present, we believe, in commission, and attached to the permanent squadron, in size, plating, and armament is not very much the superior of our own 'Scorpion' and 'Wivern,' which we have hesitated to admit to a place amongst our available force. Eight of the remaining vessels, in no case carrying heavier ordnance than that of 12 tons, are more than fifteen years old, and have a speed, in some instances, as low as 8 knots. The 'Duilio' is one of the most formidable vessels yet designed, and is the most formidable of all which have yet been to sea. She is longer and narrower than the 'Inflexible,' and her displacement is about 500 tons less. Her hull is built of iron and steel on the cellular system. The armour of the central portion is 22 inches, that of the English vessel is 24 inches in the thickest plates; the Italian ship's turrets are covered with 19-inch armour, the 'Inflexible's' with solid plates of 18 inches, and an inner plate of 1 inch. The 100-ton guns of the 'Duilio' fire projectiles of 2,000 and 2,500 pounds weight. The 81-ton gun's projectiles weigh 1,700 pounds. The greatest energy developed by the Italian gun was 33,000 foot-tons,* the greatest by the English weapon 30,000.† M. Marchal, the eminent French naval architect, whose criticisms of our armoured ships have in general been sufficiently unfavourable to lead to a 'national error'—akin to the 'personal error' of astronomical observers—being imputed to him, in his estimate of the ships of war of the world,

* War Ships, p. 179.

† Times, May 29, 1872.

gives to the 'Inflexible' a figure of merit of 100, and to the 'Duilio' 92 only.

The authors of the 'Année Maritime' remark, 'that if we were to judge the Austrian navy by its effective *matériel* only we should have to rank it amongst the minor powers. But the compactness of its organisation, and especially the attainments of its officers and the discipline of its crews, award it a superior rank.' The work of naval improvement has proceeded in that country as briskly as amongst its neighbours. The authorities have, says Mr. King, 'paid dearly for the error of building wooden armoured ships.' Of a total of eleven which appears in the semi-official 'Almanach' (p. 81)—two small Danube monitors being left out of consideration—five are of timber, and three of a date anterior to 1866. The Imperial constructors have, however, taken the remarkable step of rebuilding several of these wooden hulls and replacing the perishable material with iron. The success of this experiment—for which a certain official apology has been put forward—has not yet been established. The most important ship is the 'Tegethoff,' still returned as building. She is to have a divided central battery, somewhat like the 'Téméraire's,' which is to project over the sides of the vessel. Mr. Reed spoke of her in 1876 as 'a very powerful ship indeed, with armour of apparently about 13 to 14 inches thick, and with a concentrated battery of six 11-inch Krupp guns, each weighing, I presume, about 27 tons.' M. Marchal has a high opinion of the 'Tegethoff,' and places her immediately above both the 'Alexandra' and the 'Téméraire' in his list of fighting ships. The 'Custoza,' the ship next in rank to the 'Tegethoff,' is armed with 17½-ton Krupp guns, and has 9½-inch for her thickest water-line armour. She is placed by M. Marchal below the French ships 'Friedland' and 'Océan,' above which he ranks the English 'Sultan,' 'Hercules,' and 'Nelson.'

Spain has not yet sufficiently recovered the effects of years of internal disorder to render it worth while to take minute notice of her navy of eleven ironclads, with which she is nominally credited; four are building, four of those finished are of wood, and two were launched more than twelve years ago. Of Turkey of course it is needless to speak. Still there remains Russia to be considered. Not one amongst the leading fleets of the world presents so many difficulties in the way of forming a correct estimate of its real efficiency. We cannot, in its case, do as we might in the case of the United States, eliminate the whole armoured force as obsolete or unfit for service at

sea; nor can we seriously consider the whole of its long list as really valuable in a naval war. No country has exhibited a greater originality in war-ship design than Russia; the circular ships and the belted cruisers are in general attributed to the invention of her constructors; and, except in the case of the 'Peter the Great' and a few less important vessels, her iron-clad force seems chiefly intended for defensive warfare. She has, on the whole, adopted what we may term the 'Baltic system,' which Sweden, Norway, and Denmark have alike adhered to. Her navy list is, in fighting ships, principally filled with those of a moderately powerful character, which are somewhat numerous, but they are almost exclusively destined for employment in the neighbourhood of her own shores. The 'Sevastopol' and 'Petropaulovsk,' built of wood anterior to 1866, and carrying guns of 9 tons, and armour of $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, can hardly claim to be excused from the sentence which in our own service has been passed upon vessels of the 'Caledonia' type. Even the belted cruisers, of which there are two, do not carry heavier ordnance than that just mentioned, whilst our 'Shannon' is armed with pieces of twice the weight. The 'Peter the Great' undoubtedly is the most formidable of all the vessels that fly the ensign of the Czar. She and the 'Minin' are, says Chief-Engineer King, 'the only two vessels on the list which approach the modern standard of efficiency.' We are also told by him that the former's 'horse-power and speed are represented to be equal, and her armour and battery superior to those of the "Devastation,"' which ship in design and size she closely approaches. Her guns are of 40-tons weight, against the English vessels of 35; and probably on that account M. Marchal places her above both that turret-ship and the 'Thunderer.'

We have been induced to make the foregoing lengthened review of the armoured fleets of Europe, in order that it might be made to appear what our actual and our relative strength is. The grand total of all the armour-plated ships built for the European navies amounts in the aggregate to about a million tons, nearly one-third of which had been for the British service, counting to January 1876. Since that date, by purchase, we have added considerably to our own strength, and have concurrently reduced the foreign total. The result of our comparison may be shortly stated to be that we think it could be easily shown that, for serious engagements (using the old phrase, to take a place in the 'line of battle'), we have ready or nearly ready a fleet of powerful, admirably constructed, and *recently designed* vessels, to which the most careful selection from all the squadrons

on both sides of the Atlantic could not produce a superior. We have credited all sides alike with a similar condition of efficiency in that important element of a fighting ship's value—boiler power. But it is quite fair to assume that in no navy in the world are the boilers of ships in so fair a state as in our own; in none have so many been replaced, and in none have more care and more money been expended in renewing those which time has rendered inefficient. Let this factor enter into our calculation, and we believe the truth of the position we advance can be still more convincingly demonstrated.

Looking at the naval forces of the world, it is easy to see that in war we have to face three contingencies—the necessity of fighting powerful squadrons in combined actions, of guarding our coasts, and of protecting our sea-borne commerce. The examination of our own and other fleets will have shown us how far we are provided with the *matériel* answering to the first demand. To us it seems established that, so long as we maintain our present relative position, our line-of-battle fleets will remain as completely masters of the seas as they did after the culmination of our triumphs amid the glories of Trafalgar. For this essential point in a great naval policy we have at least provided. There are, of course, other questions connected with it which are far from unimportant, such as the professional knowledge of our officers, the discipline of the crews, the efficiency of our naval artillery, and the tactical expertness of our chiefs. These, we fear, cannot receive such cheering answers; but still even here we have vastly improved and continue improving still; and it is not so much that in any one of them we are inferior to other nations, as that we have scarcely attained the level which the powerful creations of our architects placed at our disposal have rendered necessary and fitting.

The result of these facts is that, if we should be engaged in a naval war, offensive attempts against our coasts on a great scale are not likely to be attempted. A squadron of such ships, as we could without much difficulty equip, closing the mouth of the Mediterranean or the outlets from the *Ægean*, another the Baltic, and a third riding in the English Channel, would, under almost every imaginable combination of circumstances, place us in a position to defy any extensive threatening of our shores. Isolated attempts against them may possibly be made; and to provide against them will be the duty of the force detailed for coast defence. As far as we have been able to judge from the experience of modern wars—wars made, that is, within the second half of the present century—the weaker of two maritime combatants withdraws

his heavier vessels within the shelter of his fortresses. Each of the opposing sides may, as in the Adriatic in 1866, at first and before the shock of battle has supplied a test, be disinclined to admit its inferiority to the enemy. An accidental encounter, or one undertaken to allay the jealousies and suspicions of allies, may thus be brought on; but on the whole we may repose confidence in the view that in a war with England the enemy's line-of-battle ships would be found covered by his fortress' guns.

This imposes a new duty upon our fleet if we are to capture or destroy that of our enemy, as the aim should be, and not merely neutralise it till the conclusion of the struggle. Such an operation as the reduction of a considerable maritime fortress is one which the recent progress of the art of war has intensely complicated. New weapons have been placed by science in the hands of the defence, against which the assailants have had but little chance of experimenting in actual conflict, and indeed few opportunities of devising counteracting agencies. The method of attacking powerful fortifications with ships has scarcely been approached, even in theory, since the great changes in the conditions of naval warfare. If tactical questions in general have not been sufficiently attended to, this has been almost entirely neglected; and if we have to undertake such an operation it will be the crucial test of modern naval power. We are not likely again to see ignorance carried so far as it was by the defenders of Sebastopol, who, in their complaisance, at a single blow destroyed their fleet and permanently injured their harbour, and saved that trouble to their enemy. Nor do we expect to see the rash experiment of October 24, 1854, repeated, when a squadron, then composed of wooden ships, went in to draw the fire of tremendous land batteries. So, until this phase of naval tactics receives more earnest attention than has hitherto been devoted to it, nothing but a series of successes on land will effect the permanent diminution of the naval strength of an enemy whose harbours are strongly fortified by art or by nature.

This will induce the necessity of engaging in another class of operations which, if not so glorious, are at all events as trying as any which can occupy a navy. These are the military blockade of ports in which an enemy's fighting ships have taken refuge. Numbers of light cruisers are best adapted to the purpose of maintaining a commercial blockade, as activity rather than fighting power is what is wanted. But to shut up securely the heavy squadrons of the foe we must station outside their anchorage forces which must be superior to

them. The escape of a fleet from a weakly blockaded port would, in all probability, have consequences important beyond proportion to the strength of the released ships. They would, for some time at least, be free to operate in rear of our blockading squadrons; supplies would be at their mercy; and the cruisers, closing commercial harbours on the neighbouring coasts, would be driven away. This aspect, which a campaign, if protracted, is not unlikely to assume, shows us that the number of line-of-battle ships sufficient to give us the command of the sea is not of itself enough to enable us to maintain it long, so that the possession of a merely equal number to that which our enemies can equip must, to be permanently useful, be capable of continuous reinforcement.

The defence of our own shores will not be entirely provided for by sweeping from the high seas opposing fleets. To leave them without a specially constituted guard would be to tempt the enemy to make every effort to harass us by isolated attacks. The great forts which form a line of defence round many of our Government ports might, and probably would, prove formidable enough to keep off any but a large fleet. But there is more than one rich commercial town upon the eastern coast, on which an enterprising enemy might well risk an attack. Defective mobility has, up to the present time, proved an inherent characteristic of coast-defence vessels, which must be thickly armoured, heavily armed, and capable of being manœuvred in shallow water. This renders it necessary that each point to be protected should never be without its own defensive force. But from this too the stronger navy derives still greater strength. Combination might array against us sea-going fleets nearly as powerful as our own; the difference of a few degrees of latitude and longitude in the scenes of naval engagements on the ocean may bring no great strain upon the tenacity of a maritime alliance in opposition to us, but which one among the confederates will send from his own shores his monitors and gunboats to shield the harbours of an ally? In this respect a future contest would find us opposed, not to the forces of combined powers, but to individual members of the alliance only. Our strength in purely defensive vessels is not inconsiderable. Of ironclads the number incapable of other service is not large, but in this there is a manifest advantage. But those which we do possess may be seconded by an array of small iron gunboats, carrying each a heavy gun on Mr. Rendel's system, to which no other power can show anything approaching an equal force. The German armoured gunboats of the 'Wespe' class, displacing, as they do, 1,000 tons, and drawing nearly 10 feet

of water (3·1 *mètres*), with an estimated speed of 1 knot less than our 'Cyclops' and her sisters, can only be considered inferior to the latter, and a squadron of them would, in flexibility, fall below one composed of such craft as our 'Comet' when manœuvring amid the shoals and narrows so common on the seaboard. Including those to which names have not yet been allotted, eight of these gunboats, ready or building, appear upon the German Navy List.

Interference with the sea-borne commerce of an enemy must, for this country, be always one of those two-edged weapons of offence which are liable to wound the wielder's hand. The direction in which its employment would be likely to inflict most damage upon an opponent would lie in the commercial blockade of his chief places of import. Yet the effect of blockade upon the general course of a war, now that land communication is so perfect, would be infinitely less than it has been in any previous war. As was pointed out in this Journal in October, 1876, 'the blockade even of great inlets like the Elbe, the Weser, or the Seine, would simply have the effect of turning the course of trade to the Scheldt or the Meuse.' The one war in which, since the introduction of steam, the system of blockade has been tried upon a great scale is that between the Northern and Southern States of America. Yet, in that case, land communication between the blockaded country and neutral states being practically non-existent, the numerical strength found necessary for the blockading squadrons was enormous. Heavy ships fit for the line of battle are not very useful for blockading mercantile ports; and in this fact we may perceive that another important element of maritime power lies within our reach. The bulk of the American squadrons was composed of steamers hired or purchased from the mercantile marine. The total number of steam vessels under the British flag being about equal to two-thirds of the whole steam shipping of the world, we should have at our disposal the means of selecting such a blockading fleet as has never yet been seen.

The protection of our own trade is in general regarded as one of the most pressing duties which the navy would be called upon to perform during war. There can be no doubt, dependent as the country has become upon imports from abroad for its subsistence, that no more important service could be imposed upon our naval forces. The wide extent of our ocean commerce in itself involves excessive vulnerability. We have, in consequence, demanded of our constructors that they should supply us with a class of vessel fitted for this kind of work.

The number of cruisers which have been turned out may be regarded as large, since Mr. King divides them 'into seven or eight classes or types.' In his opinion, 'the first essential element of power in an unarmoured cruising man-of-war of the present day is speed, which should be sufficient to enable her to overtake or escape from any vessel on the ocean, as circumstances may require.' Even of those of older date, in which, according to him, we have been followed by the French naval architects even in their defects, he asserts that 'they are faster than the cruising ships of any other navy; besides which they are reputed to be excellent sea boats, and fast under sail, and they are armed with rifled guns, some of which are of heavy calibre.' Two things, independently of the efficiency of the war navy, have tended greatly to diminish the dangers to our ocean trade since we were last engaged in war with a Western Power. The immense increase in our steam shipping, and the gradual transfer to it of the foreign commerce which formerly employed so vast a fleet of sailing vessels, have considerably lessened the liability of merchantmen to capture. The 'Alabama's' depredations were almost exclusively upon sailing ships, and it was the flag which flew over vessels of that description which she and her one or two consorts are said to have driven from the seas. The different fate which befell scores of steam blockade runners, deliberately trying to burst through the lines of United States men-of-war which on the arcs of several concentric circles crowded the access to the southern seaports, shows what the improved ocean steamers produced in increasing numbers in this country may hope for in a future war. Nor can it be doubted that the agreement into which we and other European states have entered by the Declaration of Paris has secured our sea-borne commerce from many of the dangers to which in former wars it lay exposed. That portion of it which may not be transferred to neutral flags will have nothing to fear from privateers. When our naval officers and the mercantile world are fully aware of the real effect of the Declaration, it will be as popular as a couple of years ago it seemed to be the reverse. Prize-money, which may be hoped for from the capture of defenceless merchant-ships, fell but in scanty portions to the crews of the great fleets which fought on 'the first of June,' at the Nile, or at Trafalgar. Whilst the privateersman and the independent cruiser grew wealthy on the spoils of war, the majority of his Majesty's officers and men were worn out with watching Villeneuve or Ganteaume; and their hard-won captures were divided into too many 'shares' to form of them-

selves an adequate reward for the hardships and risks of a long blockade. 'It is by the operations of war, properly so called, that naval war must be carried on.'* The duty of protecting commerce by the navy will therefore be principally confined to keeping open the great ocean highways, and to preserving freedom of access to the coaling stations which stud them. Strongly fortified as many of these are, they are not likely to fall into the hands of an enemy who is not powerful upon the sea.

The present aspect of foreign affairs has, without doubt, made it more than usually interesting to investigate the question—In what way can a great naval power best wage war against a military power having no ships at sea, and a limited extent of coast? The difficulty of answering this question is increased when we are considering the case of possible war with an empire which has no mercantile marine, but little maritime trade, and whose coasts, limited in extent, are in some parts of the year inaccessible from ice. From what precedes it will be seen that we hold it to be highly improbable that our existing fleet will ever be called to fight a general naval action, because there is no fleet in existence in a condition to meet it on the high seas, and it would require a very extraordinary and improbable hostile combination to array such a fleet against us. In this respect the change in our naval tactics is as complete as the change in the build of our vessels and the size of our guns. For similar reasons we hold any serious attempt to attack and invade these islands, or any British possessions, from the sea as wholly chimerical. As far as the necessities of defence are concerned we feel perfectly secure. But to carry on war with effect we require the navy to be available for offensive operations; and in this respect, too, we have considerable advantages. In addition to the power of blockade, we have the means of choosing our point of attack wherever it suits us, and the greater the circumference of the enemy's dominions, the greater is the difficulty of protecting them. In the case of war with Russia, our operations might extend or alternate from Finland or the Neva to Archangel or to Vladivostock, as well as in the Black Sea, as they did in 1855. But here the changes we have described in the structure and force of the British fleet ought to produce far more considerable results than was possible in the Crimean war. There are probably but few fortifications in existence which could sustain the fire of our largest modern guns, even from

a distance which would leave the ship in security, and there are not many guns mounted in foreign batteries which would be formidable to ironclad ships.* Either these enormous armaments are comparatively useless, or the conditions of naval warfare and especially of naval sieges are totally changed. On land, we believe, there is no example of a siege battery brought into the field at all comparable in power to the naval batteries of our ships. Indeed, the thing is impossible, for neither the ordnance nor the ammunition could be transported to the scene of action. A ship alone supplies the means of moving such guns and placing them in any position where she can float. No doubt, if the work attacked were provided with superior weight of guns, and the ships were within range, the attack must fail. But a very large proportion of the old artillery mounted in the coast defences of foreign countries would prove quite ineffective against the heavy guns of our ships and against the ships themselves. We have found that to be the case at Gibraltar and Malta, and have renewed the whole armament of those fortresses at a vast expense. How many states of the Continent have done the same on their far more extensive works of defence? Wherever a great superiority of metal exists on the part of the assailant, and the assailing vessels are protected by armour, we incline to think that the attack ought to succeed. Of course, the moment the enemy's fire is overmastered, the point is gained. This, it appears to us, is the problem which the modern navy would have to solve in the event of this country being engaged in offensive operations; and we see no reason to doubt that the same energy, science, and skill which have been manifested in the reconstruction and armament of the British Navy in time of peace would be displayed in the effective use of these great resources in time of war.

* The Chief of the United States' Engineers says, in a remarkable passage quoted by Captain Cyprian Bridge in a lecture delivered at the R.E. Institute:—

‘The parapets and traverses of earth and sand must be three or even four times as thick and massive as they were to resist the armament of fifteen years ago. Where the parapets of earth were ten feet in thickness, now they must be forty feet. Guns that were formerly dragged with ease by fifteen or twenty men, and placed in position overnight, are now supplanted by armaments of such huge masses that they cannot be lifted without hydraulic power, and before such works could be improvised the enemy in his ironclads will have accomplished all he desired.’

ART. IX.—*Memoirs of Viscount Melbourne.* By W. M. TORRENS, M.P. Two vols. 8vo. London: 1878.

LORD MELBOURNE had no claim to ancient lineage or illustrious descent. The founder of the family was Matthew Lamb, the second son of a prosperous solicitor at Southwell in Nottinghamshire, who died in 1735, leaving a considerable property divided between his two sons. In 1740 Matthew had the good fortune to espouse Charlotte Coke, sister and heiress presumptive of her brother, who had been one of old Mr. Lamb's principal clients. A large estate acquired by Peniston, the brother of the Southwell solicitor, in the profession of a conveyancer, was settled in strict entail upon his two nephews. George Coke dying unmarried at an early age, the estates of Melbourne and Melton Mowbray came into the possession of his sister, Mrs. Lamb, with remainder to her son Peniston. Matthew himself, who had increased his large fortune by successful practice at the bar, entered Parliament, was created a baronet, and purchased the fine estate of Broomfield in Hertfordshire from the representatives of Sir Thomas Winnington. Sir Matthew died at the age of sixty-four, leaving property to the amount of half a million. Within a year his elder brother, Robert, who had risen in the Church to be Bishop of Peterborough, also departed this life, bequeathing his property to his nephew, the youthful baronet. Thus, by a series of improbable accidents, more like the plot of a bad novel than the occurrences of real life, the grandson of a country attorney became a great lauded proprietor and one of the wealthiest gentlemen in England.

At the age of twenty-four Sir Peniston married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, a beautiful girl, who soon took a foremost place among the brilliant women of that day. But she was more than a woman of fashion: she was clever, ambitious, and adroit, notwithstanding that Horace Walpole, in a well-known anecdote, seems to represent her as a fool:—
 ‘ Lady Melbourne was standing before the fire, and adjusting
 ‘ her feathers in the glass; says she, “Lord! they say the
 ‘ “stocks will blow up—that will be very comical.”’* Sir Peniston's marriage was soon followed by his elevation to the Irish peerage by the title of Baron Melbourne of Kilmore, in the county of Cavan.

The future Prime Minister, like his fortunate grandsire, was

* Letters, vol. v. p. 63, Cunningham's ed.

a second son. He was born in 1779, nine years after his elder brother Peniston, and at an early age seems to have been destined for the profession of the law, on which the fortunes of his family had been raised. He was educated at Eton, and entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn in his nineteenth year while he was resident at Cambridge. His academical career was distinguished by his obtaining the declamation prize. But he turned away from mathematics with dislike, while he evinced at this early age the predilection, which he retained through life, for a study almost equally dry and barren—the theological controversies of the early fathers. He took his degree and quitted the university in 1799; but before engaging in the study of the law William Lamb was, by his mother's desire, received as a pupil into the house of Professor Millar, of Glasgow, with a high recommendation for ability and promise from the Duke of Bedford and Lord Lauderdale. He attended the professor's lectures on history and law for two successive winters, at the same time studying metaphysics under Mylne, and taking a conspicuous part in the discussions of the Collegiate Debating Club. In 1804, when he was twenty-five years of age, William Lamb was called to the bar; but the period between his leaving Scotland and assumption of the robe had not been altogether devoted to the study of law. Society must needs present attractions to the gay and handsome son of a woman of fashion; and many of those precious hours which are passed by future judges and chancellors in the dingy offices of pleaders and conveyancers were squandered by our student at Carlton House and other places very different from the austere seclusion of the Temple. In other respects, however, he qualified himself punctually for his profession: he ate the prescribed number of term dinners at Lincoln's Inn, and in due time he was called to the bar. Choosing the Northern Circuit, he attended the Lancashire sessions, and by the favour of Mr. Scarlett obtained one of those complimentary briefs which are usually given to young barristers of good connexions. Encouraged by such unexpected success, Lamb declared his intention of being a regular attendant at the sessions. But he came no more, and never again put on wig and gown. Within a few weeks his elder brother, Peniston, died unmarried, and William Lamb, in his twenty-sixth year, became heir to a peerage and a great estate.

The loss of his first-born son at an age when, from the congeniality of taste and temper, the relation of parent and child had ripened into mutual confidence and friendship, was a

blow from which Lord Melbourne never recovered. He had reached the confines of old age with little or no experience of the vicissitudes of fortune, and now he was suddenly bereft of the heir, the friend, and counsellor, in whom all his worldly hopes and interests had long been concentrated. Lady Melbourne, on the other hand, was reconciled to a dispensation which brought forward her favourite child from the comparative obscurity of a younger son to the near prospect of a peerage and a great estate. The old lord, though not insensible to the brilliant qualities of William, could never promote him to the place in his confidence and affections which Peniston had occupied. Lord Melbourne showed this feeling, indeed, in a marked and characteristic way. Though a wealthy and a liberal man in money matters, he refused to continue to William the allowance which he had thought suitable to his eldest son. Peniston had received from his father 5,000*l.* a year; William's allowance was fixed at 2,000*l.* Nor could all the remonstrances and entreaties of Lady Melbourne change this resolution. The allowance of 2,000*l.* a year, however, could hardly be considered niggardly for a young unmarried man, whatever his father's rent-roll may have been. In other respects, if not in this particular, Lord Melbourne did all which his son could reasonably expect. He was released from the necessity of following his profession; a seat in Parliament was procured for him, and his father's houses both in town and country were his home. His marriage with Lady Caroline Ponsonby, daughter of the Earl of Bessborough, soon followed.

By this connexion with a great Whig family Mr. Lamb entered Parliament as a prominent member of the Opposition. He was returned at the commencement of the session of 1806, and took his seat a few days after the death of Mr. Pitt had terminated the long exile of the Whigs from place and power. But the new Cabinet found their return to office beset with difficulties and dangers. Like the fatal Ministry of 1784, the Ministry of 1806 was founded on a coalition. Mr. Fox, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Erskine, and Lord Howick found themselves associated with Lord Grenville, who, up to a recent period, had been the principal colleague of the late Minister; with Lord Sidmouth, who had been his creature; with Lord Ellenborough, the Tory Chief Justice, and with Mr. Windham, who had renounced Whig principles when the old Opposition had identified themselves with the principles of the French Revolution. The country, wasted by a disastrous and lingering war, had no heart for domestic politics, and failed to welcome, in the heterogeneous combination which succeeded

the powerful and coherent rule of the departed Minister, a return of the old English party to power. While the country was indifferent the Court hardly cared to disguise its hostility to the new Government, which was again indirectly assailed and discredited by and through the connexions of the Tory placemen, who filled every department of the public service. The great name of Mr. Fox was the chief support of the administration; but even the lustre of that name had been dimmed by time and political adversity. With a diminished following Mr. Fox had, for some time past, relaxed a vain struggle against power, and had more and more withdrawn to the lettered ease which was more congenial to the tastes of his advancing years than the turmoil of opposition. Yet, reluctant as he was to be drawn from his retirement, Mr. Fox did not hesitate at the call of duty to resume, after an interval of twenty-two years, the foremost place in public life. But it was too late. His life was drawing to its close. In the spring of the year some warning symptoms appeared, and these were accelerated by the cares of office and the exhausting duties which attach to the leader of the House of Commons. He was forced to give up attending in Parliament before the end of the session, and on September 7, a few months after the death of his great rival, the remains of Mr. Fox were carried to the grave.

With the view of strengthening their position, the Government dissolved Parliament in the autumn of 1806, and on the assembling of the newly elected House in December Mr. Lamb was chosen to move the Address. He seems to have discharged this task pretty much as it is usually performed. We do not, indeed, call to mind one instance in which a parliamentary reputation has been founded on an occasion such as this, when the genius of the orator is confined within measured lines. The Grenville Ministry fell to pieces within a year of its formation. Having no root in Parliament or in the country, after lingering about twelve months it fell before an insult which the king was advised he could put upon it with impunity and success.

The new Minister was Mr. Perceval, a *Nisi Prius* barrister with a second-rate practice, who had been a law officer in the Addington Administration. Perceval was a sharp fall from Pitt, and a considerable decline even from Addington; but an appointment which in these days would have been greeted with a shout of derision from one end of the United Kingdom to the other, was received in 1807 with perfect indifference, and Mr. Perceval might have remained Prime Minister until the great

Revival of 1830, had not his career been cut short by the hand of a fanatic. The occasion upon which the Grenville Ministry had been turned out was the demand by the king that they would not only abandon a certain measure for the partial relief of Roman Catholic disabilities, but that they would give him a written undertaking never again to mention the Catholic question—a pledge which his Majesty well knew that no Whig statesman, no man of honour, could for a moment entertain. There was no need to exact such a pledge from Mr. Perceval and Lord Eldon, the staunch, uncompromising foes of religious liberty. But it is not to the credit of Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, who held very different sentiments, that they gave their support to an administration founded on the principle of exclusion.

As soon as the new Ministry had taken their seats, Mr. Brand moved, in reference to the recent event, a declaratory resolution that it is contrary to the duty of constitutional ministers to restrain themselves by any pledge from offering such advice to the Crown as they may think necessary for the public service. Mr. Lamb seconded the motion in a speech which his biographer describes as resembling ‘a paragraph or two in a letter from Verax to the editor of the “Times” when everybody is out of town.’ The short and imperfect note of which the reporting of that day consisted hardly justifies this contemptuous opinion; but it is not improbable that in dealing with such a self-evident proposition a young man should indulge in constitutional platitudes very little to the taste of the House of Commons. However, the speech seems to have attracted no attention, although the motion was supported by a considerable minority. Mr. Lamb addressed the House occasionally during subsequent sessions, and sometimes not without approbation; but on the whole he failed to establish a place in that fastidious assembly; and at the dissolution of 1812, having sat in Parliament six years, he was content to retire, whether from weariness or despair, or both. Domestic troubles, too, had by this time come upon him. The bright promise of his marriage had not been fulfilled. We need not dwell upon the aberrations which made the name of Lady Caroline Lamb painfully notorious. The sole offspring of this unfortunate union, the heir to a hitherto fortunate race, was hopelessly imbecile both in mind and body. The world of fashion and pleasure could offer little consolation to a man of Mr. Lamb’s tastes and talents for the loss of domestic peace, and failure in public life. He found in literature the resource which neither fashion nor politics could supply. His reading, which appears to have

been hitherto scanty, now extended to branches of knowledge not within the range of ordinary research. His favourite study, strangely enough for a man of his education and habits, was religious controversy and the works of the old fathers. Like other thoughtful men, Lamb was probably not so happily formed as to be able to find refuge from doubt in dogmatism, but neither is it to be supposed that he sought in the wranglings of mediæval priests and logicians a solution of the great mystery of life. It was a matter of taste, like the fancy for old china or dried beetles.

After an interval of four years Mr. Lamb re-entered the House of Commons as member for the close borough of Portarlington, and in the following year for Peterborough, which had been long represented by his grandfather and uncle. He joined the party of what in these days would be called the advanced Liberals, headed by Lord Althorp. The Opposition had for some years been nominally led by Mr. Ponsonby, a sensible and upright man, but without the peculiar qualities of a party leader. The consequence had been that the Whigs, under his direction, had fallen into the disorganisation which is the tendency of a defeated party. Yet, on the death of Mr. Ponsonby in 1817, it was not found easy to replace him. If breadth of knowledge and oratorical power were the principal qualifications for the post, there was one man who must have been elected by acclamation. That man was Brougham. But Brougham was, by the general consent of the party, pronounced unfit to be its chief, and the choice fell upon Mr. Tierney, a gentleman with no political connexion and no commanding ability, but possessed of a ready tongue and handy in debate. But it is no disparagement to Mr. Tierney that he failed to consolidate the scattered remnants of the Liberal party. The times were out of joint. In 1817 the prospects of the party seemed hopeless. Ten years had passed since the dispersion of the Ministry of 'The Talents;' Perceval had been succeeded by Lord Liverpool, the son of Mr. Jenkinson, the gentleman through whose secret agency the Court had for many years managed the party called the King's Friends, which had undermined so many administrations. For his services in this capacity Jenkinson had been rewarded by an earldom, to which his son succeeded in 1808. Lord Liverpool, before his elevation to the head of the Government, had held high office under Addington, Pitt, and Perceval. Though never a distinguished statesman, and without any pretension to oratory, Lord Liverpool was a sensible man, with a good knowledge of public business, and especially of

commercial affairs. Under his auspices the Government jogged on for some years.

At the close of the great war in 1815 there were some ominous movements. The artificial prosperity caused by the war having collapsed, there was great distress throughout the country, and under the pressure of want the people eagerly listened to the teachers who told them that the Government was contrived for the benefit of the few and the oppression of the many. Yet these doctrines would have had little effect had they not been founded in some measure upon fact. It would be a gross exaggeration to compare the state of England in 1816 with that of France in 1789, but the grievances of the English people differed less in kind than in degree from those of the French nation. There was no forced labour in this country: the upper classes were not avowedly exempt from the public burdens; nor were the higher offices in the public service exclusively appropriated to those classes. But the Poor Law, which in its conception was just and generous, was so worked as to keep the agricultural population virtually in a state of bondage; taxation weighed unfairly on the labouring people, and their daily bread was taxed for the benefit of the landlords and farmers. Tyrannical laws stifled the free expression of public opinion, and prerogative judges punished with exemplary rigour any man who ventured to complain. All this had been submitted to with dogged patience by a people sunk in ignorance, and against whom all the avenues to knowledge were strictly closed. But at length the cruelty and stupidity of this system became exposed, and a wild cry for reform burst from the great centres of population. A pamphlet in favour of parliamentary reform, written by Mr. Hobhouse, member for Westminster, with so much point and spirit as to be attributed by Canning, whom it attacked, to Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of 'Junius,' was voted by the House of Commons a false, scandalous, and seditious libel; and Mr. Hobhouse, being committed to Newgate on his admission of the authorship, became the hero of the hour. Sir Francis Burdett, the colleague of Mr. Hobhouse in the representation of Westminster, was soon after tried and convicted on an *ex officio* information for a seditious libel in the form of a letter reprobating the Manchester massacre. At the ensuing general election, Burdett and Hobhouse, who had the courage to call themselves Radical Reformers, were again returned for Westminster, the Whig candidate, Mr. George Lamb, though he received the support of the Tories, being defeated by a large majority. The Whigs, as a party, had never supported extensive plans of

parliamentary reform. Lord Althorp, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Lambton were far in advance of the party upon this question, and the popular suffrage recommended by the members for Westminster was considered too wild and extravagant for serious consideration.

While the people out of doors were eagerly demanding a reform in the representation as the first step towards better government, the question excited so little interest in Parliament that a moderate proposal by a member so prominent as Mr. Lambton hardly gave rise to a languid debate in a thin House; while Mr. Hobhouse's motion for household suffrage, which was far more in accordance with public opinion, was so little regarded that the Government were content to leave the member for Westminster to be answered by his friend Mr. Lamb. The author of these volumes is of opinion that the Opposition were justified in neglecting this question while public opinion was immature. We venture, however, to doubt whether the argument in favour of parliamentary inaction was so 'plain and unanswerable' (vol. i. p. 165) as Mr. Torrens imagines. No member of the Liberal party who bestowed a thought upon this matter in 1821 could fail to see that the representative system must be remodelled upon lines more or less broad before the country could be governed on the principles he approved, and we cannot think the party acted wisely in leaving this vital question to the uncertain growth of public opinion without any guidance or encouragement. Meanwhile the Tory Government itself was undergoing a gradual process of reform. The two members of the Cabinet who, from their genius and knowledge, were most conspicuous, entertained liberal views upon questions of religious freedom and commercial policy. Many of the Whigs, especially the younger members eager for Catholic emancipation, and firm believers in the doctrines of Adam Smith and the school of economists, drew towards Canning and Huskisson. Mr. Lamb was one who, in the opinion of the stricter members of the party, was thus led astray; and when the death of Lord Londonderry left the undisputed ascendancy to Canning, Lamb was invited by Lord Liverpool to join the administration. It is a notable proof of Lamb's failure in the House of Commons that Canning and Huskisson, with every disposition to serve him, could obtain for him the offer of only a subordinate place in the Ministry. A man who had reached the age of five-and-forty, the heir to a great estate, and supported by a wide political connexion, might fairly have aspired to the Cabinet after nearly twenty years of parliamentary experience. But such an idea seems not to

have occurred to himself or to his friends. Lamb, however, declined the offer.

Mr. Torrens gives abundant extracts from Lamb's speeches in the House of Commons. But the printed report of a speech is a very imperfect criterion of its success. Some of the finest oratorical compositions, such as the speeches of Burke and Macaulay, have been far less effective than speeches which will hardly bear the test of print. Mr. Fox used to say that a speech which read well was a bad speech. Himself the most powerful debater that ever addressed the House of Commons, nearly all the force and fire of his eloquence disappear in the process of translation to paper. The stately and splendid declamation of Pitt, in like manner, shrinks into tameness and verbosity. We know, indeed, of only two instances in which the report conveys some idea of the speech. The beautiful language of Mr. Canning is hardly less pleasant to read than it was to hear, and the nervous idiomatic English which carries Mr. Bright's eloquence home to the hearts and understandings of his audience is fairly reflected in print. Mr. Lamb's speeches read as well as Mr. Pitt's or Mr. Windham's; they are well-finished, sensible essays, but they were not suited to the House of Commons. It must, however, be observed that the House of Commons of 1824 was a very different assembly from the House of Commons of 1878. The county representation remains substantially the same. It was then, as now, almost exclusively in the hands of the landowners. The close boroughs of the unreformed Parliament were also, for the most part, appendages to the estates of the great landed proprietors. A few of these seats were rented by men of wealth and by lawyers on their preferment, who had no other access to the House of Commons, but the boroughs were chiefly occupied by connexions of the great territorial lords. The prevailing belief that the close boroughs afforded peculiar facilities for the introduction to public life of young men of promise has very little foundation. Clever young men without family or fortune were regarded as political adventurers who were to be kept out of Parliament rather than brought in, and in the rare instances when a candidate of this class was brought in it was more with a view to the advancement of the private interests of his patron than on public grounds. The sessions of the unreformed Parliament were short, the questions were few, and the debates were generally confined to the leading members of the two recognised parties. A high standard of speaking was thus maintained, and it rarely happened that a man wanting in station or culture ventured to address the

fastidious and exclusive audience. We need not dwell on the changes which half a century has produced. The great assembly still attracts, as it ever must attract, the highest order of ability; and its foremost members may, at this day, compare with the most distinguished of their predecessors. But its composition is radically altered. The enfranchisement of the urban constituencies has transferred the balance of power from the territorial to the popular side, and instead of a select chamber we have a congress in which every interest and every opinion can find a voice. The business of the reformed Parliament has been doubled, and its session is prolonged nearly in the same proportion. A crowd of debaters, urged by ambitious and exacting constituencies, compete for the Speaker's eye; and a style savouring of the platform and the town council, which would not have been tolerated in the unreformed House, is accepted as a convenient medium for the discussion of the many important matters which occupy the attention of the regenerated Legislature. The House of Commons, being now thrown open to everybody, does, in fact, comprise many more of the class indiscriminately stigmatised as political adventurers than it ever did under the close system; but we must admit that the tests of scholarship and taste are less regarded by the free elector than they were by the arbitrary patron.

At the general election of 1826 some of the leading Whigs lost their seats in consequence of their support of the Catholic claims. Lamb was forced to retire from the representation of the county of Hertford, and an attempt to find refuge in the borough was defeated by the superior address and courage of Mr. Thomas Duncombe. In the following year the retirement of Lord Liverpool offered Canning the opportunity, which he promptly seized, of becoming Prime Minister. The old Tory members of the Government, headed by the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, and Mr. Peel, refused to serve under him. To repair this formidable defection, Mr. Canning had recourse to the Opposition; and some of its principal members, undeterred by the failure of former coalitions, consented to join him. But the uncompromising Whigs, like the staunch Tories, refused to be parties to this questionable connexion. The vehemence of Brougham, who was the contriver of this combination, carried with him Lord Lansdowne, Lord Holland, and Tierney; but Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, Lambton, Hobhouse, and the heirs of the houses of Bedford and of Fitzwilliam stood aloof. William Lamb, whose attachment to the Liberal party had been always somewhat loose, was won over

by the blandishments of Canning, and accepted the important office of Secretary for Ireland. Canning died in the autumn of 1827, and the Coalition Government fell to pieces under the feeble hands of his successor before the end of the year. A few months of office were hardly sufficient to test Mr. Lamb's capacity for administration; but these volumes contain abundant evidence of his assiduity in endeavouring to comprehend those mysterious questions which have perplexed so many Englishmen who have set themselves to the study of Irish politics.

We now approach the time when the long and weary reign of Toryism was drawing to its close. In the year 1828 the last Tory Minister in the person of the Duke of Wellington assumed the direction of affairs. It was reserved for its most illustrious member to put an end to the great party which had governed England, almost without interruption, for nearly half a century. A true patriot, though a bad statesman, the Duke of Wellington, in 1829, surrendered unconditionally to the Catholics rather than risk another rising in Ireland; but in 1830 he failed to see that the choice was between reform and revolution. The famous eulogy on the House of Commons with which the Prime Minister opened the first Parliament of the new reign, and his determination to resist every change, not only sealed the fate of his own government, but rendered it impossible ever again to construct a government on the old Tory lines. Nearly half a century has passed away since the fall of the Duke of Wellington's administration; and during that time, with short intervals amounting in the aggregate to no more than ten or twelve years, the Liberal party has been in power. And during those intermittent periods when the party was out of office Liberal principles can hardly be said to have suffered any interruption. Sir Robert Peel's Government repealed the Corn Laws, and established free trade on an extended basis. Lord Derby carried a large extension of the suffrage; and the present Administration, though comparatively inactive, is at least not reactionary.

The more moderate section of Canning's Administration consented to remain in office under the Duke of Wellington; and Lamb, after some hesitation, took the same course. The Whig members of the late Government, Lords Lansdowne and Carlisle, Spring Rice, and Mackintosh, retired; and in joining his political fortunes with such men as Huskisson, Grant, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Dudley, who, however distinguished, had never belonged to the Whig connexion, Lamb took a step which showed little regard for party ties. Lamb

was, in fact, the only nominal Whig who held office under the Duke; even those members of the Government who were in no sense Whigs, but had Liberal inclinations, soon found it impossible to serve under a chief who would tolerate no political free thinking. An occasion soon arose. A wretched little borough had been convicted of bribery, and the Cabinet determined to extend the constituency instead of disfranchising it. An amendment having been moved to transfer the franchise from the delinquent borough to the great town of Birmingham, it was supported by Huskisson and his friends. The result was, though not until after some humiliating negotiation, that Huskisson resigned; he was followed by every member of the Liberal section of the Ministry, and their places were filled from the rank and file of the Tory party. Two eventful years succeeded. In 1829 Catholic emancipation, which had so long been denied to reason and justice, was hastily conceded to menace and violence. In 1830 the French Revolution precipitated the question of parliamentary reform. The Duke's Administration survived their declaration against reform about a fortnight, and before the end of the year Lord Grey was at the head of a Liberal Government founded on the broad basis of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform. In this, the most important administration of modern times, Lord Melbourne was appointed to the most responsible department. The Home Office, though its chief ranks first among the Secretaries of State, is not often coveted by Ministers of the highest rank. It is generally best filled by a country gentleman of good sense, with a sufficient aptitude for business; but in 1830 the country was in a state of disorder and tumult. The middle classes had organised associations for the purpose of reform; while the labouring population were lifting their hand against capital and property. The pent-up grievances of long years had suddenly broken forth, and a false step on the part of Government might have caused an insurrection. In these circumstances Lord Grey selected for the Minister, to whose sagacity and prudence the safety of the nation was more immediately to be entrusted, a gentleman who had had little experience of office, and whose reputation was rather that of a man of fashion than a statesman. But Lord Grey's experience had taught him that good sense was a quality far more valuable in a Minister than genius or eloquence. The history of this country affords examples of men of a high capacity for legislation and great power of argument, who have utterly failed when a practical question had to be de-

cided, and have shown a want of judgment or discretion when some point of conduct was involved. Lord Melbourne had no pretension to eloquence, nor was he ever distinguished as a legislator; but if a prompt decision had to be taken or a difficulty had to be met, there was no man whose judgment was more ready or more sound. Lord Melbourne's first act as Home Secretary was to assert the ascendancy of the law, and to put down attempts to obtain the redress of grievances by violent or illegal means. It soon became known that a great measure of parliamentary reform was in preparation, and the public discontent was for the time allayed by this understanding. The lines of the Bill were drawn by a committee of the Cabinet; but Lords Melbourne, Brougham, and Althorp, together with Lord John Russell, to whom the high honour of introducing it had been assigned, were consulted in every stage of its progress. Upon the vital point of the qualification of the new constituency, Melbourne wisely said, 'I am for a low figure. Unless we have a large basis to work upon, we shall do nothing.' Lord Grey was of the same opinion, as were Lord Brougham, Graham, and Lord John. We need not dwell on the fortunes of the Reform Bill. Lord Melbourne never pretended to be an ardent reformer like some of his colleagues; but he saw that the question did not admit of a half measure; and that, if touched at all, it must be dealt with fully, broadly, and finally. Some members of the Cabinet, like many of their friends in Parliament and the country, recoiled, half frightened, from the magnitude of the change which was proposed; but Lord Melbourne never faltered in his adherence to the bold and sagacious policy which the time and the subject required. The temper of the nation was inflamed to a pitch which it had not reached at any former crisis of its history—not at the Reformation, not at the great Rebellion, and certainly not at the Revolution of 1688. If the chiefs of the Government, daunted by the storm of opposition which they encountered, or disheartened by the hesitation of some of their immediate allies and supporters, had fallen back upon a policy of compromise and concession, a fearful convulsion would have followed. The choice lay between the Reform Bill and revolution.

The policy of the Irish Government at this period may be cited as an example of the mischief which brilliant talents, uncontrolled by judgment and discretion, can accomplish. The Irish people, though cordially assenting to reform, were not so vehement in the cause as their English and Scotch compatriots. They had griefs of their own which they preferred

to the common grievances of the United Kingdom. They complained that they were treated more as a dependency than as an integral part of the empire, that their affairs had been neglected, and that the British Government were incapable of understanding their wants. There was some exaggeration in these complaints, but they were not groundless. The difficulty which English statesmen had found in dealing with Irish troubles was to distinguish cause from effect. They put down disorder by the strong hand of the law, and took no heed of the wrong which had led to the disorder. Melbourne, on taking the chief office in the Irish Government, had taken pains to enquire into the causes of Irish discontent, and had planned a series of measures which at least acknowledged the existence of wrongs and the right to redress. He put himself in frank communication with the popular leaders, and thus obtained an insight into Irish views which none of his predecessors had acquired. But after the brief interval during which Lord F. L. Gower held the office, Lord Melbourne was succeeded as Chief Secretary by a man far his superior indeed in parliamentary power, but the man least of all fitted for such a post, the impetuous and headstrong Stanley. The plans of conciliation and redress which Lamb had prepared or meditated were thrown aside; and without consulting the Lord-Lieutenant or the Cabinet, the new Chief Secretary brought forward a bill for disarming the Irish people. Lord Althorp, the leading Minister in the Commons, described it as 'one of the most tyrannical measures' he had ever heard proposed; and Lord Melbourne was so indignant that he appealed to Lord Grey against the violent and unprovoked proceedings of their subordinate. The bill was indeed deprived of its obnoxious clauses in its passage through Parliament, but the Government sustained much damage in the process. The great family connexion of Stanley, combined with his unrivalled power of debate, rendered him far too formidable to be got rid of, or even controlled; and he continued, notwithstanding the hints he had received, to govern Ireland according to the traditionary maxims of the Tory underlings in his office, by whose congenial advice, when he condescended to take advice, he was chiefly guided. The result of a year of such government as this was to render civil government nearly impossible. Lord Anglesey, the Viceroy, writing to an Irish nobleman at the beginning of 1832, described the country 'as all but in a state of rebellion,' and he officially informed the secretary that he could not undertake to maintain order in Ireland without an additional force of twenty

thousand troops. At no period since 1798 was Ireland worse governed than when the late Lord Derby held the office of Irish Secretary. The government of Earl Grey, after carrying through Parliament, against unparalleled difficulties, the greatest work of legislation which had been attempted since 1688, was nearly wrecked upon an Irish question. The state of the Irish Church was so scandalous that a reforming administration was bound to deal with it. The overgrown establishment was accordingly reduced by lopping off several of the bishoprics and archbishoprics with which it was overdone. This was so reasonable that it met with little opposition in the reformed Parliament; but when the question arose as to the appropriation of the surplus funds, a serious difficulty arose. It was found that men who had revolutionised the House of Commons and were prepared to swamp the House of Lords hesitated to apply to secular purposes a few thousand pounds which the Church did not want, and ought never to have possessed. That such men as Stanley and Graham should have regarded this as a vital question is hardly intelligible to a generation of Liberals who have witnessed the abolition of the Irish Church and the confiscation of its revenues. But Stanley and Graham left the Government rather than consent to the sacrilegious appropriation of Church property to purposes of education. They were accompanied by Lord Ripon, the late Prime Minister, a hybrid Whig, and by the Duke of Richmond, a Tory of the school of Eldon, who had joined the Reform Ministry, not from faith, but from rage against the party which had betrayed the Protestant cause by conceding Catholic emancipation. This breach in the Government had been hardly repaired when it had to encounter the shock of another Irish question. The policy of coercion pursued by the late Irish Secretary had brought the country into such a state that it had become necessary for the protection of life and property that the Coercion Act should be renewed for a limited period. It was proposed, however, with the consent of the Lord-Lieutenant, that some of the most oppressive provisions of the old Act should be given up. An intimation to this effect had been imprudently made by Mr. Littleton, the new secretary, to O'Connell; but when the subject came again before the Cabinet, Lord Grey, who had been persuaded by Stanley that 'Ireland must be taught to fear' before she could be taught to love, insisted on retaining one obnoxious clause which his principal colleagues had agreed to give up. The whole story connected with this transaction has been already told in former numbers of this Journal; and

we need now only remind our readers that the result of this unfortunate misunderstanding was the resignation of Lord Grey.

We have now arrived at a critical period in the public life of Lord Melbourne. It would have been an ignominious end for the great Ministry of Reform to have fallen to pieces from internal dissension, when the country was expecting, and Parliament was prepared to carry, measures of the utmost importance. The venerable chief himself, though compelled by circumstances to retire, would hardly have discharged his duty had he quitted the Government without designating his successor. His choice, indeed, was limited. Mr. Stanley, who had been named by Lord Melbourne, in a remarkable conversation which he is said to have had with Mr. Disraeli, as the next Prime Minister, had separated himself from the political fortunes of the Whigs. Sir James Graham was gone also. Lord Althorp had resigned, and the Chancellor, who in ability and varied knowledge far exceeded all his colleagues, if not all his contemporaries, was out of the question. The choice was therefore narrowed almost by necessity to Lord Melbourne. The king, however, thought this a favourable opportunity for uniting the two great parties, and combining in his councils the most capable men in Parliament. The Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Stanley were mentioned by His Majesty as the principal persons with whom Lord Grey's successor was desired to place himself in communication. If such a plan had been feasible, no man was more fitted to carry it into effect than Lord Melbourne. His attachment to Whig principles, as we have seen, was not very strict; and he adhered to the Liberal party less from taste and sympathy than from a sagacious perception that the country must in future be governed by liberal ideas. An alliance with the leaders of the Tory party so soon after the passing of the Reform Bill must have proved more fatal to the Whigs than the coalition of 1784. It would have been considered throughout the land as a betrayal of the Reformers, and would have ruined the best of all causes by throwing it back into the hands of the violent party which had for years kept it in disrepute. Lord Melbourne, though not an ardent reformer, was a man of honour and a man of sense, and in neither capacity could he feel justified on the morrow of the Reform Act, with a decided party majority at his command, in placing himself at the head of a Ministry of compromise. In a long and not very well drawn paper, he explained to the king the reasons which rendered it impossible for him to be instru-

mental in carrying out His Majesty's wishes. In fact, the answer to the king's commission was contained in a single paragraph of Lord Melbourne's reply.

'The distinguished individuals enumerated by your Majesty, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Stanley, have all and each of them recently expressed not only general want of confidence in your Majesty's Government, but the strongest objections, founded upon principle, to measures of great importance either introduced into Parliament, or adopted by virtue of your Majesty's prerogative; to the bill for the better collection of tithes in Ireland, and to the commission for an inquiry into the state of religion in that country. Both these measures, particularly the last, Viscount Melbourne considers vital and essential in the present state of public feeling and opinion. Would it be then fair in Viscount Melbourne to offer to these distinguished individuals the appearance of a negotiation in which Viscount Melbourne would have everything to demand and nothing to concede?'

These reasons were unanswerable, and left the king no choice but to send for the Duke of Wellington, or to allow Lord Melbourne to form his own administration. The former alternative was hopeless; and in a few days His Majesty gave his assent to a Cabinet of sixteen members exclusively composed of members of the Liberal party, and comprising every man of note in that wide connexion. It was in point of numbers the largest administration that had ever been formed, and it was the first administration free from any infusion of the Tory element which had been formed since the Revolution. The Premier himself, indeed, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Grant had held office under the Duke of Wellington, but they had long since been separated from the councils of the Opposition. The rest of the Cabinet, with the exception perhaps of Sir John Hobhouse, who would have been described as a Radical, were pure Whigs. With a government thus constituted, and supported by a majority of nearly two-thirds of the House of Commons, a long and prosperous career of administration might have been anticipated. But among all the uncertainties of human affairs there is nothing more uncertain than the tenure of an English Ministry. For a time everything went smoothly. The prorogation of Parliament a few days after the change of Government gave the new Ministers the advantage of the recess to prepare their measures. Meantime a policy of conciliation was adopted towards Ireland. The Coercion Bill was passed without the obnoxious clauses which Lord Grey thought so indispensable; a Catholic barrister, who was likewise a prominent member of the popular party, was named law officer. The first vacant garter was given to the

Duke of Norfolk, the head of the English Catholics. The Irish agitators, instead of being prosecuted, were consulted on public affairs; and with a view of bringing Irish business more immediately under his notice, the Premier had appointed his brother-in-law, Lord Duncannon, to the Home Office. Parliament was prorogued on August 15, and on November 10 Lord Althorp was removed from the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and from the lead of the House of Commons, by the death of his father, Lord Spencer. The loss of a colleague who, from his position, was hardly of less importance than the Premier, and who had personally enjoyed in an extraordinary degree the confidence of Parliament and the country, was no doubt serious, and might have been fatal had it been produced by a political cause. But resulting as it did from an event which had been long foreseen, neither Lord Althorp's removal from the House of Commons, nor the resignation of his place in the Cabinet which followed, were irreparable losses. There was no insurmountable difficulty in finding a successor to Lord Althorp, and more than one eligible candidate was in fact named. It is true that, while giving His Majesty the option of forming new arrangements, Lord Melbourne expressed his confidence in the stability of the administration, and his readiness to submit proposals for filling up the vacancies occasioned by circumstances beyond his control; and on the termination of the audience Lord Melbourne was under the impression that no change of Ministry was contemplated. But the king would not, or was not permitted to, let the opportunity slip. The next day he placed in the Minister's hands a paper, the purport of which could not be misunderstood. It simply stated that His Majesty was informed that the loss of Lord Althorp would deprive the Ministry of the confidence of the Lower House, and as they were already in that condition as regarded the House of Peers, it had become necessary to place the conduct of affairs in other hands. This dismissal was aggravated, rather than softened, in the estimation of Lord Melbourne by the offer to himself of an earldom and the garter. He briefly declined these honours; but indignant as he was, the loyalty of his nature prompted him to remonstrate with his ill-advised sovereign on the rash step which His Majesty was about to take. He pointed out that there was not the smallest foundation for supposing that the Government was likely to lose the confidence of the House of Commons, or that a dissolution would materially alter the balance of parties. The king was deaf to all these reasons, and closed the interview by saying that he had made up his

mind to send for the Duke of Wellington. The only member of the late Government immediately accessible was Lord Lyndhurst, and with him the duke put himself in communication. A messenger was despatched in search of Sir Robert Peel, who was travelling on the Continent, but nobody knew where. These facts sufficiently disprove (an opinion expressed by Lord Palmerston) that the whole thing had been preconcerted between the Court and the Tory leaders. In fact there had never been a Ministry, if Ministry it could be called, which took office under such circumstances. Lord Lyndhurst accepted the Great Seal, and the duke united in his person the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and the three Secretaries of State. Every other appointment was postponed until the arrival of Sir Robert Peel, for whom the duke provisionally held office. Thus it happened that for a considerable period several of the great offices of State were held by one person, and the public service was conducted during this interval without any responsible head to many of the departments. This unseemly and unconstitutional state of things was caused by the indecent impatience of the Court to get rid of the Whigs, for, according to all precedent, the outgoing Ministry should have retained office until their successors were appointed.

The dismissal of the Ministry did not give rise to that burst of popular indignation which some had hoped and anticipated. By the more ardent reformers it was attributed to a want of zeal and energy on the part of the late Premier; and the querulous murmurs of the party were drowned in the vociferous assertions of the Tories—or the Conservatives as they now called themselves—that a reaction had set in. In a certain sense this was true. It was impossible that the public mind could have been kept at the point of tension which it had attained in 1831–2; but though excitement had subsided, and the volatile elements of popularity which swelled the clamour for reform had evaporated, there remained a large majority of the nation for reform, although not agreed as to measures. In answering an address from his friends at home, Lord Melbourne said :—

‘ You are all doubtless aware that a controversy has lately been carried on between men of great eminence and weight in the country upon the subject of the progress of reformation, whether it should be slow or fast, whether much or little should be proposed in the next session of Parliament. I can only say for myself, that—I know not whether it should have been considered much, or whether it should have been considered little—I should have been for bringing forward

as much as was sufficient, as much as would have remedied the most pressing evils, as much as could have been digested and matured, as much as under the circumstances it could be considered safe, prudent, and practicable to effect.'

And a few days later, in replying to an address from Derby, he adverted to

'the causes of the late events. You will not consider me as employing the language of complaint and discontent, but rather that of friendly admonition and advice, if I enumerate amongst them the want of confidence which has often been expressed in quarters from which we expected support,—the strong condemnation which has been pronounced upon some of our measures, which I conceive to have been absolutely necessary,—the violent and subversive opinions which have been declared, and particularly the bitter hostility and ulterior designs against the Established Church, which have been openly avowed by several classes and bodies of the Dissenters. When I mention this last opinion, I beg leave to say that I do not condemn those who conscientiously entertain it. It is not my opinion; but I mention it now with reference to its actual effect upon the course of public affairs. These sentiments and this conduct occasioned great alarm in high and powerful quarters; they terrified the timid, they repelled from us the wavering, they rallied men around the institutions which they conceived to be attacked, and they gave life, spirit, and courage to our political adversaries, who, you will recollect, after all, form a very large and powerful party in this country—a party powerful in number, powerful in property, powerful in rank and station, and allow me to add, a party of a very decided, tenacious, unyielding, and uncompromising character.'

Sir Robert Peel, on arriving in London, found himself so far committed during his absence, that he had no option but to undertake the charge which the ill-advised action of the Court had forced upon him. He applied in the first instance to Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham for assistance, but these eminent persons would have nothing to do with his desperate adventure. There was then no alternative but to seek for colleagues in the old Tory party, and it was, therefore, with a Cabinet of the Addington and Perceval type, that the Conservative chief appealed to the country. The dissolution of Parliament took place on December 30. In a few days the contest was decided. The Liberals made a strong effort to stem the tide of reaction, and they were not unsuccessful; but the Conservatives, though beaten, had shown that they were still formidable opponents. Fighting under every disadvantage, they nevertheless dealt a weighty blow to the reformers. From a commanding majority of two-thirds of the House of Commons, the Liberals were reduced to a margin of

some five-and-twenty or thirty. Such a result, though decisive for the moment, was not very encouraging for the future; and it seemed probable that a powerful and united minority, supported by the Court, and inured to office, would ere long prevail over a heterogeneous assemblage of various political creeds, hastily organised, and without experienced leaders. We need not dwell on the well-known details of Sir Robert Peel's short Administration. Though beaten by a majority of seven on the division for the Speakership, it was not until April 7, when Lord John Russell's motion to appropriate the surplus funds of the Church of Ireland was carried by a majority of twenty-seven, that Sir Robert Peel was satisfied that the contest could no longer be continued. On the following day he resigned, and the king sent for Lords Grey, Lansdowne, and Melbourne. He recurred to his favourite proposal of a coalition; but on being distinctly told that such an arrangement was impossible, His Majesty decided, after some hesitation, on once more placing himself unreservedly in the hands of Lord Melbourne. It was not without hesitation and misgiving that Melbourne undertook the task. Lord Grey was immovable in his determination to decline official responsibility in any form. But, with one notable exception, the new Ministry was composed of the same members as the Ministry of the preceding July, omitting Lord Spencer, who had retired from public life, Mr. Abercromby, who was Speaker, and Lord Mulgrave, who became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

We are wholly unable to understand why Lord Wellesley was not invited to resume the viceroyalty. It was true that Wellesley in a letter to the Premier, contrary to the opinion expressed in a former official despatch, with the view of propitiating the popular leaders, had recommended the omission of certain clauses in the Coercion Bill. The purport of this letter had been rashly communicated to O'Connell by the Chief Secretary. The consequence was the resignation of Lord Althorp and Lord Grey. But it was not the confidential letter of the viceroy which led to this result. Nor was Lord Wellesley justly chargeable with instability of purpose in this matter. It was at the instance of Mr. Littleton and Lord Brougham that he modified his views as to the necessity of the obnoxious clauses in the Coercion Bill. On the same day, June 19, he received letters from his secretary and the Chancellor in the same sense. Lord Brougham's letter is before us, and we quote the part of it which relates to this affair. The passages in italics are underscored in the original:—

‘One thing I do very seriously request your best consideration of.

Can't we *do* Ireland with the Coercion Bill without the *Meetings Clauses*? 'The real use and pith of the Bill is the Insurrection part,—sunrise and sunset, &c. 'Then if we get that through, and even in a more efficient form, if we can propose anything more efficient, we shall surely get all we can want. Now I *know* that Dan O'C. will *support* such a reduced bill, and even heartily, and that he will be gained over thereby, and cease to trouble. Pray do well consider this, *and, without saying I asked you so to do*, write to Lord M. your full opinion. I will answer for it pacifying Ireland, and placing you on a pinnacle.'

On June 30, a week after Lord Wellesley's letter had been read to the Cabinet, Lord Melbourne writes to him:—

'I greatly condemn myself that, through indolence and negligence, I did not keep your Excellency better informed of the actual state of feeling here. It is impossible for any man, however great his natural penetration and his experience, to conjecture how opinions are tending and passions working in another country.'

More to the same effect follows. On August 23, after his accession to the premiership, Lord Melbourne writes to the viceroy in reference to the Irish measures for the ensuing session:—

'I cannot help expressing sincerely the expectation I entertain of the material assistance which will be afforded by the application of your Excellency's powerful and comprehensive understanding to a subject in every way worthy of it. If you can devise the means of solving this problem, you will achieve a great labour and acquire great glory; and you will not suspect me of flattery, when I say that in my conscience I believe there is no man alive more equal to such a work, and more capable of effecting it, than your Excellency.'

In pursuance of instructions thus conveyed, Lord Wellesley, in concert with Lord Duncannon, the Home Secretary, Mr. Littleton, the Irish Chancellor, and the law officers, framed a series of measures, some of which passed into law, and formed the basis in no small degree of Melbourne's reputation as a statesman; and yet, on his return to power within a year after these transactions, Lord Melbourne made no offer of the viceroyalty to Lord Wellesley, assigning as his reason that 'Lord Wellesley wrote an imprudent letter to Lord Grey on June 21, 1834, and that from that moment he [Lord Melbourne] had resolved that, upon the reconstruction of the government of Ireland, there should be a general sweep.' In justice to the memory of a great man who was most unworthily treated, we deem it right to record these facts, which certainly do not redound to the credit of Lord Melbourne.

One member of the late Cabinet was by common consent

excluded. In genius, learning, eloquence, it was agreed that none of the Ministry, able and accomplished as many of them were, could stand a moment's comparison with their rejected colleague. But it was felt impossible that the Great Seal should be again entrusted to Lord Brougham. In the Prime Minister's own words, 'if left out, he would indeed be dangerous; but if taken in, he would simply be destructive. We may have little chance of being able to go on without him; but to go on with him would be impossible.' No disgraceful imputation rested on the name of the late Chancellor; but his faults, arising from excessive energy and activity of mind, were incompatible with the discretion and reserve demanded from a Minister of the Crown. While freely interfering with the business of other departments, Lord Brougham seldom consulted the Cabinet or the head of the Government about his own measures; and both in public and private indulged in a license of speech which sometimes seriously embarrassed the Government and exposed himself to ridicule and contempt. During the recent recess of Parliament the Chancellor had gone about the country attending public dinners and meetings, and making speeches to which his friends and the friends of the Government listened with pain and mortification. The indecorous freedom with which he had used the king's name at some of these motley gatherings had been so much resented by His Majesty, that for this reason alone it was hardly possible that the Great Seal should be restored to the hands of Lord Brougham. Mr. Torrens gives an amusing account of the interview in which the Prime Minister broke this unexpected intelligence to his old friend. After many professions on both sides by which neither was deceived, Brougham was pacified by the assurance that if he was not to have the Great Seal, no other Chancellor was to be appointed; and at length he appears to have been even reconciled to his exclusion from office by the prospect of assuming the part of patron of the Government and arbiter of its fate, until the day came when he should return to office with greater power than before. But that day never came. At an age when little past his prime, and in the full vigour of his faculties, Lord Brougham's official career was closed, nor did he ever again take a ruling part in public life. But he had already done enough to establish an enduring fame. Without disparaging the services of Wilberforce, Clarkson, or Pitt, Brougham did more than any of his predecessors or contemporaries to abolish the slave-trade. He was the first reformer of the law

on a great and comprehensive scale. He did more for the education of the people than any man before or since. With all his eccentricities, Lord Brougham was ever true to his principles. He retained or recovered the esteem if not the confidence of Lord Grey; and even Lord Melbourne, though he would not sit in the same Cabinet with him, and had to bear the full brunt of his attacks in the House of Lords, continued to regard him as a private friend, and gave him the last proof of confidence and affection by naming him as one of his executors.

The omission of Lord Brougham was not the only difficulty with which the Minister had to deal in the reconstruction of his government. The English constituencies were so nearly balanced, that a majority in the Commons could not be counted on without the support of the Irish Catholic party; and the Irish party required an earnest of Whig sincerity in the admission to office of some of their number. O'Connell himself expected, and it seems had been taught to expect, the appointment of Attorney-General for Ireland. But an official connexion with the Irish agitators would alienate from the Ministry at least as many of the English adherents as they would gain from the Catholic party. Lord Lansdowne mentions, in a letter to Mr. Torrens many years after, that Mr. Thomas Grenville, one of his oldest friends, refused to go to Lansdowne House, lest he should incur the risk of meeting O'Connell. A similar feeling had influenced Sir James Graham in separating himself from the Liberal party. It became necessary, therefore, to inform O'Connell that his expectations could not be realised. By the tact and discretion of Mr. Ellice, who undertook this delicate mission, the great agitator was appeased, and at a meeting which soon after took place at Lichfield House between some members of the Government and the Irish leaders, an understanding was arrived at by which the support of the latter was conciliated. On his first appearance in the House of Lords after the formation of the Government, the Prime Minister was sharply questioned as to the nature of the compact by which the alliance of a gentleman pledged to the repeal of the Union and to the subversion of the House of Lords had been obtained. Lord Melbourne shortly replied to these enquiries that he did not agree with Mr. O'Connell's views, that he did not know whether he was to be supported by that gentleman or not, and that he made no terms with him whatever. All this was of course literally true; but shortly after O'Connell with his sons and his following crossed the floor and

took their seats on the ministerial benches, which they continued to occupy during the existence of the Melbourne Administration.

When the parliamentary difficulties attending the formation of the Ministry had been surmounted, there remained the hostility of the Court. The king did not affect to conceal his disappointment and annoyance at having to take back the Ministers whom he had so unceremoniously dismissed a few months before, and this feeling found vent in language which it was difficult for men of spirit to endure. He frequently abused the Ministers who had occasion to take his pleasure, and he swore at Lord Gosford on his appointment as Governor-General of Canada. Having taken it into his head that Russia was going to make war on this country, he insisted on the militia being embodied, and made a violent speech at the Privy Council when his assent was formally required to a reduction of the militia staff upon which the Government had determined. Lord Melbourne was sometimes much angered at these ebullitions, but his good sense put up with them, though he never sought to conciliate the king by yielding a point to his whims or prejudices. The opposition of the House of Lords gave the Ministry far more trouble than the animosity of the Court. Under the guidance of Lord Lyndhurst, the peers set themselves to oppose and thwart every measure of importance proposed by the Government. The Irish Tithe Bill, which remedied the most flagrant abuses of the Church, and embodied the principle of appropriation, was rejected without discrimination. The bill for extending to the municipal bodies the principle of reform which had been applied to Parliament, and which had passed the Commons with the concurrence of Sir Robert Peel, was mutilated in its essential parts. The crack-brained Wetherell was allowed to argue at the bar of the House for twelve hours, and witnesses were admitted to prove that close elections and irresponsible aldermen were best fitted for the purposes of local government and the administration of corporate revenues. The bill was modified in accordance with these views, and Lord Lyndhurst succeeded in carrying his amendments by large majorities. When the reckless peer was remonstrated with on his conduct, and reminded that his coadjutor in the Lower House had agreed to the main provisions of the Bill, he replied: 'Peel! what is Peel to me? Damn Peel!' Great indignation was manifested at these proceedings, and loud demands arose from every part of the country for the reform or abolition of an assembly which seemed bent on obstructing the progress of

reform, and setting at nought the will of the popular branch of the Legislature. The Prime Minister, with a wise regard to the safety of constitutional government, sought to allay these heats, and by his influence and authority he persuaded his party to adopt moderate counsels. The Tories, on the other hand, became alarmed, and the result was a compromise by which a substantial measure of municipal reform was at length secured.

Thus far the exulting anticipations of the Tories and the despondent apprehensions of the Liberals, as to the duration of the Ministry, had not been realised. Though still beset with difficulties, the Government was improving its position; and this result was owing to the firmness and skill with which they had trodden the thorny path of progress and reform. Not the least of the difficulties they had to contend with was the pressure of the ardent reformers, who insisted on a more rapid progress and a more radical reform than the Ministry were disposed to attempt. But the policy of Lord Durham and his followers would not only have been impracticable in a nearly balanced state of parties, but, by alienating from the Government a large and respectable section of moderate opinions, would have stopped the course of reform, and restored the Tories to power for an indefinite period. The conservative bias of the English people, though sometimes suspended, has always returned after a season of change; and the success of a ministry in modern times is measured by their observation of these varying moods. It was well for the fortunes of Reform at this critical period, that they were guided by a statesman of cool and cautious temperament. The sensible and reflecting members of the Opposition, who were gradually departing from the obsolete doctrines of their party, felt that the institutions of the country were not seriously imperilled by a moderate concession to the necessities of the times; and even the sincere believers in democratic principles, though they sometimes railed and fretted at the Whigs, were not blind to the obvious dangers to the cause of a precipitate course of action. Thus the Government gradually gained strength, and before they had been a year in office their majority in the Commons had increased, and the Lords were more disposed to listen to reason.

A minor perplexity, but one which nevertheless gave the Premier much trouble, was the appointment of a Chancellor. The Great Seal could not be perpetually in commission. Lord Brougham had hitherto given his powerful support to the Ministry, in the confident belief that his return to office was

only a question of time, but the objections to him were still considered insuperable; and among the Whig lawyers of sufficient eminence for the post, there was none who could compete with the great orator who was to be set aside. The Attorney-General, Sir John Campbell, however, preferred his claim, and was with difficulty satisfied by a peerage for his wife and the promise of future preferment. Bickersteth was strongly recommended by Sir John Hobhouse and other members of the Cabinet, but an unlucky phrase disclosed the shallowness of his pretensions. In a conversation with Lord Melbourne, who pointed out the difficulty which a man untried in Parliament would have to encounter, the chancery lawyer is reported to have said that 'he did not consider Brougham a very formidable antagonist.' 'I do,' was the dry response, and Mr. Bickersteth's chance of holding the Great Seal was at an end. At length the plunge was made, and Sir Christopher Pepys, the Master of the Rolls, whose professional qualifications were unexceptionable, was promoted to the woolsack; and, in deference to the opinions of his colleague, Mr. Bickersteth was appointed Master of the Rolls, with a peerage. Lord Melbourne's opinion of the new law lord was fully justified. It was soon admitted that Lord Langdale must be added to the long list of clever and promising men who, in Parliament, have proved utter failures. The Chancellor, on the other hand, fulfilled the hopes if not the expectations of his colleagues. Lord Cottenham's great authority as an Equity judge was sustained by the prudence and good sense of his conduct in the House of Lords: 'Plunkett asked the Premier how he got on with his new Chancellor. "Oh, capitally; I'm like a man who has broken for good with a termagant mistress, and married the best of cooks."' But the indignation of Brougham was now to be encountered, and it burst in a storm upon the head of the Prime Minister. Charges of treachery and falsehood were wildly flung at the most generous and candid of public men. They were repelled with scorn, and an angry correspondence ensued. A public explosion of wrath was fully expected from one whose impulses knew no restraint. But this scandal was happily averted; before Parliament assembled, the fury of the wronged and disappointed statesman sank into deep dejection. He did not take his place in the House of Lords during the session, nor could all the taunts of the Tory press draw him from his seclusion. But the anger of great men is seldom permanent. Melbourne and Brougham gradually resumed their intercourse; and after a lapse of years the friends agreed to

destroy the correspondence which contained the record of a breach which had been long since repaired.

The position of the Ministry was materially strengthened during the session of 1836. A well-contrived Budget inspired confidence in their administrative capacity; and the reduction of the stamp duty on newspapers from fourpence to a penny was justly regarded as an important measure of economical and social reform. The Irish Tithe Bill was again brought forward, but again failed in consequence of the continued refusal of the Lords to agree to the appropriation clause. The Irish Corporation Bill, framed on the lines of the English Act, and passed through the House of Commons by a majority of eighty-six, was likewise defeated. It was clear, however, that the Lords must ultimately be worsted in this conflict with the reformed branch of the Legislature; and the patience of the Government deprived them of the sympathy which they sought in defending what they called their independence from the dictation of the Lower House.

We now come to an affair in which a foul attempt was made to ruin the Ministry in the person of its chief. Among the private friends of Lord Melbourne was a beautiful and gifted woman, one of three brilliant sisters who inherited in no common degree the genius of their grandfather, Sheridan, and the loveliness of his wife. Caroline Sheridan had early in life married Mr. Norton, a younger son of Lord Grantley, and a gentle man of whom the least that can be said is that he proved unworthy of such a partner. Disagreements soon arose between the ill-assorted pair, and Lord Melbourne's good offices had more than once been used to prevent a rupture. The husband had gratefully accepted the appointment of police magistrate from Lord Melbourne when Home Secretary. Norton, who had neither the will nor the art to conciliate his wife, attributed her aversion to a preference for others, and instituted private enquiries with a view of getting up evidence of misconduct against his wife. These attempts upon her honour having failed, it occurred to him, or more probably it was suggested to him, that he might make out a case against his benefactor. The intimacy between the parties was notorious. Mr. Norton was needy, and possibly the Prime Minister might give a large sum to avoid the scandal of a public trial; or, in the event of a verdict for the plaintiff, the damages would be assessed at a considerable amount. No overture towards compromise having been made, an action was hazarded, and came on for trial in June 1836. The evidence was conclusive, if the witnesses were believed; but the witnesses were a set of

wretches ready to swear anything for which they were paid, and the jury returned a verdict for the defendant without a moment's hesitation. At that time the evidence of the parties to a suit was not admissible, but Lord Melbourne instructed his counsel to deny the charge 'on his honour as a peer.' In a letter to Mrs. Norton he says: 'You know that what is alleged (if it be alleged) is utterly false, and what is false can rarely be made to appear true.' These statements, though conclusive, are unnecessary. Unless the existence of a friendship between a young woman and a man old enough to be her father raises a presumption of criminal intimacy, there was not a particle of foundation for the charge. Lord Melbourne, however, suffered deeply both in body and mind from this abominable business: not, certainly, on his own account, but for the sake of the injured lady, and in a minor degree for the character and fortunes of the Government. He even went so far as to tender his resignation; but the king, though his hatred of the Government was unabated, manfully rejected it, with a generous expression of his contempt for a story which he doubted not had its origin in factious rancour. It is needless to say that the heads of the party gave no countenance to these slanders. The Duke of Wellington, indeed, with characteristic magnanimity, assured Melbourne that he would take no part in a new combination founded on his retirement under such circumstances. The Duke of Cumberland and Lord Wynford thought it necessary to disavow any participation in these proceedings.

We pass over the remaining year and a half of King William's reign, and come to that period which we regard as the most shining part of Lord Melbourne's public career. The demise of the Crown dispersed the intrigues and factions which had infested the Court during the late reign. Her Majesty, succeeding to the throne in early youth, reposed an ingenuous confidence in her experienced Minister, and learned from him the first lessons of her high vocation. Lord Melbourne, with a mixed sense of paternal and loyal duty which belonged to an English gentleman under such peculiar circumstances, undertook the office of Her Majesty's private secretary, and was thus in constant attendance upon her person. The queen condescended to express in warm terms her gratitude for such service, and the Duke of Wellington, in his place in Parliament some years afterwards, bore generous testimony to the same effect.

'I am willing to admit that the noble viscount has rendered the greatest possible service to Her Majesty. I happen to know that it is

Her Majesty's opinion that the noble viscount has rendered Her Majesty the greatest possible service, making her acquainted with the mode and policy of the Government of this country, initiating her into the laws and spirit of the constitution, independently of the performance of his duty as the servant of Her Majesty's crown; teaching her, in short, to preside over the destinies of this great country.' (Speech, August 24, 1841.)

At the general election consequent on the demise of the Crown the Liberals were in a minority, as they have frequently since been, in the English constituencies, but the difference was more than made up by the Scotch and Irish vote. The Scotch have, on the whole, been ever faithful to the party of progress, and the Irish had not as yet been sufficiently favoured by a Liberal policy to be ungrateful. According to the table of the duration of ministries since the Reform Act, the Melbourne Government, having lasted three years, was in its decline, and though it had vitality enough to last many years longer it did not gain strength. In the session of 1838 the long-protracted question of the Irish tithe was settled, according to the usual fashion of party conflicts, by compromise. Ireland had been kept in a state of chronic rebellion for several years on account of the tithe system. The appropriation of the surplus property of the Church, which the Liberal party insisted upon, had been the chief obstacle to an equitable commutation, and at length, by abandoning what was little more than the theoretic assertion of a principle, the Whigs were permitted by the House of Lords to relieve the Catholic tenantry from a direct contribution to the support of an heretical Church. A substantial grievance was thus redressed, and Ireland was pacified for a time. The Ministry hitherto had been fairly prosperous. Their fortunes now began to decline. Their Indian policy was a mistake, and turned out a disastrous failure. Ireland relapsed into disorder under the feeble and hesitating rule of Lord Normanby. The occasional vacancies in the House of Commons were mostly filled up by Conservatives, and at length, in 1839, upon an important colonial measure—the suspension of the Legislative Assembly of Jamaica—the ministerial majority was reduced to five. Melbourne, always too ready to be relieved from the irksome responsibility of office, thereupon tendered his resignation, and recommended the queen to send for the Duke of Wellington. The duke recommended Peel, who undertook the duty, but his attempt was defeated by a miscarriage which involved it in public ridicule. There was no difficulty about secretaries of state and presidents of departments; but when he came to the

ladies of the bedchamber, the new Minister found himself confronted with a formidable difficulty. The young queen was unwilling to part with her friends, and her Conservative Minister did not think himself safe while the wives and daughters of Whig lords surrounded her Majesty's person. The retiring Ministers advised the queen to be firm, and, taking upon themselves the responsibility of that advice, they resumed their offices. In his speech on that occasion, Lord Melbourne said :—

‘ I resigned my office, not because I was abandoned—no, I will not use that harsh expression—by those who usually supported me, but because there had arisen among them a certain amount of doubt, which led me to suppose that I could not any longer conduct the Government either with honour to myself or with advantage to the country ; and I now frankly declare, that I resume office solely because I will not abandon my Sovereign in a situation of difficulty and distress, when demands are made on her with which she ought not to comply demands which are inconsistent with her sense of honour, and which, if acquiesced in now, would establish a precedent which would render her liable during the remainder of her reign to all the variations of party politics, and would make her domestic life one continued scene of discomfort and unhappiness.’

Sir Robert Peel incurred some discredit by his conduct in this transaction, and we cannot but think that he acted more like a formalist than a statesman or a man of the world in so tenaciously insisting upon a punctilio which was not a point of political honour. But he was probably apprehensive of a serious addition to the difficulties which he would have to encounter from the Court of a young female sovereign filled by ladies belonging to the Opposition families. Be that as it may, the question was finally settled by the good sense and firmness of Lord Melbourne. Since that time the arrangements of the queen's Court have not been disturbed by a change of Ministry. The principal office of the Mistress of the Robes alone has been usually held by a peeress of very high rank nominated by the Minister of the day.

The second restoration of Lord Melbourne was immediately followed by two measures of the highest order of legislation. The establishment of the penny post marks an era in the progress of the nation, and the grant of a small sum for public education was the commencement of a great and righteous policy, which it has been reserved to the present generation to consummate.

We pass over several important passages in Lord Melbourne's political biography, until we come to the most inter-

esting event of his public life. The marriages of the kings and queens of England had in former times been matters of purely diplomatic negotiation; but a more genial age was willing that domestic happiness should be preferred to state considerations, even in a royal alliance. Still the choice of Her Majesty was confined to a narrow circle, and the selection of a fitting partner was a matter in which the interest of her people, as well as her own domestic happiness, was concerned. There were many reasons which might have made her Minister reluctant to advise an immediate change in the queen's condition. Her Majesty was still very young, and it might be desirable that she should acquire an independent experience of the duties of a constitutional sovereign before she yielded to the influence which her consort might justly claim, and would probably possess. Her choice must necessarily fall upon a foreign prince unacquainted with the laws and manners, and probably even with the language, of the country. The position of a prince consort with no recognised place in public life was one which might be galling to a man of spirit. It was not to be expected, nor was it desirable, that there should be a second Prince George of Denmark. On the other hand the interference of a stranger so highly placed in the contested arena of English politics might lead to grave complications. There was yet another consideration which must have had weight (though not, of course, for personal reasons) with Lord Melbourne in determining this delicate question. As the authority of a parent yields to that of a husband, so must the peculiar influence which the age and loyal attachment of her chief counsellor had gained over the queen be diminished, if it should not entirely cease, at her marriage. But a regard for the direct succession to the crown, and still more for the queen's domestic happiness, outweighed all other considerations. Many conferences took place between Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Wellington, and the King of the Belgians, her Majesty's trusted kinsman, on this subject, and the result was that Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg was invited to Windsor. The young prince, who was born in the same year as Her Majesty, possessed all the graces of mind and person which were fitted to engage the affections of an accomplished and warmhearted girl. The prince had not been in England many weeks before it became known that he was the fortunate object of Her Majesty's choice. The suit had proceeded with the simplicity of private life, and for that reason no royal alliance had ever so much engaged the hearty sympathy and goodwill of the English people as the marriage of their young

queen. We can point at nothing more honourable to English politicians than the cordial co-operation of the two great men who respectively stood at the head of the ruling parties in the State in promoting the welfare and happiness of the sovereign. The Duke of Wellington felt that the queen was safe in the hands of Lord Melbourne, and Lord Melbourne was content in knowing that if the vicissitudes of life should remove him from power, the Duke of Wellington would succeed him as her Majesty's trusted friend and counsellor. The ability of the Prince Consort, and his aptitude for business, greatly lessened the responsibility of Lord Melbourne's successor; but to the last hour of his life the illustrious duke retained the affectionate respect and confidence of the queen.

The Melbourne Administration came to an end in 1841. It had never recovered strength since its virtual defeat on the Jamaica Bill. In the Budget of 1841, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to announce a deficit of a million and a half. This alone would have been damaging to any Government; but its fate was sealed by the financial devices for covering the loss. The proposal to lower the duties on foreign sugar and timber, together with the reduction of the import duty on corn, alarmed the whole of the agricultural interest and a great part of the commercial interest of the country. The alteration of the sugar duties was rejected by a majority of thirty-six; and as the Ministry did not resign, a vote of want of confidence was moved by Sir Robert Peel and carried by a majority of one. The Government, still confident in the justice and wisdom of their policy, resolved to appeal to the country. The issue was Free Trade or Protection; and the reformed constituencies decided for the maintenance of Protection. Lord Melbourne and his colleagues, however, awaited the formal declaration of the verdict in Parliament. It was immediately pronounced in the direct form of an amendment to the Address. The majority against Ministers in the Lords was seventy-two, in the Commons ninety-one.

The queen was much affected on taking leave of her faithful friend and Minister. He was not himself unmoved; but his only care was lest the change might occasion trouble and uneasiness to her Majesty. The queen has herself recorded his parting words: 'For four years,' he said, 'I have seen you every day. But it is so different now to what it would have been in 1839; the prince understands everything so well.'

It has been said that there are two happy days in a statesman's life—the day on which he takes office, and the day on which he leaves it. But it was with reluctance that Melbourne

accepted the great position to which circumstances had raised him, and yet it was not altogether with a sense of relief that he retired from power. An experience of seven years had habituated him to office, and a happy constitution had in a great degree exempted him from its harassing care. His home was vacant; he had his friends and his books, but these hardly filled up the void of public life. For some time after his resignation he took an active part in the business of Parliament; but subsequently his duties as the leader of his party in the Upper House were but irregularly performed. In the autumn of 1842 a slight shock of paralysis interrupted the robust health he had hitherto enjoyed. He recovered from the immediate attack, but the vital energy was impaired; he gradually sank into a weak and despondent state, and in 1848, at seventy years of age, he calmly passed away.

It would be idle to claim for Lord Melbourne a place in the first rank of English statesmen. He cannot bear comparison with such ministers as Walpole, or Chatham, or Pitt, or Canning. He had neither the authority nor the stately eloquence of his predecessor, Earl Grey: neither the parliamentary talents nor the administrative ability of his successor, Sir Robert Peel. But he had qualities more rare and hardly less valuable than oratorical powers or administrative skill. With great knowledge of mankind he combined perfect sincerity and singleness of purpose. With high courage and a fine sense of political honour, he knew when to be firm, and when to give way. His tact and good-humour carried many a point which a more earnest zeal would have lost. He was frank to a fault; but the bluntness which would have been offensive in a man less happily bred was so blended with wit, humour, and amenity in Lord Melbourne, that none of his sayings, however keen, were known to wound the feelings of any human being. He was a statesman without guile or any taint of official affectation, and he had a shrewd perception of human nature which is rarely found in an office-bred politician. His reading was various, and extended to subjects not often comprehended in literary pursuits. He was one of the best classical scholars of his day, and on one occasion translated offhand, for Canning's information, a Greek epigram quoted by Lord Wellesley. Habitually indolent, he was supposed to be negligent of business. He was indeed careless of the routine of office; but in dealing with public matters his sagacity seldom failed to discriminate between matters which were important or practicable, and questions which it was premature or dangerous to touch. The

review of Lord Melbourne's administration is the province of history; but it is a sufficient refutation of the vulgar charge of listlessness and inactivity which was so loudly reiterated against its chief to name his principal measures. The English and Scotch and Irish Municipal Reform Acts; the Irish Tithe Act; the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Act; the Rural Police; the Registration of Births, Marriages, and Deaths; the Union of the Canadas; the Penny Post; the Reduction of the Stamp on Newspapers, were all carried in six years with one House of Parliament hostile, and the other affording but a doubtful and precarious support. In fact, at no period within the last half-century have so many great questions been settled within the same space of time.

We offer high praise to Mr. Torrens in saying that his book, in our estimation, is not unworthy of its subject. Biography is not the strong point of English literature; we have never been able to approach the ease and grace of the French *mémoires*; and, truth to say, our biographical style inclines to the solemn, the heavy, and the panegyric. Mr. Torrens avoids these errors; his book reads pleasantly; he treats his subject like a man of the world, and his hero is not a paragon of perfection. But we must notice some faults. The style is sometimes artificial, and the art is not of the best school. We object to the coinage of such compounds as 'common-sensical' and 'unhelpmate;' and the term 'bijou' in the description of a gentleman's house savours too much of auctioneer's English to be admitted into a work of this character. There are a good many blunders, also, which a little more care would have prevented. Mr. Torrens speaks of the queen 'taking the oaths prescribed by law' at her accession. The sovereign takes no oath but the coronation oath. The document signed in council is the declaration for the maintenance of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland and nothing else. He mentions 'Charles Ellis, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothsay,' as one of the class-fellows of William Lamb at Eton. Mr. Ellis was heir to the ancient barony of Howard de Walden. Mrs. Damer, the accomplished daughter of General Conway, was not married to the son of Lord Dorchester, whose family name is Carleton: the title of Mr. Damer's family is Portarlington. The name of the gentleman who quarrelled with Mr. Macaulay was Wallace, not 'Wallis.' These are small specks, but still they are blemishes disfiguring to a book which we hope is destined to an enduring place in literature. We must, moreover, take exception to the mode in which Mr. Torrens quotes 'Hob-house.' The late Lord Broughton was a regular and copious

diarist, and during his later years he made a selection from his journals, in five volumes, which he called ‘*Recollections of a Long Life.*’ Lord Broughton’s representatives consider themselves precluded by the terms of his lordship’s will from publishing these valuable and interesting papers, at least for the present; but in a review of these ‘*Recollections*’ recently published in this Journal, we were permitted to make extracts from the volumes thus privately printed. We have reason to believe that no further authority to make public any portion of these memoirs has been granted, and that very few persons have had access to the work. The quotations used by Mr. Torrens are taken entirely from the notice published by ourselves, and it would have obviated some misunderstanding if he had publicly acknowledged the source from which they are taken. We have now finished the ungrateful task of censure, and it remains only to commend these volumes to all who take an interest in one of England’s foremost statesmen and noblest

ART. X.—1. *Papers presented to Parliament on the Eastern Question, February and March, 1878.*

2. *A Selection from the Writings of Viscount Strangford on Political, Geographical, and Social Subjects. Occasional Notes on Turkey. Chaos, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London: 1869.*

THE events of the last three months have fulfilled and surpassed the hopes and the fears of both parties in the great controversy which has for some time past ravaged the East, divided England, and distracted Europe. But momentous as these events are, they do not materially differ from the results which had been anticipated by those who are attentive to the political causes and changes operating in the world, and most of them were long ago indicated in these pages. Let us briefly recapitulate the course of them. It might be foreseen, and it was foreseen, as a consequence of the Franco-German war, that Russia would obtain from Germany, in return for the valuable support she had afforded to her in that struggle under the guise of neutrality, entire liberty of action to renew her attack upon Turkey and her advance in the East when it suited her. The Western alliance, which had dictated the peace of Paris in 1856, was paralysed by the defeat of France, and the treaties which had guaranteed the independence and integrity of the Ottoman

Empire had lost their sanction. Immediate proof of this fact was given by the peremptory repudiation by Russia of an important article in that compact. As early as 1875 Prince Bismarck distinctly avowed that if Russia was preparing to execute her designs in the East, he should do nothing to oppose her. In the early spring of 1876 it was reported to the British Government that Russia had begun her preparations for a campaign—troops were moved southwards, stores of war were accumulated, even clothes and provisions were prepared: it seemed not improbable that the rupture would take place in the following summer. But the Russian agents required time to charge and fire the mine. Russia had no *casus belli* at all against Turkey, and Turkey was still supposed to have behind her the support of European treaties. By a series of skilful and unscrupulous artifices the sympathies of Europe were alienated from the Porte; insurrections were organised by foreign emissaries, which were repressed with sanguinary rigour; war was declared by Servia, in which large bodies of Russian volunteers took the leading part, and though Turkey was victorious in that campaign, she was deprived of the fruits of her victory; even in England a successful appeal was made to popular feeling, and all the arts of agitation were put in motion by men who, consciously or unconsciously, made themselves the direct instruments of Russian policy. The result of these occurrences was the Conference at Constantinople—an abortive attempt to obtain from the Porte, by the advice of Europe, concessions of sovereignty over its European subjects, scarcely less absolute than those which have been exacted from it by a victorious army. It may now be said that the Porte would have done better to accept the proposals of the Conference; but what State, with a shade of self-respect, having a powerful fleet and army, will submit, without striking a blow, to conditions similar to those which may be imposed on it by defeat? The rulers of the Ottoman Empire resolved, like soldiers, to brave the contest which they knew to be inevitable, being aware that their strength by sea and land was greater than it had ever been before, or was likely ever to be again.

Nor were their expectations altogether unfounded. Those who imagined that the occupation of Bulgaria was a task to be accomplished by a few Belgian policemen—those who believed that a Russian army would march to Constantinople within six weeks from the passage of the Danube, were signally mistaken. We asserted, on the contrary, that the conquest of this territory, in presence of the Turkish fleets and armies, would

prove one of the greatest and most costly operations of modern war. It proved to be so. We need not repeat the critical analysis of the Russian operations of 1877 which appeared in our last number: suffice it to say, that in spite of the omis-sious, jealousies, and perhaps treachery, of some of the Turkish generals, the Russian army was more than once placed in positions which might have been fatal in presence of a readier antagonist; that the Czar was compelled to bring his whole reserves into the field; that he himself lingered for months at headquarters, the reluctant witness of successive defeats; that in the whole campaign Russia never took an important fortress in Europe by siege or won a battle in the field. The entrenched camp at Plevna, having been vainly attacked on several occasions, was at last reduced by investment and famine; and the summer and autumn campaigns cost Russia at least 100,000 men. We have heard the loss estimated at more than double that number.

But this war, like all wars, ended by exhaustion. After the surrender of Plevna and of a large detachment of the Turkish army in the Balkans, Turkey was in a position analogous to that of France in 1870 after the capitulations of Sedan and Metz. The empire was, in fact, defenceless—its power of resistance was at an end. The passage of the Balkans by the Russians under Gourko was a gallant struggle against natural impediments, and after the losses sustained by the Turkish forces they ceased to hold the field. Nothing remained but a loose, though not unskilful, retreat to the southern coast or on the capital, and ere long the Cossack watered his horse on the shores of the *Ægean* and the *Propontis*. Those shores have witnessed the revolutions and wars of three thousand years. Their very names take us back to the voyage of the *Argonauts* and the siege of *Troy*. No spot on the globe is invested with such traditions of glory and crime, of human suffering and of empire. But in all these memorable events none are likely to exercise a more important influence on the history of mankind than those which have passed rapidly before our own eyes. If the results of this war were merely to be regarded as a territorial conquest or a change in the government of the Christian subjects of Turkey, they would be of comparatively small importance, though even then we should not view them with indifference. But its effects are immeasurably greater. It has shaken or destroyed the independence of an empire which extends from the *Danube* to the *Euphrates* and the *Nile*, from the *Black Sea* to the *Indian Ocean*; it has annihilated the faith in treaties concluded between all the great Powers of Europe; and

it has caused a perturbation in the relations of the great Powers, and even in their internal policy, the consequences of which can as yet be but faintly discerned. It is a common remark at the present time that the Ottoman Empire was perishing, or has perished, by decay, degeneracy, and internal weakness, and that it is impossible to arrest the progress of its dissolution. But as a matter of fact the active cause of the overthrow of Turkey is foreign aggression. If the Porte had been secure from the powerful enemy who attacked it by internal intrigues and external violence, there is no reason to suppose that it was doomed to speedy destruction, and under a better sovereign and wiser ministers its administration might have improved. As it was, the enfeebled empire showed itself still capable of a stubborn resistance to one of the first military powers in Europe.

The hope may indeed be entertained that in the great evolution of the scheme of human history, under the guidance of a Power which 'shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will,' changes which cost the present generation so dear may contribute to the future welfare of suffering nations. But our limited range of vision does not extend so far. We see that this war has consigned at least half a million of our fellow-creatures to misery, ruin, agony, and death. We see that it was prompted by ambitious motives and wrought by detestable means. It is a triumph of force over law, of duplicity over faith and honour. We cannot forgive the crimes and follies which have brought incalculable calamities on the very countries they professed to benefit, even though they be crimes applauded by the virtuous and follies shared by the wise. Every bad passion has been let loose. Religion has been made the pretext of massacre and outrage. Countless victims have fallen on the battle-field; more, and of either sex and every age, have perished in indiscriminate slaughter. It has been a war of barbarians—a war of extermination—unparalleled in this age, and only to be compared to the contests which followed the dissolution of the Roman Empire or the struggles of the Middle Ages. But this too might have been foreseen, and was foreseen.

We yield to none in our abhorrence of war. It is a sentiment which grows on us with age and with the progress of reason, of political experience, and of compassion for mankind. But we are the less able to conceive on what principle those who are the loudest advocates of peace at any price have been the most strenuous supporters of the authors of this atrocious contest. For ourselves, we desired to prevent the war; when it had begun, we desired to end it. Our own con-

ception of the claims of justice and humanity includes in it all races, creeds, and governments. God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth. We hesitate to deny the rights of humanity to the cannibals on the Congo River; and when those rights are violated by a Power laying claim to Christianity and civilisation, the infamy recoils on the politic contrivers and the accomplished strategists by whom the work has been executed.

As far as this country is concerned, war is even more repugnant to our pursuits and our policy than it is to those of any other nation. We have in our vast maritime commerce and our scattered dependencies given large and numerous hostages to fortune. We have nothing to gain by war, and our object in maintaining large forces by sea and land is purely negative and defensive; that is, they are designed to avert greater evils and to protect us against them. A generation which engages in war takes upon itself an enormous amount of suffering, expense, waste, and responsibility, from which no return can be expected, except that of warding off the perils of the future. But that, and the maintenance and defence of public law and justice, may be a duty of the first obligation, which we owe to ourselves as well as to posterity; and all experience has shown that to hold back from a just and necessary war, or to allow rights to be invaded with impunity, is to open the door to worse evils and more disastrous conflicts. It is only by a vigorous use of armed force on the side of law and justice that the crimes of national rapine and aggression can be averted and peace itself preserved. Nothing can be more inconsistent than the cry for peace at any price in the mouth of those who are undermining the authority of the public law of Europe. Peace between nations means the substitution of right for might, and of written engagements for armed battalions. But written engagements can only be maintained by those who are prepared to uphold and defend them. This is the true meaning of the old maxim, ‘*Si vis pacem, para bellum.*’ Those politicians who weaken the sanctions of peace are precisely the men who are preparing wars and causes of war, only to be terminated when the exhausted world reverts to the salutary control of public law.

In the autumn of 1870, during the progress of the Franco-German war, it was said by a distinguished contributor to these pages that ‘a new law of nations is gradually taking hold of the mind, and coming to sway the practice, of the world—a law which recognises independence, which frowns upon aggression, which favours the pacific, not the bloody, settlement of dis-

‘ putes, which aims at permanent and not temporary adjustment; above all, which recognises as a tribunal of paramount authority the general judgment of civilised mankind;’ and he added that ‘ the enthronement of this idea of Public Right as the governing idea of European policy would be the greatest triumph of our time.’ * These certainly are our principles, and we have never for a moment deviated from them; but if we compare them with the recent course of events, we derive small comfort from the contrast. We see independence crushed, aggression triumphant, disputes settled by an unparalleled effusion of blood, the general judgment of civilised mankind defied and derided, and the idea of Public Right contemptuously overthrown; and, what is more extraordinary than all the rest, these results applauded by men who had heretofore professed the most opposite opinions. Holding fast as we do to these convictions, and keenly alive to the evils of war, it appears to us to be ungenerous and unjust to our political opponents to impute to them, or any of them, a wicked and absurd desire to inflict this curse upon the country. No man in his senses can deliberately desire to bring about so deplorable a result, or, as the phrase is, ‘ to drag us into war.’ On the contrary, the main object of every rational statesman must be to avert it. The question is, how can it most effectually be averted? Men differ, not as to the object, but as to the means of attaining it. To us it seems that the truest and best friends of peace are those who maintain that the faith of treaties, the existence of nations, and the order of the world, shall not be attacked with impunity.

No one can doubt that the invasion of the Ottoman Empire was the deliberate act and intention of Russia, that no other State desired it, and that but for her it would not have taken place. It was, therefore, on her part a direct and unprovoked violation and defiance of the most solemn treaty engagements existing in Europe—treaties made, not with Turkey or for Turkey alone, but with all the great Powers. No treaties could be more binding than those of 1856. Even the neutral States participated in them; and when they were partially repudiated by Russia in 1871, the principal clauses were re-enacted with her concurrence, under Mr. Gladstone’s administration, with the addition of a strangely worded declaration ‘ that it is an essential principle of the law of nations ‘ that no Power can liberate itself from the engagements of ‘ a treaty, or modify the stipulations thereof, unless with the

‘consent of the contracting Powers by means of an amicable arrangement.’ The Treaty of Paris, indeed, contrasts singularly with the terms now exacted from the Ottoman Empire, for Russia was not asked for a farthing of war expenses or any considerable cession of territory. The insolent violation of these solemn engagements, and the open breach of the European concert in Eastern affairs which they were designed to establish, afford, therefore, a painful but effectual demonstration that no reliance can now be placed on such instruments, and that they are broken with impunity. We make it the boast of this country that we adhere with strict fidelity to our public engagements. But what is the value of engagements which one party is resolved to uphold and another party to violate? They are mere deceptions; they had better not exist at all if they are not binding on all alike. Europe, we were told, was to meet in conference to settle the affairs of the East. Another treaty or convention would be framed by the diplomatists. Would it be more binding or more lasting than the Treaty of Paris? Would it not serve rather to limit our rights than to protect our interests? In a word, a blow has been struck by Russia in this war at all public faith and all international law. As long as a powerful empire dares to act in open defiance of its engagements, and Europe submits to her pretensions, all engagements with her are worthless and impossible. That was the policy of Napoleon Bonaparte, and that was the reason that peace with him was impossible. Europe at length rose against the enemy and contemner of public law, and crushed him. The authority of public law was restored by the Congress of Vienna, and maintained without any gross infraction of it for forty years. Since that time fresh acts of violence have been successfully perpetrated; and in this, the last quarter of the nineteenth century, we have fallen back into a state of anarchy, in which the independence, the freedom, and the territorial rights of nations are defended by force alone. A melancholy result! but one which proves that there never was a time when it was more indispensably necessary to stand armed amongst the nations of the earth, and to rely on a firm policy for the defence of peace and justice.

• It is quite true that the treaties of 1856, renewed in 1871, did not give to the Porte an unconditional claim on the Great Powers to interfere by force of arms to protect it from aggression. This is the view which has been acted upon, not only by Great Britain, but by all the States of Europe. Turkey has committed many glaring offences, and if any such claim ever existed, she might be held to have forfeited it.

They therefore resolved that the authority of the Porte over its European provinces was not to be defended against Russia by their arms; still less are they now prepared to take up arms to restore it. But this is a very narrow view of the question. The Treaty of Paris was not only a treaty of peace with Turkey, conferring certain rights on Turkey; it was pre-eminently a treaty between all the Great Powers, imposing reciprocal obligations on each of them. The guarantee of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire did not necessarily involve the defence of that Empire against revolution or aggression, but it certainly contained a positive engagement between the Christian Powers, mutually given and accepted, that no one of them should separately attack the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire. It was intended to substitute the united action of the European States in the affairs of the East for the separate action of Russia, because it was notorious that the separate action of Russia in those countries meant domination and conquest. This is the all-important compact which Russia has violated; this was the engagement she contracted as the price of peace in 1856, not with Turkey, but with England, France, Austria, Prussia, and Italy.

The effects of this breach of treaty on our own interests might be pointed out in a variety of ways. Let us take for one example its financial consequences. The capitalists of Europe, and especially the British public, were induced, in the years following the Crimean war, to lend a very large sum, said to amount to two hundred millions sterling, to the Porte. The investment was not a wise one; but why was it made? Not because the British public had implicit faith in the undeveloped resources of Turkey or in the good faith of the Turkish pashas, but because *they believed in the treaty of 1856*. They believed that the territory of Turkey would not be invaded, that the provinces and the tributes, by which the revenue of the Empire was raised, would not be torn from her, and that the independence of the State would not be ruined, as it has now been, politically and financially. The conditions on which these loans were made have manifestly been totally changed by this war, and changed not by the act of Turkey but of Russia. It was said, early in this business, that the British bondholder would be one of those to pay the price of it; and the result has shown that the remark was not unfounded.

The exaction of a war tribute far exceeding in amount the expenses of a campaign* is a practice revived from antiquity

* Russia estimates the war expenses of one campaign at nine

by Napoleon when he sought, after Jena, to crush and annihilate the Prussian monarchy. This has always been regarded as one of his worst actions, and it served in some degree as a precedent for Prince Bismarck's requisition of five milliards from France in 1871. But to impose an exorbitant indemnity upon a State which notoriously cannot discharge it, is an abuse of the rights of conquest, and it may have the gravest political and financial consequences. Russia has named a fabulous sum as the amount she claims from Turkey; the larger portion of this sum is commuted into territorial acquisitions, so that it ends in a mere act of conquest; but about forty millions sterling remain, which are to be paid or not paid in some manner hereafter to be determined. It is evident that the addition of such a claim to the national debt of Turkey, to be enforced at will by a powerful creditor, is a direct injury to the existing creditors of the Empire, and in fact appropriates what was already pledged to them. But the political consequences are still more serious. The acknowledgment of a debt, so overwhelming that it cannot be paid, obviously places the debtor entirely and absolutely at the mercy of the creditor. He can claim a control over the financial administration of the debtor; over his receipts; over his system of taxation; over the persons employed in the government; and, in the last resort, he can foreclose and by some sudden act of seizure extinguish the very existence of his obligee. We do not suppose that Russia expects to extract forty millions sterling from the Porte in cash; but she expects to obtain its equivalent in territory or in influence. In fact, this indemnity, which cannot be paid, is the seal of her ascendancy, and it therefore interests the rest of Europe in the highest degree to determine whether Russia was justified in exacting anything beyond a part of the actual expenses of the campaign, which must be far below the sum named.

Treaties are not exclusively matters of political and international interest. They affect financial interests; they affect trade; they affect the internal government of foreign nations. At this moment, a large share of the commercial depression which prevails throughout the world, the discouragement of mercantile enterprise, the pressure on the industrial classes of England, Germany, and America, is due to the uncertainty thrown over all the intercourse of mankind and to the onerous and excessive expenditure on preparations for war. There are

hundred millions of roubles, or 130 millions sterling; but this is a manifest extravagance.

parts, and important parts, of Europe in which these evils threaten at no distant period to give rise to revolutionary movements, and it is not improbable that one of the causes which bind the Cabinet of Berlin to that of St. Petersburg is the apprehension excited by the progress of socialism in Germany. So intricate and entangled are the bearings of every particular event on the general welfare of mankind, that the consequences of these acts of aggression and violence are not confined to Bulgaria which is devastated, or to Turkey which is ruined, but they extend to the broken fabric of European polity and to the domestic interests of every part of the earth.

But enough of the past. It is not our intention to examine in detail the mistakes which have been committed, or the evils that might have been averted. In politics the motto is '*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*' The business of statesmen is to deal with facts as they are: they cannot divine the consequences of events that have never happened, nor can they shape their course by remote contingencies. One act of this great drama is over, but it is only the first act. We must take the situation as it now is, and we can only attempt to define the present, and to look forward a little way into the future. 'Not Heaven itself upon the Past has power,' and the events of every day are the starting-point of the morrow. As far as the power of Turkey over its European provinces is concerned, it must be regarded as at an end. The work of destruction of the late administration of those countries is complete. They are in the occupation of a powerful foreign army, and the future form of government in them is wholly undetermined, except in so far as it ceases to be Turkish.

But although this is an indisputable fact, it is a narrow view of the question to suppose, as is very commonly the case, that the conquest of these provinces puts an end to the Ottoman Empire. Bulgaria, Roumelia, and the adjacent lands include about one-fifth of the population of Turkey: in point of territorial area much less than one-fifth of the Empire. Turkey had already lost Roumania, Servia, and Greece, considerable portions of her European possessions; but as these provinces were disaffected, and the Christians were exempted from military service, it was chiefly as sources of revenue that they were of value to Turkey. Bulgaria had a much larger Moslem population, and the Danubian fortresses and the line of the Balkans were of military importance to the defence of the capital. If these provinces could now be raised into a neutral and independent State, forming an efficient barrier between the Russian frontier and Constantinople, and if Turkey could be

insured against Russian invasions at the price of her European territory, we are not sure that she would not gain by the change. After the blow which has been struck at the heart of the Ottoman possessions in Europe, it may be doubted whether the retention of sporadic provinces in Albania, Thessaly, Bosnia, and the Herzegovina, united to the centre of the Empire by mere military roads, at the mercy of foreign States, would be of any advantage to Turkey. These fragments would soon drop off from the shattered trunk, and the attempt to maintain the authority of the Moslem in provinces surrounded by Christian States would prevent the consolidation of an independent kingdom in those countries, without materially benefiting the Porte itself. They would, in fact, be used as outposts of Russia, as Montenegro and Servia have been in the last war. If Turkey is to exist at all as an independent power, it is in her Asiatic dominions that she must concentrate her remaining strength.

For what remains? An empire which in point of extent and position is one of the finest in the world, and which might, under a competent government, hold its place among all nations. It includes, in Asia Minor, a country scarcely inferior in size to France, with magnificent harbours, fringed by the noblest islands of the Levant—Crete, Cyprus, Rhodes, Mitylene, and many more—and capable of supporting tenfold its present population. It extends to the frontier of Persia by the valley of the Euphrates and the pashalik of Bagdad. The iron road which must ere long connect Southern Asia with Southern Europe, and which will probably become in the next century one of the most important lines of traffic in the world, will pass through the heart of these territories and restore them to activity and life. Civilisation will return to some of its old channels, and the most neglected portion of the old world will again become one of the most important tracts of the modern globe. Again, this Empire covers the whole of Syria, from the plains of Aleppo and Damascus to the walls of Jerusalem. Arabia belongs to it down to the Persian Gulf, and Egypt, Tripoli, and Tunis are its dependencies. If territory and extended dominion constituted an empire, the Ottoman power would still be supreme. These countries are united for the most part by a common faith, laws, and manners, and the population is still distinguished by endurance and hardihood in war. But it will be said, and said with truth, that the modern government of the Porte has shown itself to be incapable of developing the resources of these magnificent possessions. If these visions of the future are to be realised, it must be under a

system of administration very different from that which has weighed upon them for centuries. What has the future in store for them? To ourselves in England, the future fate of those countries is of far more importance than the autonomy of Bulgarian peasants or the frontier line of Roumelia. To consider the Eastern question at all, it must be considered as a whole: to restrict it to the narrow proportions of a very barbarous fragment of Europe is to lose sight of its true bearings altogether.

But whether it be in Europe or in Asia, one principle ought to pervade all that we say and do on these questions: namely, that we desire to promote and maintain the independence and self-government, as far as they are attainable, of the populations of these countries. And we urge this principle the more willingly, as we believe that, whatever differences may have existed amongst us, here or elsewhere, as to the causes and consequences of the Russo-Turkish war, there is a complete unanimity of opinion between all sections of political parties, and between men actuated by very different motives and sentiments, on this cardinal point. Russia has broken the military power of Turkey, and overthrown her authority in the European provinces of her empire. But neither in those provinces nor in the far wider dominions of Asiatic Turkey is it to be borne by this country or by Europe that Russia should substitute her own ascendancy, her own system of government, her own dominion, for that which she has destroyed or shaken.

That is the danger, and it may come to pass in more ways than one. We never supposed that there was any immediate probability of general war, as long as a contest was going on between Russia and Turkey, from which all the other European Powers were resolved to stand aloof. The real danger lay in the conditions of peace, and in the consequences of that peace. It is not to be imagined that Russia aims at an indefinite extension of her direct authority over the enormous territories we have named. It would be impossible for her to exercise it. But by reducing Turkey to the condition of a vassal state—by representing herself as the protectress and ally of the Sultan—by the maintenance in power of the most corrupt elements of the Divan—by the proscription of the men who have given proofs of patriotism and energy, Russia may gradually absorb the most important elements of the Ottoman Power. Hitherto, and as long as the Porte had reason to rely on the ancient alliance and support of this country and its other allies, its dominions lay like a barrier against the aggression of Russia, and its resources might be directed against the northern

antagonist. But from the moment that Turkey is reduced to become the submissive ally of Russia, all these elements of political power may be turned against our interests. The situation resembles that of Europe after Tilsit, where, by a sudden revolution, Alexander I. became the ally of Napoleon, embraced his conqueror, and shut his ports against his friends.

Nor can this result surprise us. If Europe and this country stood aloof when the Ottoman Empire was in the sorest need of our support, the Porte has no alternative but to throw itself into the arms of Russia. That is the inevitable result of the policy which the Government and the nation thought fit to adopt. But having adopted the policy of neutrality in this crisis, it is idle to complain of the consequences to which it inevitably leads. We blame no one, though we ourselves entertain grave doubts of the wisdom of this course. But it is the course which commended itself to the nation, to Parliament, and to the Ministry. Henceforward we have only to deal with its results.

It is evident that either as the creditor of Turkey, or as a victorious enemy, or as a patron and friend, Russia has acquired the power of controlling the acts of the Divan, not only in Europe but throughout its dominions; and in this indirect form the ascendancy of Russia will be felt in Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. Nor let it be supposed that because these provinces are remote, the influence of the Northern Cabinet will be less active. Religious enthusiasm is one of the mainsprings of Russian policy. There are Christians, and Christians of the orthodox faith, throughout the East, and the position of the Greek Church in Jerusalem has long been an object of especial interest at St. Petersburg. That very question was the origin of the Crimean war. So in Egypt. We certainly do not apprehend that Russia will make an attempt to seize the Suez Canal. But the Ottoman Empire is the suzerain of Egypt; the concession of the Suez Canal remounts to the Porte; and the Porte, whether acting independently or moved by foreign influence, has an undoubted territorial jurisdiction over it.

Much has been said for the last hundred years of the 'integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire.' The words have been inserted in twenty treaties, and have survived their original meaning. The loss of the integrity of its dominions is not fatal to any Power. Turkey has lost many provinces. France lost the integrity of her dominions when Alsace and Lorraine were wrested from her. Austria lost her Lombardo-Venetian kingdom; the Netherlands lost Belgium; Russia

herself lost a part of Bessarabia, which she is now seeking to recover, with very little regard to the rights of her own Roumanian ally. But it is otherwise with the loss of independence. A State may be reduced in territory, and survive it; but a State which ceases to be mistress of its own actions and sovereign in its own dominions ceases to be a State at all. Her policy is absorbed in that of a dominant Power. Her very armies and fleets may be used by that Power against the nations and interests to which that State, when independent, was most closely allied. That would be the calamitous result if Turkey were reduced to the condition of a State protected by Russia, and if no elements of independence sprang up to maintain their ground against foreign domination. Under such a treaty of subjection the Ottoman Empire might be reduced to a condition analogous to that of the Mogul Empire and its dependencies under the British rule in India, and the native armies would be converted into forces to be wielded at will by the paramount Power. The remote situation of Hindostan deprives that country of all political influence over the relations of foreign States, and the possession of that Empire by England does not threaten the security of any other nation. But that would not be the case with the dominions of Turkey. Her capital is a seat of empire, commanding two seas, and her provinces in Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt must always be of the most vital importance to the military, naval, and commercial interests of all civilised nations. The maintenance of an independent and non-aggressive Power in those countries is of the utmost importance to the world. The government and policy of Russia rest upon four great principles, which are radically opposed to all liberal ideas. Her internal government is absolute and autocratic, protected by a jealous and arbitrary system of police—no man's personal liberty is secure. Her mainstay is an enormous army, now based on the system of universal military conscription, which she extends over all the countries in which she has sway. Her ecclesiastical policy is one of supreme intolerance; she persecutes the Latin Church in Poland, the Lutheran Church in the Baltic provinces, the Jews everywhere. No minister of another faith can even enter the Russian dominions without the express permission of the Emperor.* Her commercial policy is one of strict prohibition.

* A curious instance of this intolerance occurred just before the late war. The Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar wanted to proceed to Odessa to confirm the children of British subjects residing there; but the necessary *visa* of his passport was peremptorily refused, although

We have never been able to understand on what grounds English Liberals of an advanced type have been eager to ally themselves with a Power which is the avowed champion of absolute government, universal military conscription, clerical intolerance, and commercial prohibition. Such is, however, the fact. For ourselves, more faithful to Liberal principles, we regard these four conditions of government as the worst evils that afflict mankind.

Are these Russian principles of government to be applied to Turkey? Turkey has no police and a feeble administration. Turkey exempts her whole Christian population from military service. Turkey is absolutely tolerant of all churches and creeds, and leaves each body of believers to manage their own spiritual affairs, and to multiply schools and missions as they please. Turkey, lastly, is the freest commercial country in the world; for though she unwisely imposes an export duty on her own produce, she leaves the import trade all but free. Moreover, the rights of the subjects of foreign Christian States in Turkey are protected by capitulations and by courts of justice of their own. We ourselves have consular courts at Constantinople and Alexandria, with an appeal to the Queen in Council at home. These rights and privileges are absolutely incompatible with the extension of Russian ascendancy over the Ottoman Empire. When people speak of the Ottoman Empire as a thing of the past, they forget the very large concessions and liberties which our own subjects and those of other countries have enjoyed for centuries in the Sultan's dominions. And whatever be the future fate of those dominions, we can never allow those privileges, which are so favourable to our faith, to our administration of justice, and to our trade, to be placed under the control of an arbitrary and rival power.

The more we examine the preliminary treaty signed on February 19 at San Stefano, the more we are amazed at the monstrous concessions it exacts and the still more monstrous results to which it would inevitably lead. We do not mean that we are astonished at the overthrow of Turkish authority in these provinces, for Turkey had no voice in the matter, and being utterly defeated she had to submit to the law of the conqueror. But even conquerors have hitherto held in some respect the interests and obligations of other states, the rights

the British Ambassador at Constantinople personally exerted himself to obtain it. General Ignatieff said he had not the power to grant the *visa* necessary to enter Russia to a foreign clergyman.

of private property, and the law of nations. Russia has respected nothing that stood in the way of her own aggrandisement, and she has framed a treaty which is a barefaced declaration of her own undisguised and undivided supremacy. These conditions were but imperfectly understood by the British public until the publication of Lord Salisbury's despatch.

The first two articles relate to Montenegro, whose independence is recognised by the Porte. Events have already shown that Montenegro is virtually a dependency of Russia, flanking the Dalmatian provinces of Austria, and abutting on the Adriatic. Considerable additions are made to the Montenegrin territory, on which we shall only remark that, whatever be the claims of these Black Mountaineers to independence, they are the last persons on whom any rights of sovereignty or government should be conferred beyond the range of their own hills.

Servia also acquires the recognition of her independence and an addition of territory torn from Roumelia and including the fortress of Niseli—the reward, it must be said, of the basest treachery and ingratitude; for the policy of the Porte to Servia, under the influence of the Great Powers, was pacific, forbearing, and conciliatory. The fourth article of the treaty provides that the Mussulman landowners in the ceded districts, but not residing in the Principality, *may preserve their estates by farming and administering them by others*. On what principle any cession of territory can interfere with the right of private property in the soil, we are at a loss to conceive. What would have been said if a clause had been introduced into the Franco-German Treaty of 1871, ‘Frenchmen may preserve their estates in Alsace and Lorraine by farming and administering them by others’?

By the fifth article the Porte recognises the independence of Roumania, which will have a right (*qui fera valoir ses droits*) to an indemnity to be settled hereafter. An indemnity to Roumania for what she gains! We should have thought an indemnity was due to the Porte *from* Roumania for the tribute, which is surrendered. It should be observed that the treaty was concluded without the knowledge or concurrence of the Roumanian Government, and that some of its provisions are highly injurious to her interests and offensive to her honour, being direct breaches of the conditions on which the Roumanian State was constituted by Europe. So much has Roumania gained by placing herself in hostility to Turkey, and lending her territory and her army, to promote the advance of Russian aggression.

The sixth article of the treaty relates to what is termed

Bulgaria by the authors of it. But the extent to which this 'geographical expression' is carried cannot be understood or believed without reference to the map which accompanies the treaty. It includes not only the whole province north of the Balkans and the entire coast of the Black Sea, from the mouths of the Danube to Hakim Tabiasi in the latitude of Adrianople (comprising therefore the harbours of Varna, Bourgas, and Sizepoli), but it embraces very nearly the whole of Roumelia, and the coast of the Ægean Sea from Kavala (inclusive) to Salonica (not inclusive). It then trends to the west, swallowing the whole of Thrace to the head waters of the Drina in the chain of mountains which separates the plains of Roumelia from the Adriatic. Nothing, in fact, remains but the Albanian mountain tract as a boundary to the west, and Thessaly and Epirus to the south, which are no doubt destined eventually to be annexed to the Hellenic kingdom, though with small advantage, we fear, to that State. Turkey retains the country between Constantinople and Adrianople and the Vilayet of Salonica; but the frontier runs within five or six miles of that important city, and even the Turkish railroads are intersected by this Bulgarian delimitation. This frontier is to be traced out by a Russo-Turkish Commission before the military evacuation of the territory.

The form of government provided for the new principality equally bears the stamp of Russian ascendancy. It is not to be determined by the European Powers, but by what the Russians are pleased to call the 'popular election' of a prince or ruler, confirmed by the Porte with the assent of the Powers. In the present state of the country, under a Russian occupation, what would such an election be like? The office is not hereditary, but the election is to be repeated on every vacancy, like the election of the kings of Poland. Meanwhile, the future administrative system of the province is to be elaborated by an Assembly of Bulgarian Notables at Philippopolis, *under the superintendence* of a Russian commissary, and *in the presence* of an Ottoman commissary (mark the distinction). The introduction of the new *régime* and its control are to be entrusted for two years to a Russian commissary. At the end of the first year the other Powers of Europe are to be allowed, if necessary, to send delegates to assist in the work.

All provisions for the military defence of the country are swept away by the destruction of the fortresses and the withdrawal of the Ottoman troops. The territory is to be occupied by 50,000 Russian troops for two years, at the expense of the province, after which a local militia is to be established for the

maintenance of order. A tribute is reserved to the Porte from the province, but that is the sole recognition of her sovereignty; and if it be not paid she has obviously no means of enforcing payment.

Bosnia and the Herzegovina are to obtain the privileges which were recommended by the Conference of Constantinople, and the concessions made to the Cretans in 1868 are to be scrupulously observed. Russia obtains a large accession of territory in Armenia, including the port of Batoum and the fortresses of Ardahan, Kars, and Bayazid; the Porte engages to secure reforms and ameliorations *to the Armenians* (the term is general, not local).

The indemnities of war exacted by the nineteenth article amount to 1,410,000,000 roubles, a sum equal to or exceeding the five milliards of francs drawn by Germany from one of the richest countries of the world. Of this sum about four-fifths are to be liquidated by the cession of territory to the Russian Empire. The payment of the remainder is to be settled by an agreement between the victor and the vanquished.

The twenty-fourth article, on the navigation of the Straits and the right of blockade, really stipulates nothing that was not already settled by the Treaty of Paris and the Declaration of Paris. Russia seems merely to have sought to disentangle herself from a common European engagement on these points.

Passing over some articles of secondary importance, this brief analysis suffices to show to demonstration that the whole treaty is conceived in the purest Russian spirit. There is in it no consideration for a vanquished enemy; none for the populations thus suddenly transferred to a new and as yet uncertain administration under Russian commissaries; none for the plighted faith of the Czar at Livadia and elsewhere, of which it was the fashion in England, out of courtesy, to speak with respect; none whatever for the treaty obligations and common interests existing between Russia and the other Powers of Europe, or for the rights of those Powers, notwithstanding the positive assurance which Count Orloff was instructed to give in 1856 to the assembled Powers, upon the honour of the Czar, that it was his firm intention to adhere to the engagements there contracted by him, as the price of peace.

We think that no one can read, now or hereafter, the dispassionate record of these transactions without arriving at the conclusion that a more open defiance of truth, fair dealing, and public law has never been ventured upon by any European Power. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg must have had an extraordinary reliance on the apathy and weakness of

Europe, or on the secret support of some members of the European family, to suppose that she could recast at her own pleasure and for her own purposes the whole map of the East. We still hope that she will be undeceived. At any rate, before such a treaty as this could be accepted and adopted as part of the public law of Europe, displacing and reversing other engagements of an earlier date, it must not only be communicated to the Great Powers, but controlled and revised by their representatives in all that appears to them to affect the general interests of the world. Russia may claim the exercise of her belligerent rights, but as a belligerent she stands alone, and can only defend what she has seized and exacted by force of arms. The demand of the British Government that the whole treaty should be submitted to the deliberations of the Congress was no more than a demand that a legal title should be given to such portions of the Russian demands as reason and justice approve.

Russia is in military possession of almost all the provinces of European Turkey. Her armies are encamped on the *Ægean* and on the Sea of Marmora. Her outposts are within half a day's march of the walls of Constantinople and of the lines of Bulair. No resistance whatever could be offered to her complete occupation of the whole territory from within; no check exists upon her operations save what might come from without. Thessaly and Albania, Bosnia and the Herzegovina, are not within her line of operations; but they are cut off from the Turkish seat of empire and harassed by roving bands of insurgents. Prince Bismarck has invented, in his cynical joviality, an expression that describes the situation, '*Beati possidentes*;' but he can hardly be said to have added anything to the Christian beatitudes, for this is but a classical or canonical version of the old strain—

‘That he may take who has the power,
And he may keep who can.’

Military occupation by a victorious army is not held by modern and civilised nations to warrant any interference with the established authorities of the country occupied, still less with private property or the rights of non-combatant inhabitants. These principles were laid down very formally by Russia herself in the protocols of the Conference of Brussels, held a short time ago at her request for the purpose of limiting the evils of war. But, if we are not greatly misinformed, the Russian generals and agents have used their military power to overthrow entirely the existing administration of the territory,

to reorganise it on Russian principles and by Russian agents, to seize and appropriate private property, and to drive out the inhabitants who do not profess the Christian faith. As for law, we presume that martial law exclusively prevails, which the Duke of Wellington once defined to be 'the will of the commanding officer.' Had these provinces been formally ceded and annexed to the Russian Empire, she could not have proceeded otherwise. The intention to liberate them from Turkish law and authority, and to constitute them hereafter as an independent principality, does not justify any such measures on the part of Russia; for that is an arrangement which clearly concerns the other Powers of Europe, and more especially the neighbouring States. Russia has on former occasions temporarily occupied Turkish territory, but she did not on that account proceed to Russianise the country, or to render it untenable by the native inhabitants, whose only crime is that they profess the Moslem faith and live under Moslem law.

It is a ridiculous piece of ignorance to suppose that these inhabitants are mainly Turks, in the proper sense of the word. They are rather men of Slavonian or Greek race whose families embraced Islamism after the conquest. Mr. Finlay, a very impartial witness, tells us that more than a million Greeks apostatised in the fifteenth century, and large numbers of the neighbouring races followed their example. Are the descendants of these families to be exterminated for the conversion of their forefathers? If so, we can only say that since the expulsion of the Jews and Moriscoes from Spain, Europe has not witnessed a more abominable action; and it is aggravated in this case by the fact that Russia has no lawful authority in the territory which they have dwelt in for centuries, and by every rule of public law the non-combatant population, whatever be its religious faith, is entitled to the protection of an army of occupation.

This being the actual state of affairs, we learned without surprise, and we must add without regret, that the proposed Congress or Conference had failed, for we could anticipate from it no beneficial results, until the bases on which it was to act were clearly defined by Europe and accepted by Russia. Otherwise Russia would have arrived at the Congress with a treaty of peace in her hand, by which she would allege that the Sultan at least is bound, and no doubt the Sultan is doubly bound, by the fact that he has ratified the treaty, and the still stronger fact that his dominions are in the occupation of the other party to this contract, and that Constantinople and the forts on the Bosphorus and the Dar-

danelles could be seized in twelve hours. The parties are therefore precisely in the situation of Shylock and Antonio when they came before the tribunal at Venice. Russia claims her bond. The comparison might be carried a step further; for although Russia has acquired by victory the right to cut off a province or two from the Ottoman Empire, she has not the right to 'contrive against the very life' of that State and to annihilate its independence. There Europe and the interests of Europe intervene.

The British and the Austrian governments intimated that they require the bases of the future negotiations to be defined before they enter the Congress at all. They also intimated that they should recognise no treaty between Russia and the Porte affecting the provisions of the general treaties of 1856 and 1871, until all the articles of the new engagement have been submitted to the Congress for consideration. All admit and desire that important and beneficial changes may be, and must be, made in those instruments. No one desires to perpetuate them in their present form. But we take our stand upon the principle that the changes, which the operation of time and events has brought about, must be sanctioned by the concerted action and agreement of Europe. The problem is how to maintain and enforce that principle. It is ill talking between a fu' man and a fasting—between an armed man and men extremely anxious to avoid the use of arms. But the very existence of the authority of public right depends on the issue.

The value and authority of the deliberative meetings of the Powers of Europe are much diminished by the acknowledgment that in such meetings the majority does not bind the minority, and that it is competent to any Power to renounce the authority of the Congress by withdrawing from it altogether. When the Emperor Napoleon III. proposed a Congress in 1863 to consider the questions then pending in Europe, he obtained from the continental Courts a reluctant assent to his proposal, and it might be contended that several of the wars which have since afflicted the world would possibly have been averted by previous deliberations in common. The British Government thought otherwise, and Lord John Russell expressed, with an energy which was thought to savour of tartness, the opinion that such a meeting was more likely to lead to war than to consolidate the peace of Europe. In a despatch dated November 25, 1863, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs discussed the question:—

‘Is a general Congress of European States likely to furnish a peaceful solution of the various matters in dispute?’

‘There appears to Her Majesty’s Government to be one main consideration which must lead them to their conclusion. After the war which desolated Germany from 1619 to 1649, and after the successive wars which afflicted the Continent of Europe from 1793 to 1815, it was possible to distribute territories and to define rights by a Congress, because the nations of Europe were tired of the slaughter and exhausted by the burdens of war, and because the Powers who met in Congress had, by the circumstances of the time, the means of carrying their decisions and arrangements into effect. But at the present moment, after a continuance of long peace, no Power is willing to give up any territory to which it has a title by treaty or a claim by possession.’

And after considering the particular cases then pending in Europe, Lord Russell added:—

‘If the mere expression of opinions and wishes would accomplish no positive results, it appears certain that the deliberations of a Congress would consist of demands and pretensions put forward by some and resisted by others; and there being no supreme authority in such an assembly to enforce the decisions of the majority, the Congress would probably separate leaving many of its members on worse terms than they had been when they met.’

This honest opinion wounded the Emperor Napoleon, who had great pretensions to settle the affairs of Europe; but it was in substance sound, and may be read with advantage at the present day. Perhaps the same results, as far as they are likely to conduce to the interests of peace, may be obtained by negotiations between the Courts of Europe. We certainly do not desire to see a repetition of the Conference of Constantinople, which was obviously a mere blind to assist the designs of Russia.

As to the objects the Ministers and representatives of Great Britain have in view in these negotiations, they are simple, for in the first place they are entirely disinterested. We desire nothing so much as to escape from the necessity of adding an inch of territory or a single tribe of people to the dominions of the Queen. We wish to see other States, be they small or great, in possession of independence and of as good a government as they can produce from the elements contained in them. We wish to prevent them from preying on each other, and infringing upon our own rights in foreign countries. But that is the extent of our own policy. The direct interests of England may be said to commence at the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus; for it is a matter of comparative indifference to ourselves what rule prevails west of

that line, provided it be peaceful, orderly, liberal, and humane. But to Austria this part of the question is vital, because the whole of her eastern frontier would be encompassed by a formidable neighbour, instead of an inoffensive one. Russia would become to Austria what Turkey was two hundred years ago, when Hungary was conquered and Vienna besieged. If, therefore, we desire to have the support of Austria on those maritime and Asiatic interests to which we are especially sensible, we should give to Austria a cordial support on those territorial arrangements which are essential to her security and even to her existence.

The power of Turkey in the European provinces being overthrown, and Turkey being manifestly incapable of defending those possessions from Russia, the obvious solution, in the interest of those provinces and of Europe, is to create in them as large and strong a State as possible. Such a State, if it can exist at all, should place itself in intimate relations, for the purposes of trade, lines of communication, and defence, with Austria and Turkey. The population is broken up into five or six different races or creeds—Roumanians, Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Moslem, and Jews—bound together by no real nationality, though each race has a passionate patriotism of its own, opposed to the patriotism of the community. The result of parcelling out these territories into small states or principalities would be to perpetuate discord; religious and local jealousies and hatreds would foment incessant quarrels; each of them would be incapable of defence; and no large measure of public utility could ever be carried into effect. The two principal factors in the problem are Roumania and Greece.

Roumania has shown in the late contest more military force and political energy than we gave her credit for. She afforded to Russia valuable support in the hour of peril, and she has manfully resisted the attempt of Russia to wrest from her the fragment of Bessarabia which was secured to her by the Treaty of Paris and by an express engagement of Russia herself made in the course of last year. Upon the maintenance of this condition the control of the navigation of the Lower Danube depends. Although therefore the policy of Roumania to Turkey, which had certainly done her no wrong, was extremely selfish and discreditable, she is the most important of the fragments into which European Turkey is dissolved. The independence and freedom of Roumania are therefore essential to the freedom and independence of the Danube, and of all territories south of the Danube. It is the interest of Europe

as well as of Austria to support it resolutely, and we now see reason to rejoice that a prince of the Hohenzollern family reigns at Bucharest.

The late Viscount Strangford was of all Englishmen the man best acquainted with the true condition of European Turkey. His 'Occasional Notes on Turkey,' first published in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' in 1867 and 1868, and republished in two volumes by Lady Strangford in 1869, are to this day the most instructive work in existence on this subject, and ought now to be read by every one who cares to take the trouble to understand it. His views were prophetic, because they were just and true: it is seldom the opinions of any political writer are so strikingly confirmed ten years afterwards by the course of events. Lord Strangford may be said to have discovered the Bulgarians. He described them as five millions of industrious and docile people, contented to live under the authority of the Porte, resisting the attempts of Panslavist agitators to plunge them into revolution; more anxious to be relieved from the petty tyranny of the Greek agents of the Divan than from the authority of the Sultan; asking for one concession only, the separation of their Church from the control of the Greek Patriarch, which they shortly afterwards obtained; and looking forward to the gradual progress of peaceful reformation. A distinguished Bulgarian, who signs himself 'Ivanowitch,' addressed Lord Strangford in the same language:—

'We do not desire anything beyond that amount of temporal autonomy which is necessarily involved in such religious autonomy as the Porte accords to each community. Deliverance from the Greeks, direct communication with the central government, the right of electing our national clergy by our own people, the use of our own language in the Church services, and its cultivation in schools, constitute the whole of the Bulgarian demand. As for the rest we are content to rely on the interest which the Porte finds in the gradual introduction of reforms. Fidelity to the Government seems to us the only just return for its preservation and guardianship of our nationality, for the Bulgarians fully comprehend that the wreck of the empire would simply throw them headlong into the gulf of Russism.' (Occasional Notes, vol. i. p. 226.)

This language may surprise those who imagined that the Bulgarians were an oppressed people, breathing destruction to the Moslem, and awaiting with impatience the arrival of their Russian deliverers. It was, according to this witness, just the reverse. The Turkish Government was their best protector against the rising tide of Panslavism. For, as the same writer went on to say, 'Russia has no desire to see a numerous

‘ Slavonic community rise into a nation at her side, stamped with features and character other than those of Czarism.’ In truth, at the present moment, when the authority of the Porte has been destroyed, we believe that of all the nations of Europe Russia is the most hostile to the creation of a free and independent Bulgarian State. She desires to see these provinces weak, divided, and dependent on herself, or swayed by her intrigues.

Lord Strangford, who was disposed to look upon the Bulgarians with especial favour, said of them:—

‘ As for the Bulgarians, whether they remain yet awhile under Turkish rule or free themselves from it in our time, as they must ultimately do sooner or later, it is in them alone that one can see any really hopeful prospect, on taking a broad general view of the future of these countries. This is afforded by their numerical preponderance; their utter primitiveness which has learnt nothing and has nothing to unlearn; their industry and thrift, their obstinacy, and their sobriety of character.’ (Claus, vol. i. p. 21.)

To these considerations might be added others of a less favourable character. The bulk of the population is not only extremely ignorant, but, when excited, sanguinary and ferocious. One of the arguments used by Russia in support of a prolonged occupation of the country is, that the withdrawal of her troops would be the signal for anarchy and bloodshed; and this is not improbable, unless some other mode be found of maintaining order. The Bulgarians will not rebel against any authority armed with respectable powers.

Two difficulties of the first magnitude stand, therefore, in the path of those whose generous and liberal designs aim at the constitution of a new and independent State in Bulgaria. The first is the total absence of the elements of political government in a community of five millions of men, chiefly peasants, who have lived in ‘utter primitiveness’ for four centuries under an absolute rule, and whose own experience is limited to the affairs of their church and their village. To which must be added the want of capital, roads, and military organisation. The second difficulty is that the Power nearest to the country, and at present occupying it with her armies, regards this population entirely with a view to her own political objects. Russia has never shown the slightest perception of the principle that a governing state is morally bound to consider before all things the interests and welfare of the governed. She has a fixed central policy of her own, which is that of Russian aggrandisement and power; and to this principle every other consideration of humanity and duty must give way. It is true that these provinces, some of which

already enjoy a far larger amount of freedom than Russia, as is the case in Servia and Roumania, are not insensible to their danger, and even (as we have just seen) the Bulgarians are aware of it. They know that they have been made the tools of a great Power; they are anxious not to be made her slaves. Even now we see with pleasure that there are some manifestations of popular resistance and national spirit. They certainly none of them wish to fall under the iron yoke of Russia: better far the feeble and nominal suzerainty of the Porte. But if they are to be free, they must be united. They must lay aside their petty jealousies and differences in presence of a great danger and for a common cause. The more Europe can succeed in combining them under one government, or uniting them by some sort of federation for common defence, the more chance they will have of escaping national annihilation. Yet we confess that if Russia chooses to crush them for her own purposes, that chance is but a small one, unless they are defended by some powerful neighbour or by the combined will of Europe.

There is, however, another element in this complicated question which, to Western Europe, is of much greater interest than the Slavonian population of the Balkan peninsula. In intelligence, in energy, in education, in commercial enterprise, in maritime skill, incomparably the first people of Eastern Europe are the Greeks. We know not how much of the pure Hellenic blood has descended to the modern Greeks with the territory and the language of their immortal forefathers; but the present inhabitants of Greece have certainly inherited something of their genius and some of their vices, though, as of old, it is possible that by their genius their vices may be overborne. Between them and the Slavonians no union whatever is possible: even their common faith, instead of binding them together, severs them. The whole Greek population of the East probably does not exceed seven millions. Of these about one million and a half belong to the Greek kingdom. For it is not under the sceptre of King Otho or King George that we must look for the power of the Greeks; nor do we suppose that the addition of some thousand square miles of rugged territory in the north would add much to the welfare of the kingdom. The Greek influence is much more subtle and penetrating. Within a very short period of the conquest in the fifteenth century the Greeks acquired, under one form or another, a very large share in the administration of the Ottoman Empire. Down to our own day there was not a lazy and illiterate pasha of a Turk who had not some sharp-witted

Greek behind him to pull the wires. The collection of the revenue, the management of business, and a thousand other affairs were really in the hands of Greeks—everything, indeed, except the administration of justice, which is in Turkey an affair of religion, and the command of the troops. It is notorious that for more than two centuries the great officers of the Phanar were inferior to no authority in Turkey in real power, and that these Phanariotes were quite equal to any of their Mohammedan masters in the arts of tyranny and corruption. The hand of the Greeks lay quite as heavy on their Christian fellow-subjects as the hand of the Moslem, and they were more feared because they were far more acute. In Southern Bulgaria the Greek population, though less numerous than the Slavonian, had all the springs of government in its hands. In Asia Minor it is supposed that there are about three millions of Greeks. The isles of the Archipelago are, of course, pure Greek, and some of them, as, for example, Samos, have long enjoyed a complete autonomy under a Christian prince. And, as we well know, the Greek race has thrown out its commercial colonies in the last half-century all over the earth; Marseilles, Paris, London, Manchester, Calcutta, Melbourne have all their great Greek houses, as keen in the pursuit of gain, as national, and as intelligent as the Hebrews themselves. The collective resources and capacity of the Greek race scattered abroad must now be extremely large, though many members of it care as little for the Court of Athens as the Jews do for the banks of the Jordan.

It is therefore natural that the question should suggest itself to English statesmen, what part the Greeks are to play in the reconstitution of Eastern Europe. If Servia is to be rewarded for her double treachery, and Montenegro for her ferocity, and Roumania for her ambition, what is to fall to the share of Greece, which has wisely, though reluctantly, abstained from taking part in the fray? No act of the British Government has given more satisfaction to all parties in this country than the demand that Greece should be admitted to the Congress, if it had taken place, and it was at once understood that her interests would obtain the support of this country.

When the Russians began their attack on Turkey in the last century, their first design was to use the Greeks as a means of disintegrating the Empire. Catherine sent troops under the Orloffs to land in Maina, and a fleet from the Baltic to fight the battle of Tchesmè; and on many subsequent occasions Russia favoured every manifestation of Greek independence.

But in every instance, down to the very last insurrection in Crete in 1867, she first encouraged the Greeks and then abandoned them. Her object was to weaken Turkey, not to strengthen Greece. The Greeks found out by long experience that the support of Russia is a treacherous protection; and as they advanced in culture they discovered that the very spirit of their nationality was radically opposed to that of Russia, for its very essence was, and is, the love of freedom. The Greeks have done many unwise things since they achieved their independence. They have left many wise things undone. But they have shown in all these struggles the true spirit of a free people. For this reason the Emperor Nicholas declared that the last thing he would endure would be a restored Greek Empire. For the same reason the Greek cause has no ordinary claim on the sympathy of the people of England.

The numerical inferiority of the Greeks is not an insurmountable obstacle to their playing a great part in the future affairs of the East. England herself has never equalled in population the nations which have been her rivals, nor has the colossal magnitude of Russia enabled her as yet to impart one useful invention, one fertile principle, one great intellectual work to mankind. The Greeks, like the English, have a maritime position, commercial enterprise, great intelligence, the love of freedom, the power of scattering their activity over distant lands, a European language, and an illustrious descent; unhappily they have hitherto shown themselves to be deficient in high moral principle, the love of truth, and disinterested patriotism. We admire many of their qualities, but we cannot be insensible to the defects which have materially checked their national progress; and our confidence in their success is diminished by our experience of their conduct. It may, however, safely be said that they will obtain the full support and sympathy of England in the measure of their deserts.

If, as it would seem to be the case, the time has arrived when the Ottoman Power shall cease to be the paramount authority in the provinces of Europe, which it has occupied for four centuries, it is perfectly true that a much better form of government may be established there, but it is equally true that a form of government may arise equally corrupt, more arbitrary, and far more dangerous to the world. The Eastern Question really means simply this—what is to take the place of an Empire which is no longer able to defend itself from foreign aggression or to maintain its own authority over the disaffected portion of its subjects? To that question we have as yet heard no intelligible answer, except from St.

Petersburg; and the policy of Russia means the absorption, under one pretext or another, of all the elements of civil and religious liberty, indigenous to these provinces, and the extension of her own iron rule. We know not if the lethargy of Europe at the present time will allow her designs to be carried into effect, and we certainly see no sufficient reason that it should be thrown on this country alone and exclusively to oppose them; but it may easily be foreseen that the next generation, and perhaps the present generation, will have cause to deplore a revolution brought about by such means, and that the sinister prediction of Napoleon at St. Helena, that ere the close of this century continental Europe would be Russian or Republican, may yet be fulfilled.

It is not our intention, nor is it competent to us at the present time, to discuss the policy and conduct of the British Government with reference to these transactions. At the time at which we write the materials necessary to form a correct judgment are not in our possession, and the debates which have just taken place in Parliament have sufficiently disclosed the views taken by different sections of the Opposition. We can only deal with what is known to us, and no doubt the present state of affairs and the uncertain, if not menacing, attitude of Russia, place the country, as is acknowledged by the message from the Crown calling out the Reserve, in an emergency of the utmost gravity. But even if the opportunity served to enter upon the discussion of these questions, we should decline to entertain them in a party spirit. They are essentially national questions, involving in the first degree the honour and security of the Empire, and in our judgment all personal controversies and even party objects dwindle into insignificance beside them. Whether the Government be right or wrong in what has been done (and we think their policy has been at times mischievously ambiguous and vacillating), it must be borne in mind that our antagonist at this moment is not this or that minister, but foreign ministers and a foreign Empire. Great evil has been done by the belief, entertained abroad, that in presence of a great crisis it is possible to split the House of Commons and the country into jarring factions which will paralyse the action of the Ministers of the Crown. In truth that is not so. Our apprehension is rather that if war be forced upon us, which we still hope and most ardently desire to avoid, the current of opinion may run for some time too strongly in that direction, and lead the nation to overrate its strength.

As far as the interests of the Liberal party are concerned, although, no doubt, war and the passions and interests en-

gendered by war are injurious to their prospects and at variance with a policy of economy and peace, yet the time will come when the burdens and grievances of war tend to bring about a salutary reaction, and if the Tories are justly chargeable with a greater readiness to spend money and engage in hostilities, they must one day pay the penalty. This Journal published in 1808 a celebrated article, the joint production of Mr. Brougham and Mr. Jeffrey, the real fathers of our confraternity, who held peace 'to be the keystone of 'our edifice,' in which, notwithstanding the contrary views of Lord Grey and some of the disciples of Mr. Fox, they ardently supported the cause of Spanish independence and of resistance to the intolerable aggressions of France; and experience proved that it was a serious error on the part of the opposition of that day to lay itself open, however unjustly, to the charge of advocating an anti-national and unpatriotic policy. The effects of it were felt long after the close of the war, although, no doubt, in the conduct of the war, there were many gross mistakes which merited the severest criticism and censure. We earnestly hope and believe that no such course will now be pursued. The language of Lord Granville and Lord Hartington has been, throughout these occurrences, in the highest degree guarded and moderate. Not one word has fallen from them which could embarrass the executive Government; and although they dissent from some of the resolutions which have been taken, they have said and done nothing to weaken the action of the country. It were well if some of the fretful and feeble members of the Lower House, who seem to think that diplomacy and war are matters to be conducted by a popular assembly, would imitate the example of their recognised chiefs.

But it is not on the Opposition, or on the Liberal party, but on the ministry itself of Lord Beaconsfield, that these discussions have thus far produced the most serious consequences. There a division of opinion has arisen, not in the rank and file of the army (though they have shown symptoms of insubordination), but in the Cabinet; and the result has been that Lord Beaconsfield has lost two of the ablest of his colleagues, whose place he is manifestly unable to supply by any real addition to his strength from without.

Lord Carnarvon, who was the first to begin that disintegration of the Government which is apt to take place in the fourth year of an administration, had shown great assiduity and administrative ability at the Colonial Office; he left golden opinions there, and we do not know that he can be fairly charged with the *damnosa hereditas* of a Cape war or a Victo-

rian *coup d'état*; but his high-minded and conscientious temperament had not unfrequently proved embarrassing to his ministerial colleagues, and after the language he thought fit to hold to the Cape merchants he ought at once to have quitted the Government. Lord Derby, who has more recently followed in the same track, is a far greater loss to the Administration; for not only did he bring to his office a vast capacity for work, a singularly calm judgment, and an earnest desire of promoting the peace of the world, but he had, what is far more difficult to replace, a large amount of the confidence of the country, not confined to his own political supporters. He is known to be free from the prejudices and narrowness of the Tory party; and he is believed to possess that stability of character, based on principle, which the nation does not ascribe in an equal degree to all the members of the Cabinet. It is true that his peculiar quality of looking at questions on every side, and weighing the comparative advantages or evils of conflicting lines of action—which might be termed, for want of a better word, his political scepticism—tends to irresolution, and probably renders him unwilling to assume the responsibility of guiding the country through a great emergency of negotiation or war.

The fact remains that Lord Beaconsfield's Administration has been seriously weakened by the secession of two Secretaries of State; that the Premier himself makes it no secret that he feels the effect of advancing years, and now takes but little part in debate; that few rising men of conspicuous ability have appeared in the junior ranks of the Conservative party in either House of Parliament; that it has become necessary to put second-rate men into first-rate places; and that, although the numerical strength of the Tory party may not be weakened, either in the House of Commons or even in the country, the Government itself is notably enfeebled. The Administration has in part been reconstructed and recast within the last few weeks, but without, as far as we can discover, any real increase of power. The Opposition will regain the ground it had lost, from the moment that it displays more wisdom, coherence, and patriotism than its antagonists. These things deserve attention and excite reflection. For the time may not be distant when the utmost prudence, experience, and energy will be required to direct our course aright, and to maintain the dignity of the Crown and the rights of the Empire in the councils, not only of this country, but of Europe.

No. CCCIII. will be published in July.

INDEX.



A

- Africa, Equatorial*, review of Mr. Henry Stanley's letters from—the new method of exploration, 166—Stanley's points of contact with Schweinfurth and Barth, 168—area of territory at present explored, 171—rivers of Central Africa, 172—products of these regions, 175—no large commercial traffic feasible, 178—the negro as a labourer, 179—Barth's and Speke's accounts of negro life, 181—influence of white men in Africa, 183—Mr. Blyden's testimony on the subject, 185—the English in Africa, 187.
- Agamemnon* of Æschylus, Mr. Browning's transcript of, 409—its want of perspicuity, 410—curious comparison of versions, 411—analysis of the play, 416—the poem of Iphigenia, 416—Clytemnestra and the herald, 418—entrance of Agamemnon, 419—Cassandra's action, 419—the climax of the piece, 421.
- America*, political condition of. See *Woolsey*.

B

Barry Cornwall. See *Procter*.

Blood, circulation of the, review of works, by M. Flourens and others, on the, 25—the heart, its mechanism and functions, 26—ideas of Hippocrates and Aristotle concerning the blood-vessels, 29—Galen's theory, 30—Vesalius' anatomical treatise, 33—Servetus, the discoverer of pulmonary circulation, 35—Cesalpino's scientific studies, 37—his views as to the circulation, 39—Sarpi, 41—Harvey at Padua, 43—his treatise on the circulation, 46—the fallacy concerning 'spirits,' 46—methods of Harvey and Cesalpino compared, 49.

Browning, Mr. R. See *Agamemnon*.

Bronze Age, review of M. Chantre's work on the, and of other books—progress of archaeological studies, 437—the question of the antiquity of man, 499—the palæolithic age, 441—neolithic inhabitants of Britain and their dwellings, 442—implements, 444—barrows, 446—circles, 448—vegetable products and arts of the neolithic age, 449—who were these ancient peoples? 450—the peoples of the bronze age, 455—how bronze was introduced into the region north of the Alps, 465—the transition from bronze to iron, 470.

C

Campbell, Rev. John M'Leod, ministry of, at Row, 396—his 'new doctrine,' 397—deposition from the ministry, 399—friendship with

- Bishop Ewing, 403—his work on the 'Atonement' and 'Thoughts on Revelation,' 404. See also *Erskine*.
- Campbell, Dr. Lewis*. See *Trachiniae*.
- Chantre's Age du Bronze*, reviewed, 437.
- Cochin-China*, the French colony of. See *Indo-China*.
- Conclave*, review of Signor Bonghi's work on the, 257—present composition of the College of Cardinals, 258—external conditions favourable to the Conclave, 260—purity of the forthcoming election, 261—present relations of Church and State, 263—their probable influence on the Cardinals' choice, 267—party divisions in the Conclave, 267—list of recent additions to the College, 269—Signor Bonghi's list of *papabili*, 270—the foreign element, 271—extreme uncertainty of the issue, 272.
- Cromartie*, Mr. Fraser's work on the earls of, 1—the clan Mackenzie, 2—Sir Roderick, the 'Tutor of Kintail,' 3—Sir George, Lord Tarbat and first earl, 5—George, third earl, and his son, Lord Macleod, 9—the Duchess of Sutherland, the present Countess, 12—Archbishop Sharp's protest to Lord Tarbat, 13—letter from William Carstairs praying Lord Tarbat's intercession, 14—the first earl's thoughts on the Union, 15—further selections from the Cromartie papers, 17—the home of the family, 23.

D

- Democracy in Europe*, review of Sir Erskine May's work on. 301—the rural democracies of Switzerland, 303—the Florentine republic, 307 Berne, 308—Zurich, 309—France and England, 312—stimulus given to French democracy by American independence, 316—the insurrections of 1830 and 1848, 317—Chartism in England, 319—the problem of French government, 321—present development of popular power in England, 322—the Trades' Unions question, 325—check exercised by democracy on the governing power, 326.

E

- East*, recent course of events in the, 559—Russia's violation of treaty engagements, 564—how it affects British interests, 566—exorbitant indemnity, 566—danger of Russian ascendancy under the reconstitution of Turkey, 570—examination of the San Stefano treaty, 573—the abortive negotiations for a congress, 578—claims of Roumania and Greece as factors in the settlement of affairs, 581—the policy of the British Government, 587.
- Erskine, Thomas*, of Linlathen, review of his letters—theological opinion in Scotland, 386—Erskine's ancestry and early life, 390—his religious awakening, 392—his works on the 'Internal Evidence of 'Revealed Religion,' 394—and on the 'Unconditional Freeness of the 'Gospel,' 395—his intimacy with Mr. M'Leod Campbell, 396—his connexion with the Irvingite delusion, 398—his correspondence with Carlyle, 401—his friendship with Bishop Ewing, 403.
- Ewing, Bishop*, religious opinions of, 406.

G

Geology, review of recent works on—the new method of scientific research, 354—real tendency of certain theories, 356—the uniformitarian theory of geologists, 361—elevating influence of earthquakes, 363—erosive action of rivers, 365—denudation, 367—Mr. Geikie's views on these subjects, 369—changes at present going on, 370—Mr. Bonney's 'Mannual,' 373—Lieutenant Conder's theory on the Valley of the Jordan, 374—the question of geological time, 375—parallel between the geological sequence of periods and the Scriptural order of the Creation, 381.

H

Harvey, discovery of the circulation of the blood by. See *Blood*.

I

Indo-China, review of works, by Lieutenant Garnier and Lieutenant Delaporte, on the French exploring expeditions in, 52—first intervention of the French in the affairs of the Annamese empire, 53—conquest of Saigon by Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, 57—capture of Mytho and Bien-hoa by Admiral Page, 60—the protectorate of Cambodia, 61—climate of Cochin-China, 62—character and institutions of the people, 64—French provisions for education, 66—exploration of the Mekong, 68—ruins of Angkor or Nakhon, 69—Dupuis' expedition to Yunnan, 71—Garnier's melancholy end, 76—future annexations, 78—natural features and resources of the country, 79—progress of the colony, 80.

K

King, Chief Engineer (U.S.N.), his report on the war ships of Europe. See *Navies*.

L

Liberal Party, position of the, in the present Parliament, 271—altered character of Tory policy, 278—the difference between the Conservatives and the Liberals defined, 279—causes of weakness among the Liberals, 282—duty of the party in regard to various questions, 283—Mr. Rathbone's pamphlet on local government and taxation, 289—the controversy between Mr. Lowe and Mr. Gladstone on the county franchise. 291—Mr. Brodrick's exposition of Liberal principles, 298—the present Liberal leader, 299.

M

Martin, Mr. Theodore. See *Prince Consort*.

May, Sir Erskine, on democracy in Europe. See *Democracy*.

Melbourne, Viscount, review of Mr. Torrens' Memoirs of—Lord Melbourne's descent, birth, and education, 524—his entry into Parliament, 526—the Perceval administration, 529—the agitation for reform, 530—his speeches, 532—accepts the Secretaryship for Ireland under Canning's Government, 533—and remains in office under Wellington, 534—is appointed Home Secretary by Lord Grey, 535—difficulties arising out of Irish questions, leading to Lord Grey's resignation, 537—Lord Melbourne's first Ministry, 539—his

second Ministry, 544—Brougham, 546—O'Connell, 547—the Chancellorship perplexity, 549—the Norton scandal, 551—Lord Melbourne resigns, 553—the negotiations for the Queen's marriage, 555—his death, 557—his place among statesmen, 557—critical remarks on Mr. Torrens' book, 558.

Mycenæ, review of Dr. Schliemann's 'Narrative of Researches and Discoveries' at, 220—traditions of Mycenæ and Tiryns, 221—testimony of ancient historians on the remains of Mycenæ, 222—general description of the Akropolis and the Treasuries, 223—Dr. Schliemann's discoveries in the tombs within the Akropolis, 227—character of the remains as works of art, 236—Mycenæan pottery, 241—comparison of these antiquities with those obtained from other localities, 245—their probable age and origin, 251—the notion which connects the tombs with Agamemnon, 253—Madame Schliemann's excavations, 251.

N

Navies of Europe, review of works treating of the. 495—the recent changes in the construction, armament, and equipment of ships of war, 496—consequent alterations in dockyards and arsenals, 500—and in the system of officering and manning, 501—Mr. King's classification of British war ships, 503—the 'Inflexible' controversy, 506—brief notices of other leading ships, 508—'Armour-belted' cruisers, 509—our naval strength compared with that of other countries, 510—France, 511—Germany, 512—Italy, 513—Austria, 515—Spain and Russia, 515—ability of our navy to fulfil the requirements of war, 517.

P

Prince Consort, review of the third volume of Mr. T. Martin's Life of—historical value of the biography, 144—the Prince's political views prior to and in connexion with the Crimean War, 146—his letter of remonstrance to the Prussian monarch, 148—his army reforms, 150—his efforts in behalf of the French alliance, 151—rebukes Prussia's duplicity, 153—the Queen's visit to Paris, 156—the Prince's letter to King Leopold, justifying a continuance of the war, 158—his views concerning the Black Sea, 161.

Procter, Bryan Waller (Barry Cornwall), review of his autobiography, &c., 333—his character and tastes, 334—his life as a solicitor's clerk, 335—his introduction into literary circles, 336—his 'Dramatic Scenes and other Poems, 336—his 'Sicilian Story, Diego de Montilla, and other Poems,' 337—his play of 'Mirandola,' 339—his literary friendships, 340—his 'Flood of Thessaly' and 'Girl of Provence,' 341—marries and returns to the legal profession, 341—notice of his lyrics and songs, 342—his appointment as Janacy Commissioner, 346—Mr. Fields' and Miss Martineau's testimony to his character, 347—his essay on Shakespeare, 349—his memoir of Charles Lamb, 351—his biographical notes of contemporaries, 352—his daughter Adelaide, 352—his death, 352—general remarks on his compositions, 353.

R

Russia's Military Power, review of Schellendorff's work on—the ukase making military service compulsory, 191—available military strength of Russia in Europe, 193—numbers of the force sent across the Danube—incompetency of the Russian staff throughout the campaign, 197—the passage of the Danube, 201—Krudener's operations, 203—blunders at Plevna, 205—Zimmerman's movements in the Dobrudscha, 207—teachings of Plevna, 209—Russian regimental officers, 212—commissariat, transport, and medical arrangements, 214—the lesson of the campaign, 216.

S

Schliemann, Dr. See *Mycenæ*.

Stanley, Mr. Henry. See *Africa*.

Sumner, Charles, review of Mr. Pierce's *Memoir of*, 82—Sumner's early life, 84—Mr. Story's description of his character, 85—his resolve to visit Europe, 87—his impressions of Havre, 87—his reception in England, 89—a breakfast at John Kenyon's, 90—his picture of Lord Deinan and Lord Brougham, 91—of Wordsworth, 93—of Carlyle, 94—his observations on Court life at Windsor, 95—his sketch of Sir William Follett, 97—dinner at Lord Durham's, 98—breakfast at the poet Rogers', 99—his opinion of the English judges and bar, 100—his studies, 103—his zealous support of the Civil War, 104.

T

Taylor, Colonel Meadows, review of his historical romance 'A Noble Queen,' 475—its peculiar claims to favour, 476—landscape in the plains, 477—an Indian Elizabeth, 479—the *fakcer* and his granddaughter, 180—their wounded guest, 181—the villain of the piece, 182—the fortress of Juldroog, 483—the tribe of the Beydurs, 484—the ordeal by battle, 487—the Wallace, 489—the Christian missionaries of Moodgul, 489—the headsman of Beejapoor, 490—the siege of Ahmednugger, 492.

Titian, review of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's 'Life and Times' of, 105—the popular feeling for colour, 106—Venetian pre-eminence in richness of colour and distinctness of effect, 110—birth of Titian and traditions concerning his early life, 115—his relations with Giorgione, 117—comparison of their work, 118—specific characteristics of Titian's pictures, 121—his subjects and modes of treatment, 124—the 'Assumption,' 125—the 'Peter Martyr,' 127—the 'Bacchus' and 'Ariadne,' 129—his portraits, 130—his landscapes, 132—condition of Venice in Titian's time, 133—his work for the Duke of Este, 135—his wife and children, 136—his intimacy with Pietro Aretino, 137—his portrait of Charles V., 138—his visits to Rome, 139—and to Augsburg, 141—the 'Biri Grande' household, 143—Titian's death, 144.

Torrens, Mr. W. M. See *Melbourne*.

Trachiniæ of Sophocles, Mr. Campbell's translation of, 423—plot of the play, 424—agony of Heracles, 425—Deianira and her maidens, 428—the scene with the herald, 430—the poisoned robe, 433—her compunction and death, 434.

W

Woolsey, Theodore D., on the mode of electing officers and representatives in America, 329.

END OF VOL. CXLVII.



